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FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS:

A COLLECTION OF

PASSAGES, PHRASES, AND PROVERBS

TRACED TO THEIR SOURCES IN

ANCIENT AND MODERN LITERATURE.

BY JOHN BARTLETT.

*“I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the
thread that binds them is mine own.”*

NINTH EDITION.

BOSTON:
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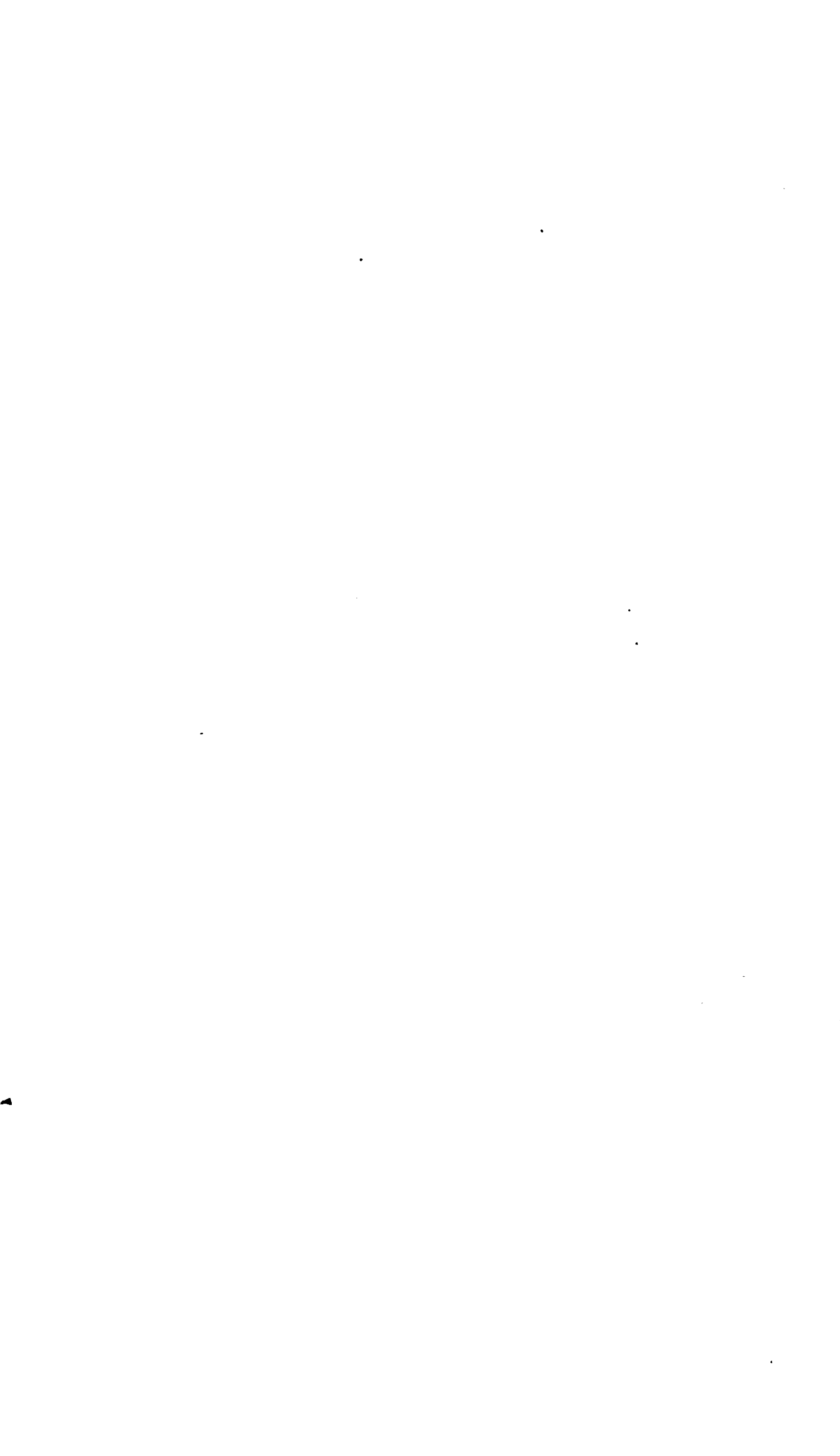
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THIS EDITION
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO
THE MEMORY OF THE LATE ASSISTANT EDITOR,
REZIN A. WIGHT.



P R E F A C E.

**"Out of the old fieldes cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere,"
And out of the fresh woodes cometh al these new flowres here.**

THE small thin volume, the first to bear the title of this collection, after passing through eight editions, each enlarged, now culminates in its ninth, — and with it, closes its tentative life.

This extract from the Preface of the fourth edition is applicable to the present one: —

"It is not easy to determine in all cases the degree of familiarity that may belong to phrases and sentences which present themselves for admission; for what is familiar to one class of readers may be quite new to another. Many maxims of the most famous writers of our language, and numberless curious and happy turns from orators and poets, have knocked at the door, and it was hard to deny them. But to admit these simply on their own merits, without assurance that the general reader would readily recognize them as old friends, was aside from the purpose of this collection. Still, it has been thought better to incur the risk of erring on the side of fulness."

With the many additions to the English writers, the present edition contains selections from the French, and from the wit and wisdom of the ancients. A few passages have been admitted without a claim to familiarity, but solely on the ground of coincidence of thought.

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FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER. 1328-1400.

(From the text of Tyrwhitt.)

WHANNE that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote.
Canterbury Tales. Prologue. Line 1

And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages. *Line 9.*

And of his port as meke as is a mayde. *Line 69.*

He was a veray parfit gentil knight. *Line 72.*

He coude songes make, and wel endite. *Line 95.*

Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.

Line 123.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also. *Line 287.*

For him was lever han at his beddes hed
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre.

Line 295

Min be the travaille, and thin be the glorie.

Canterbury Tales. The Knightes Tale. Line 2408.

To maken vertue of necessite.¹

Line 3044.

And brought of mighty ale a large quart.

The Milleres Tale. Line 3497

Ther n' is no werkman whatever he be,

That may both werken wel and hastily.²

This wol be done at leisure parfitly.³

The Marchantes Tale. Line 585.

Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.⁴

The Reves Prologue. Line 3880.

The gretest clerkes ben not the wisest men.

The Reves Tale. Line 4051.

So was hire joly whistle wel ywette.

Line 4153.

In his owen grese I made him frie.⁵

Line 6069.

And for to see, and eek for to be seie.⁶

The Wif of Bathes Prologue. Line 6134.

¹ Also in *Troilus and Cresseide*, line 1587.

To make a virtue of necessity. — SHAKESPEARE: *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. 2. MATTHEW HENRY: *Comm. on Ps. xxxvii.* DRYDEN: *Palamon and Arcite.*

In the additions of Hadrianus Julius to the *Adages* of Erasmus, he remarks, under the head of *Necessitatem edere*, that a very familiar proverb was current among his countrymen, — “*Necessitatem in virtutem commutare*” (To make necessity a virtue).

Laudem virtutis necessitati damus (We give to necessity the praise of virtue). — QUINTILIAN: *Inst. Orat. i. 8. 14.*

² Haste makes waste. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbs*, part i. chap. ii.

Nothing can be done at once hastily and prudently. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 357.*

³ Ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty. — PLUTARCH: *Life of Pericles.*

⁴ E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires. — GRAY: *Elegy*, Stanza 23.

⁵ Frieth in her own grease. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbs*, part i. chap. xi.

⁶ To see and to be seen. — BEN JONSON: *Epithalamion*, st. iii. line 4. GOLDSMITH: *Citizen of the World*, letter 71.

Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ (They come to see; they come that they themselves may be seen). — OVID: *The Art of Love*, i. 99.

I hold a mouses wit not worth a leke,
That hath but on hole for to sterten to.¹

Canterbury Tales. The Wif of Bathes Prologue. Line 6154.

Loke who that is most vertuous alway,
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And take him for the gretest gentilman.

The Wif of Bathes Tale. Line 6695.

That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis.²

Line 6752.

This flour of wifly patience.

The Clerkes Tale. Part v. Line 8797.

They demen gladly to the badder end.

The Squieres Tale. Line 10538.

Therefore behoveth him a ful long spone,
That shall eat with a fend.³

Line 10916.

Fie on possession,
But if a man be vertuous withal.

The Frankeleines Prologue. Line 10998.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.

The Frankeleines Tale. Line 11789.

Full wise is he that can himselven knowe.⁴

The Monkes Tale. Line 1449.

¹ Consider the little mouse, how sagacious an animal it is which never entrusts his life to one hole only. — PLAUTUS : *Truculentus*, act iv. sc. 4.

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

POPE : *Paraphrase of the Prologue*, line 298.

² Handsome is that handsome does. — GOLDSMITH : *Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. i.

³ Hee must have a long spoon, shall eat with the devill. — HEYWOOD : *Proverbes*, part ii. chap. v.

He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil. — SHAKESPEARE : *Comedy of Errors*, act iv. sc. 3.

⁴ Thales was asked what was very difficult ; he said, "To know one's self." — DIOGENES LAERTIUS : *Thales*, ix.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is man.

POPE : *Epistle ii. line 1.*

Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.¹

Canterbury Tales. The Nonnes Preestes Tale. Line 15058.

But all thing which that shineth as the gold
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told.²

The Chanones Yemannes Tale. Line 16430.

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
Is to restreine and kepen wel thy tonge.

The Manciples Tale. Line 17281.

~~The proverbe saith that many a smale maketh a grate.³~~

Persones Tale.

Of harmes two the lesse is for to cheese.⁴

Troilus and Creseide. Book ii. Line 470.

Right as an aspen lefe she gan to quake.

Line 1201.

For of fortunes sharpe adversite,
The worst kind of infortune is this, —
A man that hath been in prosperite,
And it remember whan it passed is.

Book iii. Line 1625.

¹ Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet, act ii. sc. 2.*

² Tyrwhitt says this is taken from the *Parabolae* of ALANUS DE INSULIS, who died in 1294, — Non teneas aurum totum quod splendet ut aurum (Do not hold everything as gold which shines like gold).

All is not golde that outward shewith bright. — LYDGATE: *On the Mutability of Human Affairs.*

Gold all is not that doth golden seem. — SPENSER: *Faerie Queene, book ii. canto viii. st. 14.*

All that glisters is not gold. — SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice, act ii. sc. 7.* GOUGE: *Eglogs, etc., 1563.* HERBERT: *Jacula Prudentum.*

All is not gold that glisteneth. — MIDDLETON: *A Fair Quarrel, verse 1.*

All, as they say, that glitters is not gold. — DRYDEN: *The Hind and the Panther.*

Que tout n'est pas or c'on voit luire (Everything is not gold that one sees shining). — *Li Diz de freire Denise Cordelier, circa 1300.*

³ Many small make a great. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes part i. chap. xi.*

⁴ Of two evils the less is always to be chosen. — THOMAS À KEMPIS: *Imitation of Christ, book ii. chap. xii.* HOOKER: *Polity, book v. chap. lxxxii.*

Of two evils I have chose the least. — PRIOR: *Imitation of Horace.*

E duobus malis minimum eligendum (Of two evils, the least should be chosen). — ERASMUS: *Adages.* CICERO: *De Officiis, iii. 1.*

THOMAS À KEMPIS. 1380–1471.

Man proposes, but God disposes.¹

Imitation of Christ. Book i. Chap. 19.

And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.²

Chap. 23.

Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.³

Book iii. Chap. 12.



JOHN FORTESCUE. Circa 1395–1485.

Moche Crye and no Wull.⁴ *De Laudibus Leg. Angliæ. Chap. x.*

Comparisons are odious.⁵

Chap. xix.

¹ This expression is of much greater antiquity. It appears in the *Chronicle of Battel Abbey*, p. 27 (Lower's translation), and in *The Vision of Piers Ploughman*, line 13994. ed. 1550.

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. — *Proverbs xvi. 9.*

² Out of syght, out of mynd. — GOOGE : *Eglogs. 1563.*

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.

LORD BROOKE : *Sonnet lvi.*

Fer from eze, fer from herte,
Quoth Hendyng.

HENDYNG : *Proverbs, MSS. Circa 1320.*

I do perceive that the old proverbis be not alwaies trew. for I do finde that the absence of my Nath. doth breede in me the more continuall remembrance of him. — *Anne Lady Bacon to Jane Lady Cornwallis, 1613.*

On page 19 of *The Private Correspondence of Lady Cornwallis*, Sir Nathaniel Bacon speaks of the owlde proverbe, "Out of sighte, out of mynde."

³ See Chaucer, page 5.

⁴ All cry and no wool. — BUTLER : *Hudibras, part i. canto i. line 852.*

⁵ CERVANTES : *Don Quixote* (Lockhart's ed.), part ii. chap. i. LYLY : *Euphues, 1580.* MARLOWE : *Lust's Dominion, act iii. sc. 4.* BURTON : *Anatomy of Melancholy, part iii. sec. 3.* THOMAS HEYWOOD : *A Woman killed with Kindness* (first ed. in 1607), act i. sc. 1. DONNE : *Elegy, viii.* HERBERT : *Jacula Prudentum.* GRANGE : *Golden Aphrodite.*

Comparisons are odorous. — SHAKESPEARE : *Much Ado about Nothing, act iii. sc. 5.*

JOHN SKELTON. *Circa 1460–1529.*

There is nothyng that more dyspleaseth God,
Than from theyr children to spare the rod.¹

Magnyfycence. Line 1954.

He ruleth all the roste.² *Why Come ye not to Courte. Line 198.*

In the spight of his teeth.³ *Colyn Cloute. Line 939.*

He knew what is what.⁴ *Line 1106.*

By hoke ne by croke.⁵ *Line 1240.*

The wolfe ffrom the dore. *Line 1531.*

Old proverbe says,
That byrd ys not honest
That fyleth hys owne nest.⁶ *Poems against Garnesche.*

JOHN HEYWOOD.⁷ *Circa 1565.*

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert;
The happy man's without a shirt. *Be Merry Friends.*

¹ He that spareth the rod hateth his son. — *Proverbs xiii. 24.*

They spare the rod and spoyle the child. — RALPH VENNING: *Mysteries and Revelations* (second ed.), p. 5. 1649.

Spare the rod and spoil the child. — BUTLER: *Hudibras*, pt. ii. c. i. l. 843.

² Rule the roste. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes*, part i. chap. v.

Her that ruled the roste. — THOMAS HEYWOOD: *History of Women.*

Rules the roast. — JONSON, CHAPMAN, MARSTON: *Eastward Ho*, act ii. sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE: *2 Henry VI.* act i. sc. 1.

³ In spite of my teeth. — MIDDLETON: *A Trick to catch the Old One*, act i. sc. 2. FIELDING: *Eurydice Hissed.*

⁴ He knew what's what. — BUTLER: *Hudibras*, part i. canto i. line 149.

⁵ In hope her to attain by hook or crook. — SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*, book iii. canto i. st. 17.

⁶ It is a foule byrd that fyleth his owne nest. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes*, part ii. chap. v.

⁷ The *Proverbes* of John Heywood is the earliest collection of English colloquial sayings. It was first printed in 1546. The title of the edition of 1562 is, *John Heywoodes Woorkes. A Dialogue conteyning the number of the effectuall proverbes in the English tounge, compact in a matter concernyng two maner of Maryages*, etc. The selection here given is from the edition of 1874 (a reprint of 1598), edited by Julian Sharman.

Let the world slide,¹ let the world go;
 A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
 If I can't pay, why I can owe,
 And death makes equal the high and low.

Be Merry Friends.

All a green willow, willow,
 All a green willow is my garland.

The Green Willow.

Haste maketh waste.

Proverbs. Part i. Chap. ii.

Beware of, Had I wist.²

Ibid.

Good to be merie and wise.³

Ibid.

Beaten with his owne rod.⁴

Ibid.

Look ere ye leape.⁵

Ibid.

He that will not when he may,
 When he would he shall have nay.⁶

Chap. iii.

The fat is in the fire.⁷

Ibid.

¹ Let the world slide.—*Towneley Mysteries, p. 101 (1420)*. SHAKESPEARE: *Taming of the Shrew, induc. 1*. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Wit without Money, act v. sc. 2*.

² A common exclamation of regret occurring in Spenser, Harrington, and the older writers. An earlier instance of the phrase occurs in the *Towneley Mysteries*.

³ 'Tis good to be merry and wise.—JONSON, CHAPMAN, MARSTON: *Eastward Ho, act i. sc. 1*. BURNS: *Here's a health to them that's awa'*.

⁴ don fust

C'on kint souvent est-on batu.

(By his own stick the prudent one is often beaten.)

Roman du Renart, circa 1300.

⁵ Look ere thou leap.—In *Tottel's Miscellany, 1557*; and in *Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. Of Wiring and Thriving. 1573*.

Thou shouldst have looked before thou hadst leapt.—JONSON, CHAPMAN, MARSTON: *Eastward Ho, act v. sc. 1*.

Look before you ere you leap.—BUTLER: *Hudibras, pt. ii. c. ii. l. 502*.

⁶ He that will not when he may,
 When he will he shall have nay.

BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, pt. iii. sec. 2, mem. 5, subs. 5*.

He that wold not when he might,
 He shall not when he wolda.

The Baffled Knight. PERCY: Reliques

⁷ All the fatt's in the fire.—MARSTON: *What You Will. 1607*.

Happy man, happy dole. ¹	<i>Proverbes. Part i. Chap. iii.</i>
God never sends th' mouth but he sendeth meat.	<i>Chap. iv.</i>
Like will to like.	<i>Ibid.</i>
<u>A hard beginning</u> maketh a good ending.	<i>Ibid.</i>
When the skie falth we shall have Larkes. ²	<i>Ibid.</i>
More frayd then hurt.	<i>Ibid.</i>
Feare may force a man to cast beyond the moone. ³	<i>Ibid.</i>
Nothing is impossible to a willing hart.	<i>Ibid.</i>
The wise man sayth, store is no sore.	<i>Chap. v.</i>
Let the world wagge, ⁴ and take mine ease in myne Inne. ⁵	<i>Ibid.</i>
Rule the rost. ⁶	<i>Ibid.</i>
Hold their noses to grinstone. ⁷	<i>Ibid.</i>
Better to give then to take. ⁸	<i>Ibid.</i>
When all candles bee out, all cats be gray.	<i>Ibid.</i>
No man ought to looke a given horse in the mouth. ⁹	<i>Ibid.</i>

¹ Happy man be his dole. — SHAKESPEARE: *Merry Wives*, act iii. sc. 4; *Winter's Tale*, act i. sc. 2. BUTLER: *Hudibras*, part i. canto iii. line 168.

² Si les nues tomboyent esperoyt prendre les alouettes (If the skies fall, one may hope to catch larks). — RABELAIS: *book i. chap. xi.*

³ To cast beyond the moon, is a phrase in frequent use by the old writers. LYLY: *Euphues*, p. 78. THOMAS HEYWOOD: *A Woman Killed with Kindness.*

⁴ Let the world slide. — SHAKESPEARE: *Taming of the Shrew*, ind. 1; and, Let the world slip, ind. 2.

⁵ Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? — SHAKESPEARE: *1 Henry IV.* act iii. sc. 2.

⁶ See Skelton, page 8. SHAKESPEARE: *2 Henry VI.* act i. sc. 1. THOMAS HEYWOOD: *History of Women.*

⁷ Hold their noses to the grindstone. — MIDDLETON: *Blurt, Master-Constable*, act iii. sc. 3.

⁸ It is more blessed to give than to receive. — *John xx. 35.*

⁹ This proverb occurs in Rabelais, book i. chap. xi.; in *Vulgaria Stambrigi*, circa 1510; in Butler, part i. canto i. line 490. Archbishop Trench says this proverb is certainly as old as Jerome of the fourth century, who, when some found fault with certain writings of his, replied that they were free-will offerings, and that it did not behove to look a gift horse in the mouth.

I perfectly feele even at my fingers end. ¹	<i>Proverbes. Part i. Chap. vi.</i>
A sleveless errand. ²	<i>Chap. vii.</i>
We both be at our wittes end. ³	<i>Chap. viii.</i>
Reckeners without their host must reckon twice.	<i>Ibid.</i>
A day after the faire. ⁴	<i>Ibid.</i>
Cut my cote after my cloth. ⁵	<i>Ibid.</i>
The neer to the church, the further from God. ⁶	<i>Chap. ix.</i>
Now for good lucke, cast an old shooe after me.	<i>Ibid.</i>
Better is to bow then breake. ⁷	<i>Ibid.</i>
It hurteth not the toung to give faire words. ⁸	<i>Ibid.</i>
Two heads are better then one.	<i>Ibid.</i>
A short horse is soone currid. ⁹	<i>Chap. x.</i>
To tell tales out of schoole.	<i>Ibid.</i>
To hold with the hare and run with the hound. ¹⁰	<i>Ibid.</i>

¹ RABELAIS: *book iv. chap. liv.* At my fingers' ends. — SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night, act i. sc. 3.*

² The origin of the word "sleveless," in the sense of unprofitable, has defied the most careful research. It is frequently found allied to other substantives. Bishop Hall speaks of the "sleveless tale of transubstantiation," and Milton writes of a "sleveless reason." Chaucer uses it in the *Testament of Love*. — SHARMAN.

³ At their wit's end. — *Psalm cvii. 27.*

⁴ THOMAS HEYWOOD: *If you know not me, etc., 1605.* TARLTON: *Jests, 1611.*

⁵ A relic of the Sumptuary Laws. One of the earliest instances occurs, 1580, in the interlude of *Godly Queene Hester*.

⁶ Qui est près de l'église est souvent loin de Dieu (He who is near the Church is often far from God). — *Les Proverbes Communs. Circa 1500.*

⁷ Rather to bowe than brêke is profitable;
Humylite is a thing commendable.

The Morale Proverbs of Cristyne; translated from the French (1390) by Earl Rivers, and printed by Caxton in 1478.

⁸ Fair words never hurt the tongue. — JONSON, CHAPMAN, MARSTON. *Eastward Ho, act iv. sc 1.*

⁹ FLETCHER: *Valentinian, act ii. sc. 1.*

¹⁰ HUMPHREY ROBERT: *Complaint for Reformation, 1572.* LYLly: *Euphues, 1579* (Arber's reprint), p. 107.

She is nether fish nor flesh, nor good red herring. ¹	<i>Proverbes. Part i. Chap. x.</i>
All is well that endes well. ²	<i>Ibid.</i>
Of a good beginning cometh a good end. ³	<i>Ibid.</i>
Shee had seene far in a milstone. ⁴	<i>Ibid.</i>
Better late than never. ⁵	<i>Ibid.</i>
When the steede is stolne, shut the stable durre. ⁶	<i>Ibid.</i>
Pryde will have a fall ;	
For pryde goeth before and shame commeth after. ⁷	<i>Ibid.</i>
She looketh as butter would not melt in her mouth. ⁸	<i>Ibid.</i>
The still sowe eats up all the draffe. ⁹	<i>Ibid.</i>
Ill weede growth fast. ¹⁰	<i>Ibid.</i>

¹ Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring. — SIR H. SHERRIS : *Satyr on the Sea Officers*. TOM BROWN : *Aeneas Sylvius's Letter*. DRYDEN : *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise*.

² Si finis bonus est, totum bonum erit (If the end be well, all will be well). — *Gesta Romanorum. Tale lxxii.*

³ Who that well his warke beginneth,
The rather a good ende he winneth.

GOWER : *Confessio Amantis*.

⁴ LILY : *Explicus* (Arber's reprint), p. 288.

⁵ TISSER : *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, An Habitation Enforced*. BUNYAN : *Pilgrim's Progress*. MATHEW HENRY : *Commentaries, Matthew xxi.* MURPHY : *The School for Guardians*.

Potius sero quam nunquam (Rather late than never). — LIVY : *iv. ii. 11.*

⁶ Quant le cheval est emblé dounke ferme fols l'estable (When the horse has been stolen, the fool shuts the stable). — *Les Proverbes del Vilain*.

⁷ Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. — *Proverbs xvi. 18.*

Pryde goeth before, and shame cometh behynde. — *Treatise of a Gallant. Circa 1510.*

⁸ She looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth. — SWIFT : *Polite Conversation*.

⁹ 'Tis old, but true, still swine eat all the draff. — SHAKESPEARE : *Merry Wives of Windsor, act iv. sc. 2.*

¹⁰ Ewyl weed ys sone y-growe. — *MS. Harleian, circa 1490.*

An ill weed grows space. — CHAPMAN : *An Humorous Day's Mirth*.

Great weeds do grow space. — SHAKESPEARE : *Richard III. act ii. sc. 4*
BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *The Coxcomb, act iv. sc. 4.*

It is a deere collop
That is cut out of th' owne flesh.¹

Proverbes. Part i. Chap. x.

Beggars should be no choosers.²

Ibid.

Every cocke is proud on his owne dunghill.³

Chap. xi.

The rolling stone never gathereth mosse.⁴

Ibid.

To robbe Peter and pay Poule.⁵

Ibid.

A man may well bring a horse to the water,
But he cannot make him drinke without he will.

Ibid.

Men say, kinde will creepe where it may not goe.⁶

Ibid.

The cat would eate fish, and would not wet her feete.⁷

Ibid.

While the grasse groweth the horse starveth.⁸

Ibid.

¹ God knows thou art a collop of my flesh. — SHAKESPEARE: *1 Henry VI. act v. sc. 4.*

² Beggars must be no choosers. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Scornful Lady, act v. sc. 3.*

³ pet coc is kene on his owne mixenne. — *pe Ancren Riwle. Circa 1250.*

⁴ The stone that is rolling can gather no moss. — TUSSEK: *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*

A rolling stone gathers no moss. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 524.* GOSSON: *Ephemerides of Phialo.* MARSTON: *The Fawn.*

Pierre volage ne queult mousse (A rolling stone gathers no moss). — *De l'hermite qui se désespéra pour le larron que ala en paradis avant que lui, 13th century.*

⁵ To rob Peter and pay Paul is said to have derived its origin when, in the reign of Edward VI., the lands of St. Peter at Westminster were appropriated to raise money for the repair of St. Paul's in London.

⁶ You know that love

Will creep in service when it cannot go.

SHAKESPEARE: *Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iv. sc. 2.*

⁷ Shakespeare alludes to this proverb in *Macbeth*: —

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,

Like the poor cat i' the adage.

Cat lufat visch, ac he nele his feth wete. — *MS. Trinity College, Cambridge, circa 1250.*

⁸ Whylst grass doth grow, oft sterves the seely steede. — WHETSTONE: *Promos and Cassandra. 1578.*

While the grass grows —

The proverb is something musty.

SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet, act iii. sc. 4.*

- She frieth in her owne grease.¹ *Proverbes. Part i. Chap. xl.*
- Who waite for dead men shall goe long barefoote. *Ibid.*
- I pray thee let me and my fellow have
A haire of the dog that bit us last night.² *Ibid.*
- But in deede,
- A friend is never knowne till a man have neede. *Ibid.*
- This wonder (as wonders last) lasted nine daies.³
Part ii. Chap. i.
- New brome swepth cleene.⁴ *Ibid.*
- All thing is the woorse for the wearing. *Ibid.*
- Burnt child fire dredth.⁵ *Chap. ii.*
- All is not Gospell that thou doest speake.⁶ *Ibid.*
- Love me litle, love me long.⁷ *Ibid.*
- A fooles bolt is soone shot.⁸ *Chap. iii.*
- A woman hath nine lives like a cat.⁹ *Chap. iv.*
- A peny for your thought.¹⁰ *Ibid.*

¹ See Chaucer, page 3.

² In old receipt books we find it invariably advised that an inebriate should drink sparingly in the morning some of the same liquor which he had drunk to excess over-night.

³ See Chaucer, page 6.

⁴ Ah, well I wot that a new broome sweepeth cleane — LYLly : *Euphues* (Arber's reprint), p. 89.

⁵ Brend child fur dredth,
Quoth Hendyng.

Proverbs of Hendyng. MSS.

A burnt child dreadeth the fire. — LYLly : *Euphues* (Arber's reprint), p. 319.

⁶ You do not speak gospel. — RABELAIS : *book i. chap. xiii.*

⁷ MARLOWE : *Jew of Malta, act iv. sc. 6.* BACON : *Formularies.*

⁸ Sottes bolt is sone shote. — *Proverbs of Hendyng. MSS.*

⁹ It has been the Providence of Nature to give this creature nine lives instead of one. — PILPAY : *The Greedy and Ambitious Cat, fable iii.* B. C.

¹⁰ LYLly : *Euphues* (Arber's reprint), p. 80.

You stand in your owne light.	<i>Proverbes. Part ii. Chap. iv.</i>
Though chaunge be no robbry.	<i>Ibid.</i>
Might have gone further and have fared worse.	<i>Ibid.</i>
The grey mare is the better horse. ¹	<i>Ibid.</i>
Three may keepe counsayle, if two be away. ²	<i>Chap. v.</i>
Small pitchers have wyde eares. ³	<i>Ibid.</i>
Many hands make light warke.	<i>Ibid.</i>
The greatest Clerkes be not the wisest men. ⁴	<i>Ibid.</i>
Out of Gods blessing into the warme Sunne. ⁵	<i>Ibid.</i>
There is no fire without some smoke. ⁶	<i>Ibid.</i>
One swallow maketh not summer. ⁷	<i>Ibid.</i>
Fieldes have eies and woods have eares. ⁸	<i>Ibid.</i>
A cat may looke on a King.	<i>Ibid.</i>

¹ *Pryde and Abuse of Women, 1650. The Marriage of True Wit and Science. BUTLER: Hudibras, part ii. canto i. line 698. FIELDING: The Grub Street Opera, act ii. sc. 4. PRIOR: Epilogue to Lucius.*

Lord Macaulay (*History of England, vol. i. chap. iii.*) thinks that this proverb originated in the preference generally given to the gray mares of Flanders over the finest coach-horses of England. Macaulay, however, is writing of the latter half of the seventeenth century, while the proverb was used a century earlier.

² See Chaucer, page 6.

Two may keep counsel when the third's away. — SHAKESPEARE: *Titus Andronicus, act iv. sc. 2.*

³ Pitchers have ears. — SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III. act ii. sc. 4.*

⁴ See Chaucer, page 8.

⁵ Thou shalt come out of a warme sunne into Gods blessing. — LYLY: *Euphues.*

Thou out of Heaven's benediction comest
To the warm sun.

SHAKESPEARE: *Lear, act ii. sc. 2.*

⁶ Ther can no great smoke arise, but there must be some fire. — LYLY: *Euphues (Arber's reprint), p. 153.*

⁷ One swallowe proueth not that summer is neare. — NORTHBROOKE: *Treatise against Dancing. 1577.*

⁸ See Chaucer, page 2.

It is a foule byrd that fyleth his owne nest.¹

Proverbes. Part ii. Chap. v.

Have yee him on the hip.²

Ibid.

Hee must have a long spoone, shall eat with the devill.³

Ibid.

It had need to bee

A wylie mouse that should breed in the cats eare.⁴

Ibid.

Leape out of the frying pan into the fyre.⁵

Ibid.

Time trieth troth in every doubt.⁶

Ibid.

Mad as a march hare.⁷

Ibid.

Much water goeth by the mill
That the miller knoweth not of.⁸

Ibid.

He must needes goe whom the devill doth drive.⁹

Chap. vii.

Set the cart before the horse.¹⁰

Ibid.

¹ See Skelton, page 8.

² I have thee on the hip. — SHAKESPEARE : *Merchant of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1 ; *Othello*, act ii. sc. 7.

³ See Chaucer, page 4.

⁴ A hardy mouse that is bold to breede
In cattis eeris.

Order of Foles. MS. circa 1450.

⁵ The same in *Don Quixote* (Lockhart's ed.), part i. book iii. chap. iv. BUNYAN : *Pilgrim's Progress*. FLETCHER : *The Wild-Goose Chase*, act iv. sc. 3.

⁶ Time trieth truth. — *Tottel's Miscellany*, reprint 1867, p. 221.

Time tries the troth in everything. — TUSSEY : *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. Author's Epistle*, chap. i.

⁷ I saye, thou madde March hare. — SKELTON : *Replycation against certayne yong scolers*.

⁸ More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of.

SHAKESPEARE : *Titus Andronicus*, act ii. sc. 7.

⁹ An earlier instance of this proverb occurs in Heywood's *Johan the Husbande*. 1533.

He must needes go whom the devil drives. — SHAKESPEARE : *All's Well that Ends Well*, act i. sc. 3. CERVANTES : *Don Quixote*, part i. book iv. chap. iv. GOSSON : *Ephemerides of Phialo*. PEELE : *Edward I*.

¹⁰ Others set carts before the horses. — RABELAIS : *book v. chap. xxii*.

- The moe the merrier.¹ *Proverbes. Part ii. Chap. vii.*
- To th' end of a shot and beginning of a fray.² *Ibid.*
- It is better to be
- An old man's derling than a yong man's werling. *Ibid.*
- Be the day never so long,
- Evermore at last they ring to evensong.³ *Ibid.*
- The moone is made of a greene cheese.⁴ *Ibid.*
- I know on which side my bread is buttred. *Ibid.*
- It will not out of the flesh that is bred in the bone.⁵
Chap. viii
- Who is so deafe or so blinde as is hee
That wilfully will neither heare nor see ?⁶ *Chap. ix.*
- The wrong sow by th' eare.⁷ *Ibid.*
- Went in at the tone eare and out at the tother.⁸ *Ibid.*
- Love me, love my dog.⁹ *Ibid.*

¹ GASCOIGNE: *Roses*, 1575. *Title of a Book of Epigrams*, 1608. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Scornful Lady*, act i. sc. 1; *The Sea Voyage*, act i. sc. 2.

² To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast. — SHAKESPEARE: *2 Henry IV. act iv. sc. 2.*

³ Be the day short or never so long,
At length it ringeth to even song.

Quoted at the Stake by George Tankerfield (1555).

FOX: *Book of Martyrs*, chap. vii. p. 346.

⁴ *Jack Jugler*, p. 46. RABELAIS: *book i. chap. xi.* BLACKLOCH: *Hatchet of Heresies*, 1565. BUTLER: *Hudibras*, part ii. canto iii. line 263.

⁵ What is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh. — PILPAY: *The Two Fishermen*, fable xiv.

It will never out of the flesh that's bred in the bone. — JONSON: *Every Man in his Humour*, act i. sc. 1.

⁶ None so deaf as those that will not hear. — MATHEW HENRY: *Commentaries. Psalm lviii.*

⁷ He has the wrong sow by the ear. — JONSON: *Every Man in his Humour*, act ii. sc. 1.

⁸ See Chaucer, page 6.

⁹ CHAPMAN: *Widow's Tears*, 1612.

A proverb in the time of Saint Bernard was, *Qui me amat, amet et canem meum* (Who loves me will love my dog also). — *Sermo Primus.*

An ill winde that bloweth no man to good.¹

Proverbs. Part i. Chap. ix.

For when I gave you an inch, you tooke an ell.²

Ibid.

Would yee both eat your cake and have your cake?³

Ibid.

Every man for himselfe and God for us all.⁴

Ibid.

Though he love not to buy the pig in the poke.⁵

Ibid.

This hitteth the naile on the hed.⁶

Chap. xi.

Enough is as good as a feast.⁷

Ibid.



THOMAS TUSSER. Circa 1515–1580.

God sendeth and giveth both mouth and the meat.⁸

Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.

Except wind stands as never it stood,

It is an ill wind turns none to good.

A Description of the Properties of Wind.

At Christmas play and make good cheer,

For Christmas comes but once a year.

The Farmer's Daily Diet.

¹ *Falstaff*. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pistol Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.

SHAKESPEARE: *2 Henry IV. act v. sc. 3.*

² Give an inch, he'll take an ell. — WEBSTER: *Sir Thomas Wyatt*.

³ Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it? — HERBERT: *The Size*.

⁴ Every man for himself, his own ends, the devil for all. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, part iii. sec. i. mem. iii.*

⁵ For buying or selling of pig in a poke. — TUSSER: *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. September Abstract.*

⁶ You have there hit the nail on the head. — RABELAIS: *bk. iii. ch. xxxi.*

⁷ *Dives and Pauper, 1493.* GASCOIGNE: *Poesics, 1575.* POPE: *Horace, book i. Ep. vii. line 24.* FIELDING: *Covent Garden Tragedy, act v. sc. 1.* BICKERSTAFF: *Love in a Village, act iii. sc. 1.*

⁸ God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks. — JOHN TAYLOR: *Works, vol. ii. p. 85 (1630).* RAY: *Proverbs.* GARRICK: *Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation.*

Such mistress, such Nan,
Such master, such man.¹

*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry
April's Abstract.*

Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing.

June's Abstract.

'T is merry in hall
Where beards wag all.²

August's Abstract.

Naught venture naught have.³

October's Abstract.

Dry sun, dry wind ;
Safe bind, safe find.⁴

Washing



RICHARD EDWARDS. *Circa 1523–1566.*

The fallyng out of faithfull frends is the renyung of loue.⁵
The Paradise of Dainty Devices.

¹ On the authority of M. Cimber, of the Bibliothèque Royale, we owe this proverb to Chevalier Bayard : "Tel maître, tel valet."

² Merry swithe it is in halle,
When the beards waveth alle.

Life of Alexander, 1312.

This has been wrongly attributed to Adam Davie. There the line runs,—
Swithe mury hit is in halle,
When burdes waiven alle.

³ See Heywood, page 15.

⁴ See Heywood, page 10. SHAKESPEARE : *Merchant of Venice*, act ii. sc. 5.

⁵ The anger of lovers renews the strength of love. — PUBLIUS SYRUS : *Maxim 24.*

Let the falling out of friends be a renewing of affection. — LYLLY : *Euphues.*

The falling out of lovers is the renewing of love. — BURTON : *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part iii. sec. 2.

Amantium iræ amoris integratiost (The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love). — TERENCE : *Andria*, act iii. sc. 5.

EDWARD DYER. *Circa 1540–1607.*

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
 Such present joys therein I find,
 That it excels all other bliss
 That earth affords or grows by kind :
 Though much I want which most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

MS. Rawl. 85, p. 17.¹

Some have too much, yet still do crave ;
 I little have, and seek no more :
 They are but poor, though much they have,
 And I am rich with little store :
 They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
 They lack, I have ; they pine, I live.

Ibid.



BISHOP STILL (JOHN). 1543–1607.

I cannot eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good ;
 But sure I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.

Gammer Gurton's Needle.² Act ii.

¹ There is a very similar but anonymous copy in the British Museum. Additional MS. 15225, p. 85. And there is an imitation in J. Sylvester's *Works*, p. 651. — HANNAH : *Courtly Poets*.

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
 Such perfect joy therein I find,
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss
 That God and Nature hath assigned.
 Though much I want that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

BYRD : *Psalmes, Sonnets, etc. 1588.*

My mind to me an empire is,
 While grace affordeth health.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1560–1595) : *Loo Home*.

Mens regnum bona possidet (A good mind possesses a kingdom). — SENECA : *Thyestes*, ii. 380.

² Stated by Dyce to be from a MS. of older date than *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. See Skelton's *Works* (Dyce's ed.), vol. i. pp. vii-x, note.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old.

Gammer Gurton's Needle. Act ii

THOMAS STERNHOLD. *Circa 1549.*

The Lord descended from above
 And bow'd the heavens high;
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubims
 Full royally he rode;
 And on the wings of all the winds
 Came flying all abroad.

A Metrical Version of Psalm civ

MATHEW ROYDON. *Circa 1586.*

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
 A full assurance given by lookes,
 Continuall comfort in a face
 The lineaments of Gospell bookes.

An Elegie; or Friend's Passion for his Astrophill.¹

Was never eie did see that face,
 Was never eare did heare that tong,
 Was never minde did minde his grace,
 That ever thought the travell long;
 But eies and eares and ev'ry thought
 Were with his sweete perfections caught. *Ibid.*

¹ This piece (ascribed to Spenser) was printed in *The Phoenix' Nest*, 4to, 1593, where it is anonymous. Todd has shown that it was written by Mathew Roydon.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And lovers' songs be turned to holy psalms ;
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms.

Sonnet. Polyhymnia.

My inerry, merry, merry roundelay
 Concludes with Cupid's curse :
 They that do change old love for new,
 Pray gods, they change for worse !

Cupid's Curse.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1552–1618.

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd.

Fain would I, but I dare not ; I dare, and yet I may not ;
 I may, although I care not, for pleasure when I play not.

Fain Would I

Passions are likened best to floods and streams :
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.¹

The Silent Lover.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
 Than words, though ne'er so witty :
 A beggar that is dumb, you know,
 May challenge double pity.

Ibid

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless arrant :
 Fear not to touch the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant :
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

The Lie.

¹ Altissima quæque flumina minimo sono labi (The deepest rivers flow with the least sound). — Q. CURTIUS, vii. 4. 13.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep. — SHAKESPEARE : *Henry VI. act iii. sc. i.*

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay.¹

Verses to Edmund Spenser.

Cowards [may] fear to die ; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.

On the snuff of a candle the night before he died. — Raleigh's Remains, p. 258, ed. 1661.

Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust !

Written the night before his death. — Found in his Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster.

Shall I, like an hermit, dwell
On a rock or in a cell ?

Poem.

If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be ?²

Ibid.

If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be ?

Ibid.

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.³

[History] hath triumphed over time, which besides it
nothing but eternity hath triumphed over.

Historie of the World. Preface.

O eloquent, just, and mightie Death ! whom none could
advise, thou hast perswaded ; what none hath dared,
thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered,

¹ Methought I saw my late espoused saint. — MILTON: *Sonnet xxlii.*

Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne. — WORDSWORTH: *Sonnet.*

² If she be not so to me,

What care I how fair she be ?

GEORGE WITHER: *The Shepherd's Resolution.*

³ Written in a glass window obvious to the Queen's eye. "Her Majesty, either espying or being shown it, did under-write, 'If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.'" — FULLER: *Worthies of England, vol. i. p. 419.*

thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawne together all the farre stretchèd greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

Book v. Part 1.



EDMUND SPENSER. 1553–1599.

Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my
song.¹ *Faerie Queene. Introduction. St. 1.*

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine.
Book i. Canto i. St. 1.

O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread! *St. 9.*

The noblest mind the best contentment has. *St. 35.*

A bold bad man.² *St. 37.*

Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place. *Canto iii. St. 4.*

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall!³
Canto viii. St. 1.

As when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,⁴
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing. *St. 11.*

Entire affection hateth nicer hands. *St. 40.*

¹ And moralized his song. — POPE: *Epistle to Arbuthnot. Line 340.*

² This bold bad man. — SHAKESPEARE: *Henry VIII. act ii. sc. 2.*
MASSINGER: *A New Way to Pay Old Debts, act iv. sc. 2.*

³ Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!

BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i. canto iii. line 1.*

⁴ "Milky Mothers," — POPE: *The Dunciad, book ii. line 247.* SCOTT: *The Monastery, chap. xxviii.*

That darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind.

Faerie Queene. Canto ix. St. 35.

No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arborett with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arownd.

Book ii. Canto vi. St. 12.

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these Creatures bace?

Canto viii. St. 1.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!

St. 2.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound.

Canto xii. St. 70.

Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush,¹
In hope her to attain by hook or crook.²

Book iii. Canto i. St. 17.

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,³

And her conception of the joyous Prime. *Canto vi. St. 3.*

Roses red and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowres that in the forrest grew.

St. 6.

Be bolde, Be bolde, and everywhere, Be bold.⁴

Canto xi. St. 54.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

Book iv. Canto ii. St. 32.

¹ Through thick and thin. — DRAYTON: *Nymphidia*. MIDDLETON: *The Roaring Girl*, act iv. sc. 2. KEMP: *Nine Days' Wonder*. BUTLER: *Hudibras*, part i. canto ii. line 370. DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel*, part ii. line 414. POPE: *Dunciad*, book ii. COWPER: *John Gilpin*.

² See Skelton, page 8.

³ The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning. — *Psalm cx. 3, Book of Common Prayer*.

⁴ De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace (Boldness, again boldness, and ever boldness). — DANTON: Speech in the Legislative Assembly, 1792.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
 And blesseth her with his two happy hands.

Epithalamion. Line 223.



RICHARD HOOKER. 1553–1600.

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that
 her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony
 of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her
 homage, — the very least as feeling her care, and the
 greatest as not exempted from her power.

Ecclesiastical Polity. Book i.

That to live by one man's will became the cause of all
 men's misery.

Book i.



JOHN LYLY. *Circa* 1553–1601.

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
 At cards for kisses: Cupid paid.
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows:
 Loses them too. Then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple on his chin:
 All these did my Campaspe win.
 At last he set her both his eyes:
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love! has she done this to thee?

What shall, alas! become of me?

Cupid and Campaspe. Act iii. Sc. 5.

Lette me stande to the maine chance.¹

Euphues, 1579 (Arber's reprint), page 104.

I mean not to run with the Hare and holde with the Hounde.²

Page 107.

It is a world to see.³

Page 116.

There can no great smoke arise, but there must be some fire.⁴

Euphues and his Euphæbus, page 153.

A clere conscience is a sure carde.⁵

Euphues, page 207.

As lyke as one pease is to another.

Page 215.

Goe to bed with the Lambe, and rise with the Larke.⁶

Euphues and his England, page 229.

A comely olde man as busie as a bee.

Page 252.

Maydens, be they never so foolyshe, yet beeing fayre they are commonly fortunate.

Page 279.

Where the streame runneth smoothest, the water is deepest.⁷

Page 287.

Your eyes are so sharpe that you cannot onely looke through a Milstone, but cleane through the minde.

Page 289.

I am glad that my Adonis hath a sweete tooth in his head.

Page 308.

A Rose is sweeter in the budde than full blowne.⁸

Page 314.

¹ The main chance. — SHAKESPEARE: *1 Henry VI. act i. sc. 1.* BUTLER: *Hudibras, part ii. canto ii.* DRYDEN: *Persius, satire vi.*

² See Heywood, page 12.

³ 'Tis a world to see. — SHAKESPEARE: *Taming of the Shrew, act ii. sc. 1.*

⁴ See Heywood, page 17.

⁵ This is a sure card. — *Thersytes, circa 1550.*

⁶ To rise with the lark and go to bed with the lamb. — BRETON: *Court and Country, 1618 (reprint, page 182).*

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed. — HURDIS: *The Village Curate.*

⁷ See Raleigh, page 25.

⁸ The rose is fairest when 't is budding new. — SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake, canto iii. st. 1.*

LORD BROOKE. 1554–1628.

O wearisome condition of humanity !

Mustapha. Act v. Sc. 4.

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.¹

Sonnet lvi.



GEORGE CHAPMAN. 1557–1634.

None ever loved but at first sight they loved.²

The Blind Beggar of Alexandria.

An ill weed grows apace.³

An Humorous Day's Mirth.

Black is a pearl in a woman's eye.⁴

Ibid.

Exceeding fair she was not ; and yet fair

In that she never studied to be fairer

Than Nature made her ; beauty cost her nothing,

Her virtues were so rare.

All Fools. Act i. Sc. 1.

I tell thee Love is Nature's second sun,

Causing a spring of virtues where he shines.

Ibid.

Cornelia. What flowers are these ?

Gazetta. The pansy this.

Cor. Oh, that's for lovers' thoughts.⁵

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,

Hath divers ways to advance her followers :

To some she gives honour without deserving,

To other some, deserving without honour.⁶

Act v. Sc. 1.

¹ See Thomas à Kempis, page 7.

² Who ever loved that loved not at first sight ? — MARLOWE : *Hero and Leander.*

I saw and loved. — GIBBON : *Memoirs, vol. i. p. 106.*

³ See Heywood, page 13.

⁴ Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes. — SHAKESPEARE : *Two Gentlemen of Verona, act v. sc. 2.*

⁵ There is pansies, that's for thoughts. — SHAKESPEARE : *Hamlet, act iv. sc. 5.*

⁶ Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. — SHAKESPEARE : *Twelfth Night, act ii. sc. 5.*

Young men think old men are fools; but old men
know young men are fools.¹ *All Fools. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Virtue is not malicious; wrong done her
Is righted even when men grant they err.
Monsieur D'Olive. Act i. Sc. 1.

For one heat, all know, doth drive out another,
One passion doth expel another still.² *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Let no man value at a little price
A virtuous woman's counsel; her wing'd spirit
Is feather'd oftentimes with heavenly words.
The Gentleman Usher. Act iv. Sc. 1.

To put a girdle round about the world.³
Bussy D'Ambois. Act i. Sc. 1.

His deeds inimitable, like the sea
That shuts still as it opes, and leaves no tracts
Nor prints of precedent for poor men's facts. *Ibid.*

So our lives
in acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but doth to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.⁴ *Ibid.*

Who to himself is law no law doth need,
Offends no law, and is a king indeed. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Each natural agent works but to this end, —
To render that it works on like itself. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

¹ Quoted by Camden as a saying of one Dr. Metcalf. It is now in many peoples' mouths, and likely to pass into a proverb. — RAY: *Proverbs* (Bohn ed.), p. 145.

² One fire burns out another's burning.
One pain is lessened by another's anguish.

SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 2.

³ I'll put a girdle round about the earth. — SHAKESPEARE: *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 1.

⁴ Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.

LONGFELLOW: *A Psalm of Life*.

Enough 's as good as a feast.¹ *Eastward Ho. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Fair words never hurt the tongue.² *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Let pride go afore, shame will follow after.³ *Ibid.*

I will neither yield to the song of the siren nor the voice of the hyena, the tears of the crocodile nor the howling of the wolf. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

As night the life-inclining stars best shows,
So lives obscure the starriest souls disclose.

Epilogue to Translations.

Promise is most given when the least is said.

Museus of Hero and Leander.



WILLIAM WARNER. 1558–1609.

With that she dasht her on the lippes,
So dyed double red :
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lips that bled.

Albion's England. Book viii. chap. xli. stanza 53.

We thinke no greater blisse then such
To be as be we would,
When blessed none but such as be
The same as be they should.

Book x. chap. lix. stanza 68.



SIR RICHARD HOLLAND.

O Douglas, O Douglas!
Tendir and trewe.

The Buke of the Howlat.⁴ Stanza xxxi.

¹ *Dives and Pauper (1493).* GASCOIGNE: *Memories (1575).* FIELDING: *Covent Garden Tragedy. act ii. sc. 6.* BICKERSTAFF: *Love in a Village, act iii. sc. 1.* See Heywood, page 20.

² See Heywood, page 12.

³ See Heywood, page 18.

⁴ The allegorical poem of *The Howlat* was composed about the middle of the fifteenth century. Of the personal history of the author no kind of information has been discovered. Printed by the Bannatyne Club, 1823.

MICHAEL DRAYTON. 1563–1631.

Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had.

(Said of Marlowe.) *To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy.*

For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

Ibid.

The coast was clear.¹

Nymphidia.

When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

Ideas. An Allusion to the Eaglets. lxi.



CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. 1565–1593.

Comparisons are odious.²

Lust's Dominion. Act iii. Sc. 4.

I'm armed with more than complete steel, —
The justice of my quarrel.³

Ibid.

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight? ⁴

Hero and Leander.

Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

¹ SOMERVILLE: *The Night-Walker.*

² See Fortescue, page 7.

³ Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

SHAKESPEARE: *Henry VI. act iii. sc. 2.*

⁴ The same in Shakespeare's *As You Like It.* Compare Chapman, page 35.

By shallow rivers, to whose falls ¹
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies.

Ibid.

Infinite riches in a little room.

The Jew of Malta. Act i.

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness.

Ibid.

Now will I show myself to have more of the serpent
than the dove; ² that is, more knave than fool.

Act ii.

Love me little, love me long.³

Act iv.

When all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

Faustus.

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
Her lips suck forth my soul: ⁴ see, where it flies!

Ibid.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

Ibid.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,⁵
That sometime grew within this learned man.

Ibid.

¹ To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.

SHAKESPEARE: *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii.
sc. i. (Sung by Evans).

² Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. — *Matthew*
x. 16.

³ See Heywood, page 16.

⁴ Once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips.

TENNYSON: *Fatima*, stanza 3.

⁵ O, withered is the garland of the war!
The soldier's pole is fallen.

SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iv. sc. 13.

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance.

The Tempest. Act i. Sc. 2

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,

Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Ibid.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

A very ancient and fish-like smell.

Sc. 2.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.

Ibid.

Fer. Here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

He that dies pays all debts.

Sc. 2.

A kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

Sc. 3.

Deeper than e'er plummet sounded.

Ibid.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,

Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff

As dreams are made on; and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

With foreheads villanous low.

Ibid.

Deeper than did ever plummet sound

I'll drown my book.

Act v. Sc. 1.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;

In a cowslip's bell I lie.

Ibid.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Ibid.

It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act i. Sc. 1

Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.

Ibid.

Mine host of the Garter.

Ibid.

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Ibid.

If there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt.¹

Ibid.

O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Sc. 3.

“Convey,” the wise it call. “Steal!” foh! a fico for the phrase!

Ibid.

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.

Ibid.

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Ibid.

Thou art the Mars of malcontents.

Ibid.

Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Sc. 4.

We burn daylight.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

There's the humour of it.

Ibid.

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.

Ibid.

Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Sc. 2.

This is the short and the long of it.

Ibid.

Unless experience be a jewel.

Ibid.

Like a fair house, built on another man's ground.

Ibid.

We have some salt of our youth in us.

Sc 3

¹ Familiarity breeds contempt. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 640*

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is.¹

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act iii. Sc. 2

What a taking was he in when your husband asked
who was in the basket! *Sc. 3.*

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! *Sc. 4.*

Happy man be his dole! *Ibid.*

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. *Sc. 5.*

As good luck would have it.² *Ibid.*

The rankest compound of villanous smell that ever
offended nostril. *Ibid.*

A man of my kidney. *Ibid.*

Think of that, Master Brook. *Ibid.*

Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

In his old lunes again. *Sc. 2.*

So curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever. *Ibid.*

This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd
numbers. . . . There is divinity in odd numbers, either
in nativity, chance, or death. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. *Measure for Measure. Act i. Sc. 1*

¹ What the dickens! — THOMAS HEYWOOD: *Edward IV. act iii. sc. 1.*

² As ill luck would have it. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, pt. i. bk. i. ch. ii.*

He was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Measure for Measure. Act i. Sc. 2.

Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home.

Sc. 3.¹

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted.

Sc. 4.¹

A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense.

Ibid.¹

He arrests him on it ;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example.

Ibid.¹

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

Ibid.¹

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.

Ibid.

This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there.

Ibid

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it ?

Sc. 2.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.²

Ibid

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ?

Ibid

¹ Act i. Sc. 5, in White, Singer, and Knight.

² Compare Portia's words in *Merchant of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;
 And, for the most, become much more the better
 For being a little bad. *Measure for Measure. Act v. Sc. 2*

What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. *Ibid.*

The pleasing punishment that women bear.
The Comedy of Errors. Act i. Sc. 1

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Every why hath a wherefore.¹ *Sc. 2*

• Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

One Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
 A mere anatomy. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living-dead man. *Ibid.*

Let's go hand in hand, not one before another. *Ibid.*

He hath indeed better bettered expectation.
Much Ado about Nothing. Act i. Sc. 1.

A very valiant trencher-man. *Ibid.*

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat. *Ibid.*

What, my dear Lady Disdain ! are you yet living ? *Ibid.*

There's a skirmish of wit between them. *Ibid.*

The gentleman is not in your books. *Ibid.*

Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again ? *Ibid.*

Benedick the married man. *Ibid.*

He is of a very melancholy disposition. *Ibid.*

He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that
 hath no beard is less than a man. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

As merry as the day is long. *Ibid.*

I have a good eye, uncle ; I can see a church by day-
 light. *Ibid.*

¹ For every why he had a wherefore. — BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i canto i. line 132.*

Speak low if you speak love.

Much Ado about Nothing. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Friendship is constant in all other things
 Save in the office and affairs of love :
 Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues ;
 Let every eye negotiate for itself
 And trust no agent.

Ibid.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but
 little happy, if I could say how much.

Ibid.

Lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new
 doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the pur-
 pose.

Sc. 3.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever, —
 / One foot in sea and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never.

Ibid.

Sits the wind in that corner ?

Ibid.

Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of
 the brain awe a man from the career of his humour ?
 No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would
 die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were
 married.

Ibid.

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot,¹ he
 is all mirth.

Sc. 2.

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Ibid.

Are you good men and true ?

Sc. 3.

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune ; but
 to write and read comes by nature.

Ibid.

The most senseless and fit man.

Ibid.

¹ From the crown of his head to the sole of the foot. — PLINY : *Natural History*, book vii. chap. xvii. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *The Honest Man's Fortune*, act ii. sc. 2. MIDDLETON : *A Mad World*, etc.

Some of us will smart for it.

Much Ado about Nothing. Act v. Sc. 1.

I was not born under a rhyming planet.

Sc. 2.

Done to death by slanderous tongues.

Sc. 3.

Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it and not break my troth.

Love's Labour's Lost. Act i. Sc. 1.

Light seeking light doth light of light beguile.

Ibid.

Small have continual plodders ever won

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights

That give a name to every fixed star

Have no more profit of their shining nights

Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Ibid.

- At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;¹
But like of each thing that in season grows.

Ibid.

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain.

Ibid.

A high hope for a low heaven.

Ibid.

And men sit down to that nourishment which is called
supper.

Ibid.

That unlettered small-knowing soul.

Ibid.

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy
more sweet understanding, a woman.

Ibid.

Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit
thee down, sorrow!

Ibid.

The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three
ages since; but I think now 't is not to be found.

Sc. 2.

The rational hind Costard.

Ibid.

¹ For "mirth," White reads *shews*; Singer, *shows*.

Devise, wit ; write, pen ; for I am for whole volumes
in folio. *Love's Labour's Lost, Act i. Sc. 2.*

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms :
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal. *Ibid.*

Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse. *Ibid.*

By my penny of observation. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The boy hath sold him a bargain, — a goose. *Ibid.*

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose. *Ibid.*

A very beadle to a humorous sigh. *Ibid.*

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents. *Ibid.*

A buck of the first head. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a
book ; he hath not eat paper, as it were ; he hath not
drunk ink. *Ibid.*

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind. *Ibid.*

You two are book-men. *Ibid.*

Dictynna, goodman Dull. *Ibid.*

These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished
in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mel-
lowing of occasion. *Ibid.*

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself. *So. 3.*

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. *Love's Labour's Lost. Act v. Sc. 2.*

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn¹
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

• *A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act i. Sc. 1.*

• For aught that I could ever read,²
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth. *Ibid.*

O, hell! to choose love by another's eyes. *Ibid.*

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion. *Ibid.*

• Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind. *Ibid.*

Masters, spread yourselves. *Sc. 2.*

This is Ercles' vein. *Ibid.*

I'll speak in a monstrous little voice. *Ibid.*

I am slow of study. *Ibid.*

That would hang us, every mother's son. *Ibid.*

I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will
roar you, an 't were any nightingale. *Ibid.*

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day. *Ibid.*

The human mortals. *Act ii. Sc. 1.³*

The rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music. *Ibid.*

¹ Maidens withering on the stalk. — WORDSWORTH: *Personal Talk, stanza 1.*

² "Ever I could read," — Dyce, Knight, Singer, and White.

³ Act ii. sc. 2 in Singer and Knight.

And the imperial votaress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
 It fell upon a little western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
 And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act ii. Sc. 1.¹

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes.²

Ibid.

My heart
 Is true as steel.³

Ibid.⁴

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
 Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
 Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
 With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.

Ibid.

A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated.

Ibid.

Lord, what fools these mortals be !

Sc. 2.

So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition.

Ibid.

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.

Ibid.

I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what
 dream it was. *Ibid.*

The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath
 not seen,⁵ man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to
 conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.

Ibid.

¹ Act ii. sc. 2 in Singer and Knight.

² See Chapman, page 36.

³ True as steele. — CHAUCER : *Troilus and Cresseide*, book v. line 831.

⁴ Act ii. sc. 2 in Singer and Knight.

⁵ Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard. — *1 Corinthians*, ii. 9.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano, —
 A stage, where every man must play a part ;
 And mine a sad one. *The Merchant of Venice. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ? *Ibid.*

There are a sort of men whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond. *Ibid.*

I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark ! *Ibid.*

I do know of these
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying nothing. *Ibid.*

Fish not, with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool gudgeon, this opinion. *Ibid.*

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than
 any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of
 wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all
 day ere you find them, and when you have them, they
 are not worth the search. *Ibid.*

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
 I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
 The selfsame way, with more advised watch,
 To find the other forth ; and by adventuring both,
 I oft found both. *Ibid.*

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they
 that starve with nothing. *Sc. 2.*

Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but compe-
 tency lives longer. *Ibid.*

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do,
 chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages
 princes' palaces.¹ *Ibid.*

¹ For the good that I would I do not ; but the evil which I would not, that
 I do. — *Romans vii. 19.*

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.¹

The Merchant of Venice. Act ii. Sc. 9.

If my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge.

Ibid.

I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?

Ibid.

The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Ibid.

Makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.²

Sc. 2.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

Ibid.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But being season'd with a gracious voice
Obscures the show of evil?

Ibid.

There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue in his outward parts.

Ibid.

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea.

Ibid.

The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.

Ibid.

¹ See Heywood, page 10.

² I will play the swan and die in music. — *Othello, act v. sc. 2.*

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death.

King John, act v. sc. 7.

There, swan-like, let me sing and die. — BYRON: *Don Juan, canto iii. st. 86.*

You think that upon the score of fore-knowledge and divining I am infinitely inferior to the swans. When they perceive approaching death they sing more merrily than before, because of the joy they have in going to the God they serve. — SOCRATES: *In Phaedo, 77.*

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. *The Merchant of Venice. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel ! *Ibid.*

Is it so nominated in the bond ? ¹ *Ibid.*

'T is not in the bond. *Ibid.*

Speak me fair in death. *Ibid.*

An upright judge, a learned judge ! *Ibid.*

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
 Now, infidel, I have you on the hip. *Ibid.*

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. *Ibid.*

You take my house when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house ; you take my life
 When you do take the means whereby I live. *Ibid.*

He is well paid that is well satisfied. *Ibid.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here we will sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
 There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angei sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

I am never merry when I hear sweet music. *Ibid.*

¹ "It is not nominated in the bond." — White.

The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus.
 Let no such man be trusted.

The Merchant of Venice. Act v. Sc. 1.

How far that little candle throws his beams !
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world. *Ibid.*

How many things by season season'd are
 To their right praise and true perfection ! *Ibid.*

This night methinks is but the daylight sick. *Ibid.*

These blessed candles of the night. *Ibid.*

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
 Of starved people. *Ibid.*

We will answer all things faithfully. *Ibid.*

Fortune reigns in gifts of the world.

As You Like It. Act 1. Sc. 2.

The little foolery that wise men have makes a great
 show. *Ibid.*

Well said : that was laid on with a trowel. *Ibid.*

Your heart's desires be with you ! *Ibid.*

One out of suits with fortune. *Ibid.*

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. *Ibid.*

My pride fell with my fortunes. *Ibid.*

Cel. Not a word ?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog. *Sc. 3.*

O, how full of briers is this working-day world ! *Ibid.*

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. *Ibid.*

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
 As many other mannish cowards have. *Ibid.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

As You Like It. Act ii. Sc. 2.

The big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase.

Ibid.

“Poor deer,” quoth he, “thou makest a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much.”

Ibid.

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens.

Ibid.

And He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age !

Sc. 3.

For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.

Ibid.

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly.

Ibid.

O, good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion.

Ibid.

Ay, now am I in Arden : the more fool I. When I was
 at home I was in a better place ; but travellers must be
 content.

Sc. 4.

I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my
 shins against it.

Ibid.

Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me.

Sc. 5.

I met a fool i' the forest,
 A motley fool.

Sc. 7

I had rather have a fool to make me merry than
experience to make me sad. *As You Like It. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. *Ibid.*

I'll warrant him heart-whole. *Ibid.*

Good orators, when they are out, they will spit. *Ibid.*

Men have died from time to time, and worms have
eaten them, — but not for love. *Ibid.*

Can one desire too much of a good thing? ¹ *Ibid.*

For ever and a day. *Ibid.*

Men are April when they woo, December when they
wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky
changes when they are wives. *Ibid.*

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. *Sc. 2.*

Chewing the food ² of sweet and bitter fancy. *Sc. 3.*

It is meat and drink to me. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

“So so” is good, very good, very excellent good; and
yet it is not; it is but so so. *Ibid.*

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man
knows himself to be a fool. *Ibid.*

I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways. *Ibid.*

No sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but
they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner
sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner
knew the reason but they sought the remedy. *Sc. 2.*

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through
another man's eyes! *Ibid.*

Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all
tongues are called fools. *Sc. 4.*

¹ Too much of a good thing. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote*, part i. book
i. chap. vi.

² “Cud” in Dyce and Staunton.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. *All's Well that Ends Well. Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Whose words all ears took captive. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. *Ibid.*

The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time.¹ *Ibid.*

All impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy. *Ibid.*

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. *Ibid.*

If music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again ! it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound²
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour !

Twelfth Night. Act i. Sc. 2.

I am sure care 's an enemy to life. *Sc. 3.*

At my fingers' ends.³ *Ibid.*

Wherefore are these things hid ? *Ibid.*

Is it a world to hide virtues in ? *Ibid.*

One draught above heat makes him a fool ; the second
mads him ; and a third drowns him. *Sc. 5.*

We will draw the curtain and show you the picture. *Ibid.*

'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy. *Ibid.*

¹ How noiseless falls the foot of time ! — W. R. SPENCER : *Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.*

² "Like the sweet south" in Dyce and Singer. This change was made at the suggestion of Pope.

³ See Heywood, page 12.

Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
 And make the babbling gossip of the air
 Cry out.

Twelfth Night. Act i. Sc. 5.

Journeys end in lovers meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.

Act ii. Sc. 3.

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty.

Ibid.

He does it with a better grace, but I do it more
 natural.

Ibid.

Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you ?

Ibid.

Sir To. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,
 there shall be no more cakes and ale ?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i'
 the mouth too.

Ibid.

My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Ibid.

These most brisk and giddy-paced times.

Sc. 4.

Let still the woman take
 An elder than herself : so wears she to him,
 So sways she level in her husband's heart :
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
 Than women's are.

Ibid.

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.

Ibid.

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
 Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age.

Ibid.

Duke. And what's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
 But let concealment, like 'a worm i' the bud,

Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. *The Winter's Tale. Act iv. Sc. 4.*

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea,² that you might ever do
Nothing but that. *Ibid.*

I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure
they are true. *Ibid.*

To unpathed waters, undreamed shores. *Ibid.*

Lord of thy presence and no land beside.
King John. Act i. Sc. 1.

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter ;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names. *Ibid.*

For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation. *Ibid.*

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth. *Ibid.*

For courage mounteth with occasion. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

I would that I were low laid in my grave :
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me. *Ibid.*

Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door. *Ibid.*

He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she ;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him. *Ibid.*

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs ! *Ibid.³*

Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad. *Sc. 2.³*

¹ Act iv. Sc. 3 in Dyce, Knight, Singer, Staunton, and White.

² Like a wave of the sea. — *James i. 6.*

³ Act ii. Sc. 2 in Singer, Staunton, and Knight.

villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves. *King Henry IV. Part I. Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better. *Ibid.*

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast¹
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. *Ibid.*

I would 't were bedtime, Hal, and all well. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on, — how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that word honour; what is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'T is insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon. And so ends my catechism. *Ibid.*

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere. *Sc. 4.*

This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. *Ibid.*

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph! *Ibid.*

I could have better spared a better man. *Ibid.*

The better part of valour is discretion.² *Ibid.*

Full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword. *Ibid.*

¹ See Heywood, page 19.

² It show'd discretion the best part of valour. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *A King and no King*, act ii. sc. 3.

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he. But we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.

King Henry IV. Part I. Act v. Sc. 4.

I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly.

Ibid.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt.

Part II. Act i. Sc. 1.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue.
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

Ibid.

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.

Sc. 2.

A rascally yea-forsooth knave.

Ibid.

Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time.

Ibid.

We that are in the vaward of our youth.

Ibid.

For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems.

Ibid.

It was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common.

Ibid.

I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ibid.

If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.

Ibid.

Who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply.

Ibid.

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection.¹

Sc. 3

¹ Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? — *Luke xiv. 28.*

We have heard the chimes at midnight.

King Henry IV. Part II. Act iiii. Sc. 2.

A man can die but once.

Ibid.

Like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife.

Ibid.

We are ready to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,
"I came, saw, and overcame."

Sc. 3.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.

Sc. 4

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

Sc. 5.1

Commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways.

Ibid.1

A joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kick-shaws, tell William cook.

Act v. Sc. 1.

His cares are now all ended.

Sc. 2.

Falstaff. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pistol. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.²

Sc. 3.

A foutre for the world and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Ibid.

Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die!

Ibid.

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!

King Henry V. Prologue.

Consideration, like an angel, came

And whipped the offending Adam out of him.

Act i. Sc. 1.

¹ Act iv. Sc. 4 in Dyce, Singer, Staunton, and White.

² See Heywood, page 20.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody. — *Henry VI. part iii. act ii. sc. 5.*

Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umbered face ;
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,¹
 Give dreadful note of preparation.

King Henry V. Act iv. Prologue.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out. *Sc. 1.*

Every subject's duty is the king's ; but every subject's
 soul is his own. *Ibid.*

That 's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun. *Ibid.*

Who with a body filled and vacant mind
 Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread. *Ibid.*

Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep. *Ibid.*

But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive. *Sc. 3*

This day is called the feast of Crispian :
 He that outlives this day and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian. *Ibid.*

Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth ² as household words, —
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester, —
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered. *Ibid.*

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers. *Ibid.*

There is a river in Macedon ; and there is also more-
 over a river at Monmouth ; . . . and there is salmons
 in both. *Sc. 7.*

¹ With clink of hammers closing rivets up. — CIBBER : *Richard III. Altered, act v. sc. 3.*

² "In their mouths" in Dyce, Singer, Staunton, and White.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.

King Henry VI. Part III. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success ?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell ?

Ibid.

Warwick, peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of kings !

Act iii. Sc. 3.

• A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

Act iv. Sc. 8.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Act v. Sc. 6.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that loured upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front ;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them, —

Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun.

King Richard III. Act i. Sc. 1.

To leave this keen encounter of our wits.

Sc. 2.

Was ever woman in this humour wooed?
Was ever woman in this humour won?

Ibid.

Framed in the prodigality of nature.

Sc. 2.

The world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.¹

Sc. 3.

And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen out of² holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Ibid.

O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days.

Sc. 4.

Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems.

Ibid.

A parlous boy.

Act ii. Sc. 4.

¹ For fools rush in where angels fear to tread. — POPE: *Essay on Criticism*, part iii. line 66.

² "Stolen forth" in *White and Knight*.

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
 And sleeps again.

Romeo and Juliet. Act i. Sc. 4.

True, I talk of dreams,
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.

Ibid.

For you and I are past our dancing days.¹

Sc. 5.

It seems she hangs² upon the cheek of night
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear.

Ibid.

Shall have the chinks.

Ibid.

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Ibid.

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid!

Act ii. Sc. 1.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Sc. 2.³

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Ibid.⁴

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Ibid.⁴

What's in a name? That which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet.

Ibid.⁴

For stony limits cannot hold love out.

Ibid.⁴

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye

Than twenty of their swords.

Ibid.⁴

¹ My dancing days are done. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Scornful Lady, act v. sc. 3.*

² Dyce, Knight, and White read, "Her beauty hangs."

³ Act ii. sc. 1 in White.

⁴ Act ii. sc. 1 in White.

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.¹ *Romeo and Juliet. Act ii. Sc. 2.²*

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. *Ibid.²*

The god of my idolatry. *Ibid.²*

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, "It lightens." *Ibid.²*

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. *Ibid.²*

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears ! *Ibid.²*

Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *Ibid.²*

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometimes by action dignified. *Sc. 3.*

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie. *Ibid.*

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears. *Ibid.*

Stabbed with a white wench's black eye. *Sc. 4.*

The courageous captain of complements. *Ibid.*

¹ *Perjuria ridet amantum Jupiter* (Jupiter laughs at the perjuries of lovers). — *TIBULLUS*, iii. 6, 49.

² Act ii. sc. 1 in *White*.

One, two, and the third in your bosom.

Romeo and Juliet. Act ii. Sc. 4.

O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified !

Ibid.

I am the very pink of courtesy.

Ibid.

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk,
and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in
a month.

Ibid.

My man's as true as steel.¹

Ibid.

These violent delights have violent ends.

Sc. 6.

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Ibid.

Here comes the lady ! O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.

Ibid.

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of
meat.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

A word and a blow.²

Ibid.

A plague o' both your houses !

Ibid.

Rom. Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church-door ; but 't is enough, 't will serve.

Ibid.

When he shall die,

Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

Sc. 2.

Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !

Ibid.

Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace !

Ibid.

¹ True as steel. — CHAUCER: *Troilus and Creseide*, book v. Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii. sc. 2.

² Word and a blow. — DRYDEN: *Amphitryon*, act i. sc. 1. BUNYAN: *Pilgrim's Progress*, part i.

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe.

Romeo and Juliet. Act iii. Sc. 3

They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.

Ibid.

The damned use that word in hell.

Ibid.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

Ibid.

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Ibid.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

Sc. 5.

Straining harsh discords and displeasing sharps.

Ibid.

All these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Ibid.

Villain and he be many miles asunder.

Ibid.

Thank me no thanks, nor proud me no prouds.

Ibid.

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne.

Act v. Sc. 1.

I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabouts he dwells.

Ibid.

Meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

Ibid.

A beggarly account of empty boxes.

Ibid.

Famine is in thy cheeks.

Ibid.

The world is not thy friend nor the world's law.

Ibid.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ibid.

The strength
Of twenty men.

Ibid.

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.

Sc. 3

Her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Romeo and Juliet. Act v. Sc. 3.

Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. *Ibid.*

Eyes, look your last !
Arms, take your last embrace ! *Ibid.*

But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind. *Timon of Athens. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, — honest
water, which ne'er left man i' the mire. *Sc. 2.*

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;
I pray for no man but myself ;
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond. *Ibid.*

Men shut their doors against a setting sun. *Ibid.*

Every room
Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

'Tis lack of kindly warmth. *Ibid.*

Every man has his fault, and honesty is his. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy. *Sc. 5.*

We have seen better days. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Are not within the leaf of pity writ. *Sc. 3.*

I 'll example you with thievery :
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea ; the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun ;
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears ; the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement : each thing 's a thief. *Ibid.*
Life's uncertain voyage. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather.

Julius Cæsar. Act i. Sc. 1

The live-long day.

Ibid.

Beware the ides of March.

Sc. 2.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life ; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

Ibid.

“Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?” Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow.

Ibid.

Help me, Cassius, or I sink !

Ibid.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

Ibid.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Ibid.

Conjure with 'em, —
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !

Ibid

There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Ibid.

All his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote.

Julius Cæsar. Act iv. Sc. 3.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Ibid.

We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Ibid.

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity.

Ibid.

Brutus. Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

Ibid.

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Act v. Sc. 1.

Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Ibid.

O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!

Ibid.

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

Sc. 3.

This was the noblest Roman of them all.

Sc. 5.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Ibid.

1 *W.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *W.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 1.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Ibid.

Banners flout the sky.

Sc. 2

Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid. *Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 3*

Dwindle, peak, and pine. *Ibid.*

What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? *Ibid.*

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not. *Ibid.*

Stands not within the prospect of belief. *Ibid.*

The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them. *Ibid.*

The insane root
That takes the reason prisoner. *Ibid.*

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence. *Ibid.*

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. *Ibid.*

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature. Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings. *Ibid.*

Nothing is
But what is not. *Ibid.*

If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me. *Ibid.*

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. *Ibid.*

Nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it; he died
 As one that had been studied in his death
 To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
 As 't were a careless trifle. *Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 4.*

There's no art
 To find the mind's construction in the face. *Ibid.*
 More is thy due than more than all can pay. *Ibid.*

Yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness. *Sc. 5.*

What thou wouldst highly,
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win. *Ibid.*

That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose. *Ibid.*

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under 't. *Ibid.*

Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. *Ibid.*

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses. *Sc. 6.*

The heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,
 Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
 Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
 The air is delicate. *Ibid.*

If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
 It were done quickly: if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch

Memory, the warder of the brain. *Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 7.*

There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Shut up
In measureless content. *Ibid.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? *Ibid.*

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going. *Ibid.*

Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead. *Ibid.*

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts. *Ibid.*

The bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. *Ibid.*

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. *Sc. 2.¹*

The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. *Ibid.¹*

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat. *Ibid.¹*

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep!" the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,

¹ Act ii. sc. 1 in Dyce, Staunton, and White.

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. *Macbeth. Act ii. Sc. 2.*¹

Infirm of purpose ! *Ibid.*¹

'T is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. *Ibid.*¹

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red. *Ibid.*¹

The labour we delight in physics pain. *Sc. 3.*²

Dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woful time. *Ibid.*²

Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee ! *Ibid.*²

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece !
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building ! *Ibid.*²

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of. *Ibid.*²

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? *Ibid.*²

There's daggers in men's smiles. *Ibid.*²

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd. *Sc. 4.*³

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means ! *Ibid.*

I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

¹ Act ii. sc. 1 in Dyce, Staunton, and White.

² Act ii. sc. 1 in Dyce and White ; Act ii. sc. 2 in Staunton.

³ Act ii. sc. 2 in Dyce and White ; Act ii. sc. 3 in Staunton.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night.

Macbeth. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding.

Ibid.

Mur. We are men, my liege.

Mac. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men.

Ibid.

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

Ibid.

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Ibid.

Things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done is done.

Sc. 2.

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it.

Ibid.

Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well:
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Ibid.

In them Nature's copy's not eterne.

Ibid.

A deed of dreadful note.

Ibid.

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.

Ibid.

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

Ibid.

Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn.

Sc. 3.

- Macb.* What is the night ?
- L. Macb.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macbeth. Act iii. Sc. 4.
- I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er. *Ibid.*
- My little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. *Sc. 5.*
- Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*
- Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog. *Ibid.*
- By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks ! *Ibid.*
- How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags ! *Ibid.*
- A deed without a name. *Ibid.*
- I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate. *Ibid.*
- Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come like shadows, so depart ! *Ibid.*
- What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?
Ibid.
- I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round.¹ *Ibid.*
- The weird sisters. *Ibid.*
- The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. *Ibid.*
- When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors. *Sc. 2*

¹ Let the air strike our tune,
Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moon.
MIDDLETON : *The Witch, act v. sc. 2*

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs: I'll none of it.
Macbeth. Act v. Sc. 3

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. *Ibid.*

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come!" our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. *Sc. 5.*

My fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors. *Ibid.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. *Ibid.*

I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane." *Ibid.*

tell a hundred.

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 2.

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s life,

Ibid.

Ibid.

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Ibid.

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Ibid.

to men's eyes.

Ibid.

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Sc. 3.

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Ibid.

Ibid.

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of steel.

Ibid.

ede,

to a Young Friend.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel ; but being in,
 Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice ;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 3

Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all : to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Ibid.

Springes to catch woodcocks.

Ibid.

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Lends the tongue vows.

Ibid.

Be somewhat scanted of your maiden presence.

Ibid.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Sc. 4.

But to my mind, though I am native here
 And to the manner born, it is a custom
 More honoured in the breach than the observance.

Ibid.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us !
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou comest in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me !
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements ; why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,

Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous,¹ and we fools of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 4

I do not set my life at a pin's fee.

Ibid.

My fate cries out,
 And makes each petty artery in this body
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Ibid.

Unhand me, gentlemen.
 By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me !

Ibid.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Ibid.

I am thy father's spirit,
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
 And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,²
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part
 And each particular hair to stand an end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine :³
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list !

Sc. 5

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 That roots itself⁴ in ease on Lethe wharf.

Ibid

¹ And makes night hideous. — POPE : *The Dunciad*, book iii. line 166.

² "To lasting fires" in Singer.

³ "Porcupine" in Singer and Staunton.

⁴ "Rots itself" in Staunton.

O my prophetic soul!

My uncle!

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 5.

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

Ibid.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon.

Ibid.

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd, disappointed, unaneled,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Ibid.

Leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

Ibid.

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Ibid.

While memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records.

Ibid.

Within the book and volume of my brain.

Ibid.

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables, — meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain:
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.

Ibid.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the
grave
To tell us this.

Ibid.

Every man has business and desire,
Such as it is.

Ibid.

Art thou there, truepenny?
Come on — you hear this fellow in the cellarage.

Ibid.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking
makes it so. *Hamlet. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

A dream itself is but a shadow. *Ibid.*

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks. *Ibid.*

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile
promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look
you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical
roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other
thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of
vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in
reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving
how express and admirable! in action how like an angel!
in apprehension how like a god! *Ibid.*

Man delights not me: no, nor woman neither. *Ibid.*

There is something in this more than natural, if phi-
losophy could find it out. *Ibid.*

I know a hawk from a handsaw. *Ibid.*

O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst
thou! *Ibid.*

One fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well. *Ibid.*

Come, give us a taste of your quality. *Ibid.*

The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was
caviare to the general. *Ibid.*

They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time:
after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than
their ill report while you live. *Ibid.*

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape
whipping? *Ibid.*

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? *Ibid.*

Unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab. *Hamlet. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.¹ *Ibid.*

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape. *Ibid.*

Abuses me to damn me. *Ibid.*

The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. *Ibid.*

With devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep:
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make

¹ See Chaucer, page 5.

With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels ¹ bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 1

Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

Ibid.

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

Ibid.

I am myself indifferent honest.

Ibid.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt
 not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go.

Ibid.

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough ; God
 has given you one face, and you make yourselves another.

Ibid.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword.

Ibid.

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
 The observed of all observers !

Ibid.

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

Ibid.

O, woe is me,
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

Ibid.

¹ " Who would these fardels " in White.

They are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee. — Something too much of this.

Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 2.

And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's stithy.

Ibid.

Here's metal more attractive.

Ibid.

Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit
 of sables.

Ibid.

There's hope a great man's memory may outlive his
 life half a year.

Ibid.

For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

Ibid.

This is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Ibid.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Ibid.

Our wills and fates do so contrary run
 That our devices still are overthrown.

Ibid.

The lady doth protest¹ too much, methinks.

Ibid.

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Ibid.

The story is extant, and writ in choice Italian.

Ibid.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep:

So runs the world away.

Ibid.

'T is as easy as lying.

Ibid.

It will discourse most eloquent music.

Ibid.

¹ "Protests" in Dyce, Singer, and Staunton.

Pluck out the heart of my mystery. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?
Ibid.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape
of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale. *Ibid.*

They fool me to the top of my bent. *Ibid.*

By and by is easily said. *Ibid.*

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. *Ibid.*

I will speak daggers to her, but use none. *Ibid.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. *Sc. 3.*

Like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. *Ibid.*

'T is not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature. *Ibid.*

O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe! *Ibid.*

With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May. *Ibid.*

About some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't. *Ibid.*

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now; your gambols, your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? Quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come.

Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 1.

To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till we find it stopping a bung-hole?

Ibid.

'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ibid.

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Ibid.

Lay her i' the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!¹

Ibid.

A ministering angel shall my sister be.²

Ibid.

Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

Ibid.

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Ibid.

Though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous.

Ibid.

Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.

Ibid.

¹ And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, xviii.

² A ministering angel thou. — SCOTT: *Marmion*, canto vi. st. 30.

- Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou. *Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 1.*
- Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day. *Ibid.*
- There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.¹ *Sc. 2*
- I once did hold it, as our statistes do,
A baseness to write fair. *Ibid.*
- It did me yeoman's service. *Ibid.*
- The bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion. *Ibid.*
- What imports the nomination of this gentleman? *Ibid.*
- The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we
could carry cannon by our sides. *Ibid.*
- 'T is the breathing time of day with me. *Ibid.*
- There 's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.
If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will
be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness
is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what
is 't to leave betimes? *Ibid.*
- I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother. *Ibid.*
- Now the king drinks to Hamlet. *Ibid.*
- A hit, a very palpable hit. *Ibid.*
- This fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest. *Ibid.*
- Report me and my cause aright. *Ibid.*

¹ But they that are above
Have ends in everything.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Maid's Tragedy*,
act v. sc. 4.

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.

Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 2

Absent thee from felicity awhile.

Ibid.

The rest is silence.

Ibid.

Although the last, not least.

King Lear. Act i. Sc. 1.

Nothing will come of nothing.

Ibid.

Mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Ibid.

I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not.

Ibid.

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not.

Ibid.

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides.

Ibid.

As if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly
compulsion.

Sc. 2.

That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in;
and the best of me is diligence.

Sc. 4.

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend!

Ibid.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

Ibid.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Ibid.

Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below.

Act ii. Sc. 4.

Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine.

Ibid.

Necessity's sharp pinch!

Ibid.

Let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!

Ibid.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

Act iii. Sc. 2.

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.

Ibid.

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.

King Lear. Act iii. Sc. 2.

There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths
in a glass. *Ibid.*

Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice. *Ibid.*

I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning. *Ibid.*

Oh, that way madness lies; let me shun that. *Sc. 4.*

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? *Ibid.*

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel. *Ibid.*

Out-paramoured the Turk. *Ibid.*

'T is a naughty night to swim in. *Ibid.*

The green mantle of the standing pool. *Ibid.*

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year. *Ibid.*

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.¹ *Ibid.*

Poor Tom's a-cold. *Ibid.*

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban. *Ibid.*

Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, — Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. *Ibid.*

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me. *Sc. 6.*

¹ The prince of darkness is a gentleman. — SUCKLING: *The Goblins*

I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.

Othello. Act i. Sc. 3.

I do perceive here a divided duty. *Ibid.*

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief.
Ibid.

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down. *Ibid.*

I saw Othello's visage in his mind. *Ibid.*

Put money in thy purse. *Ibid.*

The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,
 shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. *Ibid.*

Framed to make women false. *Ibid.*

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

For I am nothing, if not critical. *Ibid.*

I am not merry ; but I do beguile
 The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. *Ibid.*

She that was ever fair and never proud,
 Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud. *Ibid.*

She was a wight, if ever such wight were, —

Des. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion ! *Ibid.*

You may relish him more in the soldier than in the
 scholar. *Ibid.*

If after every tempest come such calms,
 May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !
Ibid.

But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

Othello. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues!

Ibid.

· Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.

Ibid.

Our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Sc. 4.

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

They laugh that win.¹

Ibid.

But yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it,
Iago!

Ibid.

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Sc. 2.

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips.

Ibid.

But, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger² at!

Ibid.

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin.

Ibid.

O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er
been born.

Ibid.

O Heaven, that such companions thou 'ldst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world!

Ibid.

¹ CERVANTES: *Don Quixote*, part ii. chap. i.

² "His slow and moving finger" in Knight and Staunton.

- 'T is neither here nor there. *Othello. Act iv. Sc. 3.*
- It makes us or it mars us. *Act v. Sc. 1.*
- Every way makes my gain. *Ibid.*
- He hath a daily beauty in his life. *Ibid.*
- This is the night
- That either makes me or fordoes me quite. *Ibid.*
- And smooth as monumental alabaster. *Sc. 2.*
- Put out the light, and then put out the light:
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore
 Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume. *Ibid.*
- So sweet was ne'er so fatal. *Ibid.*
- Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
 Had stomach for them all. *Ibid.*
- One entire and perfect chrysolite. *Ibid.*
- Curse his better angel from his side,
 And fall to reprobation. *Ibid.*
- Every puny whipster. *Ibid.*
- Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
 And he retires. *Ibid.*
- I have done the state some service, and they know 't.
 No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
 Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice. Then, must you speak
 Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
 Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
 Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
 Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen.¹

Antony and Cleopatra. Act iv. Sc. 15.

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion.

Ibid.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was
That grew the more by reaping.

Act v. Sc. 2.

If there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming.

Ibid.

Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers.

Ibid.

I have
Immortal longings in me.

Ibid.

Lest the bargain should catch cold and starve.

Cymbeline. Act i. Sc. 4.

Hath his bellyful of fighting.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily.

Sc. 2.

The most patient man in loss, the most coldest that
ever turned up ace.

Sc. 3.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,²
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise.

Ibid.

As chaste as unsunn'd snow.

Sc. 5.

Some griefs are medicinal.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.

Sc. 3.

¹ See Marlowe, page 41.

² See Lyly, page 32.

Virtue is like precious odours, — most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.¹ *Of Adversity.*

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. *Of Marriage and Single Life.*

Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses.² *Ibid.*

Men in great place are thrice servants, — servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business. *Of Great Place.*

Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled. Mahomet called the hill to come to him, again and again; and when the hill stood still he was never a whit abashed, but said, "If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill." *Of Boldness.*

The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall.³ *Of Goodness.*

The remedy is worse than the disease.⁴ *Of Seditions.*

¹ As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crushed or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

GOLDSMITH: *The Captivity*, act i.

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.

ROGERS: *Jacqueline*, stanza 3.

² BURTON (quoted): *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part iii. sect. 2, memb. 5, subsect. 5.

³ Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes;
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel.

POPE: *Essay on Man*, ep. i. line 125.

⁴ There are some remedies worse than the disease. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim* 301.

I had rather believe all the fables in the legends and the Talmud and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. *Of Atheism.*

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.¹ *Ibid.*

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education ; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. *Of Travel.*

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration but no rest.² *Of Empire.*

In things that a man would not be seen in himself, it is a point of cunning to borrow the name of the world ; as to say, "The world says," or "There is a speech abroad." *Of Cunning.*

There is a cunning which we in England call "the turning of the cat in the pan ;" which is, when that which a man says to another, he lays it as if another had said it to him. *Ibid.*

It is a good point of cunning for a man to shape the answer he would have in his own words and propositions, for it makes the other party stick the less. *Ibid.*

It hath been an opinion that the French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are ; but howsoever it be between nations, certainly it is so between man and man. *Of Seeming Wise.*

¹ Who are a little wise the best fools be. — DONNE : *Triple Fool.*

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery ; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion. — FULLER : *The Holy State. The True Church Antiquary.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing. — POPE : *Essay on Criticism, part ii. line 15.*

² Kings are like stars : they rise and set ; they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.

SHELLEY : *Hellas.*

“*Antiquitas sæculi juvenus mundi.*” These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from ourselves.¹

Advancement of Learning. Book i. (1605.)

For the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate. *Ibid.*

The sun, which passeth through pollutions and itself remains as pure as before.² *Book ii.*

It [Poesy] was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind. *Ibid.*

¹ As in the little, so in the great world, reason will tell you that old age or antiquity is to be accounted by the farther distance from the beginning and the nearer approach to the end, — the times wherein we now live being in propriety of speech the most ancient since the world's creation. — GEORGE HAKEWILL: *An Apologie or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World. London, 1627.*

For as old age is that period of life most remote from infancy, who does not see that old age in this universal man ought not to be sought in the times nearest his birth, but in those most remote from it? — PASCAL: *Preface to the Treatise on Vacuum.*

It is worthy of remark that a thought which is often quoted from Francis Bacon occurs in [Giordano] Bruno's “*Cena di Cenere.*” published in 1584: I mean the notion that the later times are more aged than the earlier. — WHEWELL: *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, vol. ii. p. 198. London, 1847.*

We are Ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times.

TRNNYSON: *The Day Dream. (L'Envoi.)*

² The sun, though it passes through dirty places, yet remains as pure as before. — *Advancement of Learning* (ed. Dewey).

The sun, too, shines into cesspools and is not polluted. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS, *Lib. vi. sect. 63.*

Spiritualis enim virtus sacramenti ita est ut lux: etsi per immundos transeat, non inquinatur (The spiritual virtue of a sacrament is like light: although it passes among the impure, it is not polluted). — SAINT AUGUSTINE: *Works, vol. iii., In Johannis Evang. cap. i. tr. v. sect. 15.*

The sun shineth upon the dunghill, and is not corrupted. — LYLly: *Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit* (Arber's reprint), p. 43.

The sun reflecting upon the mud of strands and shores is unpolluted in his beam. — TAYLOR: *Holy Living, chap. i. p. 3.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sun-beam. — MILTON: *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

Have you summoned your wits from wool-gathering ?

The Family of Love. Act v. Sc. 3.

As true as I live.

Ibid.

From the crown of our head to the sole of our foot.¹

A Mad World, my Masters. Act i. Sc. 3.

That disease

Of which all old men sicken, — avarice.²

The Roaring Girl. Act i. Sc. 1.

Beat all your feathers as flat down as pancakes. *Ibid.*

There is no hate lost between us.³ *The Witch. Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Let the air strike our tune,

Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moon.⁴

Act v. Sc. 2.

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,

Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.⁵ *Ibid.*

All is not gold that glisteneth.⁶ *A Fair Quarrel. Act v. Sc. 1.*

As old Chaucer was wont to say, that broad famous
English poet. *More Dissemblers besides Women. Act i. Sc. 4.*

'T is a stinger.⁷ *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

The world's a stage on which all parts are played.⁸
A Game at Chess. Act v. Sc. 1.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 51.

² So for a good old gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.

BYRON : *Don Juan*, canto i. stanza 216.

³ There is no love lost between us. — CERVANTES : *Don Quixote*, book iv. chap. xxiii. GOLDSMITH : *She Stoops to Conquer*, act iv. GARRICK : *Correspondence*, 1759. FIELDING : *The Grub Street Opera*, act i. sc. 4.

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 123.

⁵ These lines are introduced into *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1. According to Steevens, "the song was, in all probability, a traditional one." Collier says, "Doubtless it does not belong to Middleton more than to Shakespeare." Dyce says, "There seems to be little doubt that 'Macbeth' is of an earlier date than 'The Witch.'"

⁶ See Chaucer, page 5.

⁷ He 'as had a stinger. — BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *Wit without Money*, act iv. sc. 1.

⁸ See Shakespeare, page 69.

If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.¹

The Immortality of the Soul.

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout, —
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.²

Contention betwixt a Wife, etc.



MARTYN PARKER. — — — 1630.

Ye gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.

Song.

When the stormy winds do blow.³

Ibid.

¹ Our souls sit close and silently within,
And their own webs from their own entrails spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.

DRYDEN: *Marriage à la Mode*, act ii. sc. 1.

The spider's touch — how exquisitely fine! —
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

POPE: *Epistle i. line 217.*

² 'T is just like a summer bird-cage in a garden: the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption for fear they shall never get out. — WEBSTER: *The White Devil*, act i. sc. 2.

Le mariage est comme une forteresse assiégée; ceux qui sont dehors veulent y entrer, et ceux qui sont dedans veulent en sortir (Marriage is like a beleaguered fortress: those who are outside want to get in, and those inside want to get out). — QUITARD: *Études sur les Proverbes Français*, p. 102.

It happens as with cages: the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out. — MONTAIGNE: *Upon some Verses of Virgil*, chap. v.

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in? — EMERSON: *Representative Men: Montaigne*.

³ When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

CAMPBELL: *Ye Mariners of England*

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But look'd too near have neither heat nor light.¹

The White Devil. Act iv. Sc. 4.

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

Act v. Sc. 2.

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsom-
est, old wood burns brightest, old linen wash whitest?
Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are
soundest.²

Westward Hoe. Act ii. Sc. 2.

I saw him now going the way of all flesh. *Ibid.*

—◆—
THOMAS DEKKER. — — — 1641.

A wise man poor
Is like a sacred book that's never read, —
To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead.
This age thinks better of a gilded fool
Than of a threadbare saint in wisdom's school.

Old Fortunatus.

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors. *Ibid.*

¹ The mountains, too, at a distance appear airy masses and smooth, but when beheld close they are rough. — *DIOGENES LAERTIUS: Pyrrho.*

Love is like a landscape which doth stand
Smooth at a distance, rough at hand.

ROBERT HEGGE: On Love.

We're charm'd with distant views of happiness,
But near approaches make the prospect less.

YALDEN: Against Enjoyment.

As distant prospects please us, but when near
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.

GARTH: The Dispensatory, canto iii. line 27.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

CAMPBELL: Pleasures of Hope, part i. line 7.

² See Bacon, page 171.

JOHN FLETCHER. 1576-1625.

Man is his own star; and the soul that can
 Render an honest and a perfect man
 Commands all light, all influence, all fate.
 Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
 Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,¹
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

Upon an "Honest Man's Fortune."

All things that are
 Made for our general uses are at war, —
 Even we among ourselves.

Ibid.

Man is his own star; and that soul that can
 Be honest is the only perfect man.²

Ibid.

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
 Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
 Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
 Makes not fresh nor grow again.³

The Queen of Corinth. Act iii. Sc. 2.

O woman, perfect woman! what distraction
 Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!

Monsieur Thomas. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Let us do or die.⁴

The Island Princess. Act ii. Sc. 4.

Hit the nail on the head.

Love's Cure. Act ii. Sc. 1.

¹ Every man hath a good and a bad angel attending on him in particular all his life long. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, part i. sect. 2, memb. 1, subsect. 2.* Burton also quotes Anthony Rusca in this connection, v. xviii.

² An honest man's the noblest work of God. — POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle iv. line 248.* BURNS: *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

³ Weep no more, Lady! weep no more,
 Thy sorrow is in vain;
 For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
 Will ne'er make grow again.

PERCY: *Reliques. The Friar of Orders Gray.*

⁴ Let us do or die. — BURNS: *Bannockburn.* CAMPBELL: *Gertrude of Wyoming, part iii. stanza 37.*

Scott says, "This expression is a kind of common property, being the motto, we believe, of a Scottish family." — *Review of Gertrude, Scott's Miscellanies, vol. i. p. 153.*

I find the medicine worse than the malady.¹

Love's Cure. Act iii. Sc. 2.

He went away with a flea in 's ear.

Sc. 3.

There 's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy ;
O sweetest Melancholy !²

The Nice Valour. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves.

Ibid.

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow ;
You shall perhaps not do 't to-morrow.

The Bloody Brother. Act ii. Sc. 2.

And he that will to bed go sober
Falls with the leaf still in October.³

Ibid.

Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we,⁴
As ever did sing in a hempen string
Under the gallows-tree.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears !
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.⁵

Act v. Sc. 2.

¹ See Bacon, page 165.

² Naught so sweet as melancholy. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy. Author's Abstract.*

³ The following well-known catch, or glee, is formed on this song : —
He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October ;
But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.

⁴ Three merry men be we.—PEEL: *Old Wives' Tale, 1595.* WEBSTER (quoted): *Westward Hoe, 1607.*

⁵ See Shakespeare, page 49.

Something given that way. *The Lover's Progress. Act i. Sc. 1.*
 Deeds, not words.¹ *Act iii. Sc. 4.*



ROBERT BURTON. 1576–1640.

Naught so sweet as melancholy.²

*Anatomy of Melancholy.*³ *The Author's Abstract.*

I would help others, out of a fellow-feeling.⁴

Democritus to the Reader.

They lard their lean books with the fat of others' works.⁵ *Ibid.*

We can say nothing but what hath been said.⁶ Our poets steal from Homer: . . . Our story-dressers do as much; he that comes last is commonly best. *Ibid.*

I say with Didacus Stella, a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see farther than a giant himself.⁷ *Ibid.*

¹ Deeds, not words. — BUTLER : *Hudibras, part i. canto i. line 867.*

² See Fletcher, page 184.

There 's not a string attuned to mirth
 But has its chord in melancholy.

HOOD : *Ode to Melancholy.*

³ Dr. Johnson said Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise. And Byron said, "If the reader has patience to go through his volumes, he will be more improved for literary conversation than by the perusal of any twenty other works with which I am acquainted." — *Works, vol. i. p. 144.*

⁴ A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind. — GARRICK : *Prologue on quitting the stage.*

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco (Being not unacquainted with woe, I learn to help the unfortunate). — VIRGIL : *Æneid, lib. i. 630.*

⁵ See Shakespeare, page 84.

⁶ Nihil dictum quod non dictum prius (There is nothing said which has not been said before). — TERENCE : *Eunuchus, Prol. 10.*

⁷ A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees farther of the two. — HERBERT : *Jacula Prudentum.*

A dwarf sees farther than the giant when he has the giant's shoulders to mount on. — COLERIDGE : *The Friend, sect. i. essay viii.*

Pigmæi gigantum humeris impositi plusquam ipsi gigantes vident (Pigmies placed on the shoulders of giants see more than the giants themselves). — *Didacus Stella in Lucan, 10, tom. ii.*

We can make majors and officers every year, but not scholars; kings can invest knights and barons, as Sigismund the emperor confessed.¹

Anatomy of Melancholy. Part i. Sect. 2, Memb. 3, Subsect. 15.

Hinc quam sic calamus scævior ense, patet. The pen worse than the sword.²

Memb. 4, Subsect. 4.

Homer himself must beg if he want means, and as by report sometimes he did "go from door to door and sing ballads, with a company of boys about him."³

Subsect. 6.

See one promontory (said Socrates of old), one mountain, one sea, one river, and see all.⁴

Subsect. 7.

Felix Plater notes of some young physicians, that study to cure diseases, catch them themselves, will be sick, and appropriate all symptoms they find related of others to their own persons.

Sect. 3, Memb. 1, Subsect. 2.

Aristotle said melancholy men of all others are most witty.

Subsect. 3.

Like him in Æsop, he whipped his horses withal, and put his shoulder to the wheel.

Part ii. Sect. 1, Memb. 2.

Fabricius finds certain spots and clouds in the sun.

Sect. 2, Memb. 3.

¹ When Abraham Lincoln heard of the death of a private, he said he was sorry it was not a general: "I could make more of them."

² Tant la plume a eu sous le roi d'avantage sur l'épée (So far had the pen under the king the superiority over the sword). — SAINT SIMON: *Mémoires*, vol. iii. p. 517 (1702), ed. 1856.

The pen is mightier than the sword. — BULWER LYTTON: *Richelieu*, act ii. sc. 2.

³ Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

ANONYMOUS.

Great Homer's birthplace seven rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of Fame.

THOMAS SEWARD: *On Shakespeare's Monument at Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Seven cities warred for Homer being dead;
Who living had no roose to shrowd his head.

THOMAS HEYWOOD: *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells.*

⁴ A blade of grass is always a blade of grass, whether in one country or another. — JOHNSON: *Piazzi*, 52.

The commonwealth of Venice in their armoury have this inscription: "Happy is that city which in time of peace thinks of war."

Anatomy of Melancholy. Part ii. Sect. 2, Memb. 6.

"Let me not live," saith Aretine's Antonia, "if I had not rather hear thy discourse than see a play."

Part iii. Sect. 1, Memb. 1, Subsect. 1.

Every schoolboy hath that famous testament of Grunnius Corocotta Porcellus at his fingers' end. *Ibid.*

Birds of a feather will gather together. *Subsect. 2.*

And this is that Homer's golden chain, which reacheth down from heaven to earth, by which every creature is annexed, and depends on his Creator. *Memb. 2, Subsect. 1.*

And hold one another's noses to the grindstone hard.¹
Memb. 3.

Every man for himself, his own ends, the Devil for all.²
Ibid.

No cord nor cable can so forcibly draw, or hold so fast, as love can do with a twined thread.³
Sect. 2, Memb. 1, Subsect. 2.

To enlarge or illustrate this power and effect of love is to set a candle in the sun. *Ibid.*

He is only fantastical that is not in fashion.
Memb. 2, Subsect. 3.

¹ See Heywood, page 11.

² See Heywood, page 20.

³ Those curious locks so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind.

CAREW: *Think not 'cause men flattering say.*

One hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen.—
HOWELL: *Letters, book ii. iv. (1621).*

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.

DRYDEN: *Persius, satire v. line 246.*

Beauty draws us with a single hair.—POPE: *The Rape of the Lock, canto ii. line 27.*

And from that luckless hour my tyrant fair
Has led and turned me by a single hair.

BLAND: *Anthology, p. 20 (edition 1813)*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

(FRANCIS BEAUMONT and JOHN FLETCHER.)

- All your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble.¹
Philaster. Act v. Sc. 3.
- Upon my burned body lie lightly, gentle earth.
The Maid's Tragedy. Act i. Sc. 2.
- A soul as white as heaven.
Act iv. Sc. 1.
- But they that are above
Have ends in everything.²
Act v. Sc. 1.
- It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour.³
A King and No King. Act iv. Sc. 3.
- There is a method in man's wickedness, —
It grows up by degrees.⁴
Act v. Sc. 4.
- As cold as cucumbers.
Cupid's Revenge. Act i. Sc. 1
- Calamity is man's true touchstone.⁵
Four Plays in One: The Triumph of Honour. Sc. 1.
- Kiss till the cow comes home.
Scornful Lady. Act iii. Sc. 1.
- It would talk, —
Lord! how it talked!⁶
Act v. Sc. 1.
- Beggars must be no choosers.⁷
Sc. 3.
- No better than you should be.⁸
The Coxcomb. Act iv. Sc. 3.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 100.² See Shakespeare, page 145.³ See Shakespeare, page 87.⁴ Nemo repente fuit turpissimus (No man ever became extremely wicked all at once). — JUVENAL: *ii. 83.*Ainsi que la vertu, le crime a ses degrés (As virtue has its degrees, so has vice). — RACINE: *Phédre, act iv. sc. 2.*⁵ Ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes viros (Fire is the test of gold; adversity, of strong men). — SENECA: *De Providentia, v. 9.*⁶ Then he will talk — good gods! how he will talk! — LEE: *Alexander the Great, act i. sc. 3.*⁷ See Heywood, page 14.⁸ She is no better than she should be. — FIELDING: *The Temple Beau act iv. sc. 3.*

Though I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.

The Shepherd's Hunting.

And I oft have heard defended, —
Little said is soonest mended.

Ibid.

And he that gives us in these days
New Lords may give us new laws.

Contented Man's Morrice.



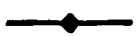
THOMAS HOBBS. 1588–1679.

For words are wise men's counters, — they do but
reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.

The Leviathan. Part i. Chap. iv.

No arts, no letters, no society, and which is worst of
all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the
life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

Chap. xviii.



THOMAS CAREW. 1589–1639.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires, —
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

Disdain Returned.

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer Love that run away.

Conquest by Flight.

An untimely grave.¹ *On the Duke of Buckingham.*

The magic of a face. *Epitaph on the Lady S—.*

¹ An untimely grave. — TATE AND BRADY: *Psalm vii.*

WILLIAM BROWNE. 1590–1645.

Whose life is a bubble, and in length a span.¹

Britannia's Pastorals. Book i. Song 2.

Did therewith bury in oblivion.

Book ii. Song 2.

Well-languaged Daniel.

Ibid.



ROBERT HERRICK. 1591–1674.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
 Full and fair ones, — come and buy!
 If so be you ask me where
 They do grow, I answer, there,
 Where my Julia's lips do smile, —
 There 's the land, or cherry-isle. *Cherry Ripe.*

Some asked me where the rubies grew,
 And nothing I did say;
 But with my finger pointed to
 The lips of Julia.

The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarrie of Pearls

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where?
 Then spoke I to my girl
 To part her lips, and showed them there
 The quarelets of pearl. *Ibid.*

A sweet disorder in the dress
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness. *Delight in Disorder.*

A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat;
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility, —
 Do more bewitch me than when art
 Is too precise in every part. *Ibid.*

¹ See Bacon, page 170.

You say to me-wards your affection 's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long.¹

Love me Little, Love me Long

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.²

To the Virgins to make much of Time.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.

To Music, to becalm his Fever.

Fair daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.

To Daffadills

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.³

Sorrows Succeed.

Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
A little out, and then,⁴
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.

To Mistress Susanna Southwell.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

The Night Piece to Julia.

¹ See Marlowe, page 41.

² Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds, before they be withered. — *Wisdom of Solomon, ii. 8.*

Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time. — SPENSER: *The Faerie Queene, book ii. canto xii. stanza 75.*

³ See Shakespeare, page 143.

⁴ Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out.

SUCKLING: *Ballad upon a Wedding.*

I saw a flie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried.¹

The Amber Bead.

Thus times do shift, — each thing his turn does hold ;
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve.

Out-did the meat, out-did the frolick wine.

Ode for Ben Jonson.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt ;
Nothing 's so hard but search will find it out.²

Seek and Find.

But ne'er the rose without the thorn.³

The Rose.



FRANCIS QUARLES. 1592-1644.

Death aims with fouler spite
At fairer marks.⁴

Divine Poems (ed. 1669).

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day
Whose conquering ray
May chase these fogs ;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day !

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day !
Light will repay
The wrongs of night ;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day !

Emblems. Book i. Emblem 14.

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise. *Book ii. Emblem 2.*

¹ See Bacon, page 168.

² Nil tam difficilest quin quærendo investigari possiet (Nothing is so difficult but that it may be found out by seeking). — TERENCE : *Heautontimoroumenos*, iv. 2. 8.

³ Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose. — MILTON : *Paradise Lost*, book iv. line 256.

⁴ Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow. — YOUNG : *Night Thoughts*, night v. line 1011.

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds a chapel hard by. ¹	<i>Jacula Prudentum.</i>
God's mill grinds slow, but sure. ²	<i>Ibid.</i>
The offender never pardons. ³	<i>Ibid.</i>
It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle.	<i>Ibid.</i>
To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure. ⁴	<i>Ibid.</i>
The lion is not so fierce as they paint him. ⁵	<i>Ibid.</i>
Help thyself, and God will help thee. ⁶	<i>Ibid.</i>
Words are women, deeds are men. ⁷	<i>Ibid.</i>
The mouse that hath but one hole is quickly taken. ⁸	<i>Ibid.</i>
A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees farther of the two. ⁹	<i>Ibid.</i>



IZAAK WALTON. 1593–1683.

Of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge.

The Complete Angler. Author's Preface.

Angling may be said to be so like the mathematics that it can never be fully learnt.

Ibid.

As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler.

. . . *Ibid.*

¹ See Burton, page 192.

² Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small. — F. VON LOGAU (1614–1655): *Retribution* (translation).

³ They ne'er pardon who have done the wrong. — DRYDEN: *The Conquest of Grenada*.

⁴ God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. — STERNE: *Sentimental Journey*.

⁵ The lion is not so fierce as painted. — FULLER: *Expecting Preferment*.

⁶ God helps those who help themselves. — SIDNEY: *Discourses on Government*, sect. xxiii. FRANKLIN: *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

⁷ Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things. — Dr. MADDEN: *Boulter's Monument* (supposed to have been inserted by Dr. Johnson, 1745)

⁸ See Chaucer, page 4.

⁹ See Burton, page 185.

Oh, the gallant fisher's life !
 It is the best of any ;
 'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
 And 't is beloved by many.

The Angler. (John Chalkhill.)¹



JAMES SHIRLEY. 1596-1666.

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against fate ;
 Death lays his icy hands on kings.

Contention of Ajax and Ulysses. Sc. 3.

Only the actions of the just²
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.³

Ibid.

Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Cupid and Death



SAMUEL BUTLER. 1600-1680.

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
 Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

Hudibras. Part i. Canto i. Line 11

We grant, although he had much wit,
 He was very shy of using it.

Line 45.

¹ In 1683, the year in which he died, Walton prefixed a preface to a work edited by him : "Thealma and Clearchus, a Pastoral History, in smooth and easy verse : written long since by John Chalkhill Esq., an acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser."

Chalkhill, — a name unappropriated, a verbal phantom, a shadow of a shade. Chalkhill is no other than our old piscatory friend incoginto. — ZOUCH : *Life of Walton.*

² The sweet remembrance of the just
 Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

TATE AND BRADY : *Psalm cxxii.* 6.

³ "Their dust" in *Works* edited by Dyce.

Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.

Hudibras. Part i. Canto iii. Line 263

I 'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of the old cur.

Line 277.

He had got a hurt
O' the inside, of a deadlier sort.

Line 309.

These reasons made his mouth to water.

Line 379.

While the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span new.¹

Line 398.

With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.

Line 589.

For those that run away and fly,
Take place at least o' the enemy.

Line 609.

I am not now in fortune's power:
He that is down can fall no lower.²

Line 877.

Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers.

Line 1011.

If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed.

Line 1047.

When pious frauds and holy shifts
Are dispensations and gifts.

Line 1145.

Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable³ at last.

Line 1367.

Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after.

¹ See Middleton, page 172.

² He that is down needs fear no fall. — BUNYAN: *Pilgrim's Progress*, part ii.

³ Outrun the constable. — RAY: *Proverbs*, 1670.

But those that write in rhyme still make
 The one verse for the other's sake ;
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think 's sufficient at one time.

Hudibras. Part ii. Canto i. Line 23.

Some have been beaten till they know
 What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow ;
 Some kick'd until they can feel whether
 A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather.

Line 221.

No Indian prince has to his palace
 More followers than a thief to the gallows.

Line 273.

Quoth she, I 've heard old cunning stagers
 Say fools for arguments use wagers.

Line 297.

Love in your hearts as idly burns
 As fire in antique Roman urns.¹

Line 309.

For what is worth in anything
 But so much money as 't will bring ?

Line 465.

Love is a boy by poets styl'd ;
 Then spare the rod and spoil the child.²

Line 843.

The sun had long since in the lap
 Of Thetis taken out his nap,
 And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
 From black to red began to turn.

Canto ii. Line 29.

Have always been at daggers-drawing,
 And one another clapper-clawing.

Line 79.

For truth is precious and divine, —
 Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.

Line 257.

Why should not conscience have vacation
 As well as other courts o' th' nation ?

Line 317.

¹ Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
 Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

COWPER: *Conversation*, line 357.

² See Skelton, page 8.

And poets by their sufferings grow,¹ —
 As if there were no more to do,
 'To make a poet excellent,
 But only want and discontent.

Fragments

And by a prudent flight and cunning save
 A life, which valour could not, from the grave.
 A better buckler I can soon regain ;
 But who can get another life again ?

ARCHILOCHUS : *Fragm. 6.* (Quoted by Plutarch, *Customs of the Lacedæmonians.*)

Sed omissis quidem divinis exhortationibus illum magis Græcum versiculum secularis sententiæ sibi adhibent, "Qui fugiebat, rursus præliabitur : " ut et rursus forsitan fugiat (But overlooking the divine exhortations, they act rather upon that Greek verse of worldly significance, "He who flees will fight again," and that perhaps to betake himself again to flight). — TERTULLIAN : *De Fuga in Persecutione, c. 10.*

The corresponding Greek, ἄνθρωπος ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται, is ascribed to Menander. See *Fragments* (appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bib. Græca,*), p. 91.

That same man that runnith awaie
 Maie again fight an other daie.

ERASMUS : *Apothegms, 1542* (translated by Udall).

Celuy qui fuit de bonne heure
 Peut combattre derechef

(He who flies at the right time can fight again).

Satyre Menippée (1594).

Qui fuit peut revenir aussi ;
 Qui meurt, il n'en est pas ainsi

(He who flies can also return ; but it is not so with him who dies).

SCARRON (1610-1660).

He that fights and runs away
 May turn and fight another day ;
 But he that is in battle slain
 Will never rise to fight again.

RAY : *History of the Rebellion (1752), p. 48.*

For he who fights and runs away
 May live to fight another day ;
 But he who is in battle slain
 Can never rise and fight again.

GOLDSMITH : *The Art of Poetry on a New Plan (1761), vol. ii. p. 147.*

¹ Most wretched men

Are cradled into poetry by wrong ;
 They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

SHELLEY : *Julian and Maddalo.*

Nature is the art of God.¹ *Religio Medici. Part i. Sect. xvi.*

The thousand doors that lead to death.² *Sect. xliii.*

The heart of man is the place the Devil's in: I feel
sometimes a hell within myself.³ *Sect. li.*

There is no road or ready way to virtue. *Sect. lv.*

It is the common wonder of all men, how among so
many million of faces there should be none alike.⁴

Part ii. Sect. ii.

There is music in the beauty, and the silent note which
Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instru-
ment; for there is music wherever there is harmony,
order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the
music of the spheres.⁵ *Sect. ix.*

Sleep is a death; oh, make me try
By sleeping what it is to die,
And as gently lay my head
On my grave as now my bed! *Sect. xii.*

Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua.⁶ *Ibid.*

¹ The course of Nature is the art of God. — YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*, night ix. line 1267.

² See Massinger, page 194.

³ The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, book i. line 253.

⁴ The human features and countenance, although composed of but some ten parts or little more, are so fashioned that among so many thousands of men there are no two in existence who cannot be distinguished from one another. — PLINY: *Natural History*, book vii. chap. i.

Of a thousand shavers, two do not shave so much alike as not to be distinguished. — JOHNSON (1777).

There never were in the world two opinions alike, no more than two hairs or two grains; the most universal quality is diversity. — MONTAIGNE: *Of the Resemblance of Children to their Fathers*, book i. chap. xxxvii.

⁵ Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace
And music of her face.

LOVELACE: *Orpheus to Beasts*.

⁶ See Herbert, page 204.

Times before you, when even living men were antiquities, — when the living might exceed the dead, and to depart this world could not be properly said to go unto the greater number.¹

Dedication to Urn-Burial.

I look upon you as gem of the old rock.² *Ibid.*

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave. *Chap. v.*

Quietly rested under the drums and tramlings of three conquests. *Ibid.*

Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it.³ *Ibid.*

What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women. *Ibid.*

When we desire to confine our words, we commonly say they are spoken under the rose. *Vulgar Errors.*



EDMUND WALLER. 1605–1687.

The yielding marble of her snowy breast.

On a Lady passing through a Crowd of People.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,

Which on the shaft that made him die

Espied a feather of his own,

Wherewith he went to soar so high.⁴

To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing.

¹ 'Tis long since Death had the majority. — BLAIR: *The Grave*, part ii. line 449.

² *Adamas de rupe præstantissimus* (A most excellent diamond from the rock).

A chip of the old block. — PRIOR: *Life of Burke*.

³ The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.

CIBBER: *Richard III.* act iii. sc. 1

⁴ So in the Libyan fable it is told
That once an eagle, stricken with a dart,

A narrow compass ! and yet there
 Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair;
 Give me but what this riband bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

On a Girdle

For all we know
 Of what the blessed do above
 Is, that they sing, and that they love.

While I listen to thy Voice.

Poets that lasting marble seek
 Must come in Latin or in Greek.

Of English Verse.

Under the tropic is our language spoke,
 And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.

Upon the Death of the Lord Protector.

Go, lovely rose !
 Tell her that wastes her time and me
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Go, Lovely Rose.

How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

Ibid.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
 And every conqueror creates a muse.

Panegyric on Cromwell.

Said, when he saw the fashion of the shaft,
 " With our own feathers, not by others' hands,
 Are we now smitten."

ÆSCHYLUS : Fragm. 123 (Plumptre's Translation).

So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.

BYRON : English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, line 826

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
 To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
 See their own feathers pluck'd to wing the dart
 Which rank corruption destines for their heart.

THOMAS MOORE : Corruption

In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd;
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise.

On St. James's Park.

And keeps the palace of the soul.¹

Of Tea.

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.

Upon Roscommon's Translation of Horace, De Arte Poetica.

Could we forbear dispute and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above. *Divine Love. Canto iii.*

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.²
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

On the Divine Poems.



THOMAS FULLER. 1608–1661.

Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts
as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse
of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken
body.

Life of Monica.

He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager
soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to
fret a passage through it.³

Life of the Duke of Alva.

¹ The dome of thought, the palace of the soul. — BYRON: *Childe Harold*, canto ii. stanza 6.

² See Daniel, page 39.

To vanish in the chinks that Time has made. — ROGERS: *Pæstum*.

³ A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.

DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel*, part i. line 156.

JOHN MILTON. 1608-1674.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.

Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 1.

Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God. *Line 10.*

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. *Line 16.*

What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support,
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.¹ *Line 22.*

As far as angels' ken. *Line 59.*

Yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible. *Line 62.*

Where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all. *Line 65.*

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield. *Line 105.*

To be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering. *Line 157.*

And out of good still to find means of evil. *Line 165.*

Farewell happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells: hail, horrors! *Line 249.*

¹ But vindicate the ways of God to man. — POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle 1. line 16.*

Anon they move
 In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
 Of flutes and soft recorders. *Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 549.*

His form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less than archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
 Of glory obscur'd. *Line 591.*

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. *Line 597.*

Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. *Line 619.*

Who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe. *Line 648.*

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
 From heaven; for ev'n in heaven his looks and thoughts
 Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
 Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
 In vision beatific. *Line 679.*

Let none admire
 That riches grow in hell: that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane. *Line 690.*

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
 Rose, like an exhalation. *Line 710.*

From morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve, —
 A summer's day; and with the setting sun
 Dropp'd from the Zenith like a falling star. *Line 742.*

Fairy elves,
 Whose midnight revels by a forest side
 Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
 Sits arbitress. *Line 781*

High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
 To that bad eminence.

Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 1.

Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us.

Line 39.

The strongest and the fiercest spirit
 That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair.

Line 44.

✓ Rather than be less,
 Car'd not to be at all.

Line 47.

My sentence is for open war.

Line 51.

That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse.

Line 75.

When the scourge
 Inexorable and the torturing hour
 Call us to penance.

Line 90.

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

Line 105.

But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
 Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason,¹ to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels.

Line 112.

✓ Th' ethereal mould
 Incapable of stain would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair.²

Line 139.

¹ Aristophanes turns Socrates into ridicule . . . as making the worse appear the better reason. — *DIOGENES LAERTIUS: Socrates, v.*

² Our hope is loss, our hope but sad despair. — *SHAKESPEARE: Henry VI. part iii. act ii. sc. 3.*

For who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night ?

Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 146.

His red right hand.¹

Line 174.

Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd.

Line 185.

The never-ending flight
 Of future days.

Line 221.

Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our elements.

Line 274.

With grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat, and public care ;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic though in ruin : sage he stood,
 With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noontide air.

Line 300.

The palpable obscure.

Line 406.

Long is the way
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light.

Line 432.

Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of thunder heard remote.

Line 476.

The low'ring element
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape.

Line 490.

Oh, shame to men ! devil with devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree
 Of creatures rational.

Line 496.

¹ Rubente dextera. — HORACE : *Ode i. 2, 2.*

That practis'd falsehood under saintly shew,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.

Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 122.

Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest.

Line 162.

And on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant.

Line 194.

A heaven on earth.

Line 208.

Flowers worthy of paradise.

Line 241.

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.¹

Line 256.

Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.

Line 269.

For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.

Line 297.

Implied

Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd, —
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

Line 307.

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

Line 323.

And with necessity,
The tyrant's plea,² excus'd his devilish deeds.

Line 393.

¹ See Herrick, page 203

² Necessity is the argument of tyrants, it is the creed of slaves. — WILLIAM PITT : *Speech on the India Bill, November, 1783.*

As Jupiter

On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers. *Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 499.*

Imparadis'd in one another's arms. *Line 506.*

Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair. *Line 533.*

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw. *Line 598.*

The timely dew of sleep. *Line 614.*

With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change, — all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful ev'ning mild, nor silent night

With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 639

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

Line 677.

In naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora.¹

Line 713.

Eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear.

Line 739.

Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring.

Line 750.

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.

Line 800.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper.

Line 810.

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng.

Line 830.

Abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely.

Line 846.

All hell broke loose.

Line 918.

Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved.

Line 987.

The starry cope
Of heaven.

Line 992.

Fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

Line 1014.

Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was aery light, from pure digestion bred.

Book v. Line 1

¹ When unadorned, adorned the most. — THOMSON : *Autumn*, line 204.

Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces. *Paradise Lost. Book v. Line 13.*

My latest found,
Heaven's last, best gift, my ever new delight! *Line 18.*

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows. *Line 71.*

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Line 153.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn. *Line 166.*

A wilderness of sweets. *Line 294.*

Another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon. *Line 310.*

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent. *Line 331.*

Nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell. *Line 449.*

The bright consummate flower. *Line 481.*

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers.
Line 601.

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy. *Line 637.*

Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven. *Line 658.*

Midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence. *Line 667.*

Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dewdrops which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower. *Line 745.*

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found;
Among the faithless, faithful only he. *Line 896.*

Morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. *Book vi. Line 2.*

Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought
The better fight. *Paradise Lost. Book vi. Line 29.*

Arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd: dire was the noise
Of conflict. *Line 209.*

Spirits that live throughout,
Vital in every part, not as frail man,
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die. *Line 345.*

Far off his coming shone. *Line 768.*

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues.
Book vii. Line 24.

Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few. *Line 30.*

Heaven open'd wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious sound,
On golden hinges moving. *Line 205.*

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light. *Line 364.*

Now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts. *Line 463.*

Indu'd
With sanctity of reason. *Line 507.*

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, — as stars to thee appear
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
Powder'd with stars. *Line 577.*

And happy constellations on that hour
 Shed their selectest influence; the earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.

Paradise Lost. Book viii. Line 508.

The sum of earthly bliss.

Line 522.

(So well to know
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.

Line 548.

Accuse not Nature: she hath done her part;
 Do thou but thine.

Line 561.

Oft times nothing profits more
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
 Well manag'd.¹

Line 571.

Those graceful acts,
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words and actions.

Line 600.

With a smile that glow'd
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.

Line 618.

My unpremeditated verse.

Book ix. Line 24.

Pleas'd me, long choosing and beginning late.

Line 26.

Unless an age too late, or cold
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing.

Line 44.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.

Line 171.

The work under our labour grows,
 Luxurious by restraint.

Line 208.

Smiles from reason flow,
 To brute deny'd, and are of love the food.

Line 239.

¹ "But most of all respect thyself." — A precept of the Pythagoreans.

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.

Paradise Lost. Book ix. Line 249.

At shut of evening flowers.

Line 278.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.

Line 445.

So glaz'd the tempter.

Line 549.

Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest.

Line 633.

Left that command
Sole daughter of his voice.¹

Line 652.

Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost.

Line 782.

In her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt.

Line 853.

A pillar'd shade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between.

Line 1106.

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.

Book x. Line 77.

So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.

Line 279.

How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap!

Line 775.

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? — thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades?

Book xi. Line 269.

¹ Stern daughter of the voice of God. — WORDSWORTH: *Ode to Duty*.

- Without the meed of some melodious tear. *Lycidas. Line 14.*
- Under the opening eyelids of the morn. *Line 26.*
- But oh the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return ! *Line 37.*
- The gadding vine. *Line 40.*
- And strictly meditate the thankless Muse. *Line 66.*
- To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair. *Line 68.*
- Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise¹
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life. *Line 70.*
- Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil. *Line 78.*
- It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark. *Line 100.*
- The pilot of the Galilean lake ;
Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain). *Line 109.*
- But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more. *Line 130.*
- Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,

¹ Erant quibus appetentior famæ videretur, quando etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur (Some might consider him as too fond of fame, for the desire of glory clings even to the best of men longer than any other passion) [said of Helvidius Priscus]. — TACITUS : *Historia*, *lv. 6.*

O fairest flower! no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly.

Ode on the Death of a fair Infant, dying of a Cough.

Such as may make thee search the coffers round.

At a Vacation Exercise. Line 31.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around.

Hymn on Christ's Nativity. Line 53.

Time will run back and fetch the age of gold. *Line 135.*

Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail. *Line 172.*

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

No nightly trance or breathed spell

Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

Line 173.

From haunted spring and dale

Edg'd with poplar pale

The parting genius is with sighing sent.

Line 184.

Peor and Baälim

Forsake their temples dim.

Line 197.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones, —

The labour of an age in piled stones?

Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid

Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,

What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?

Epitaph on Shakespeare.

And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,

That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

Ibid.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day.¹

Sonnet to the Nightingale

¹ See Chaucer, page 6.

Have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea. *Translation of Horace. Book i. Ode 5.*

For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted Plagiare.
Iconoclastes, xxiii.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.¹ *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him.
The Reason of Church Government. Introduction, Book ii.

By labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times as they should not willingly let it die. *Ibid.*

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies. *Ibid.*

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem. *Apology for Smectymnaus.*

His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command. *Ibid.*

Litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees.
Tractate of Education.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct ye to a hill-side, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. *Ibid.*

¹ See Bacon, page 169.

Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages.

Tractate of Education.

Ornate rhetorick taught out of the rule of Plato. . . . To which poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate.

Ibid.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.

Ibid.

Attic tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument.

Ibid.

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself.

Areopagica.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

Ibid.

Seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books.

Ibid.

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.

Ibid.

Who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers?

Ibid.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as

an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam.

Areopagica.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do ingloriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? ¹

Ibid.

Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the law.

Tetrachordon.

By this time, like one who had set out on his way by night, and travelled through a region of smooth or idle dreams, our history now arrives on the confines, where daylight and truth meet us with a clear dawn, representing to our view, though at a far distance, true colours and shapes.

The History of England. Book i.

Such bickerings to recount, met often in these our writers, what more worth is it than to chronicle the wars of kites or crows flocking and fighting in the air?

Book iv.



EDWARD HYDE CLARENDON. 1608–1674.

He [Hampden] had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief.²

History of the Rebellion. Vol. iii. Book vii. § 84.

¹ Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. — JEFFERSON : *Inaugural Address.*

² In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute. — GIBBON : *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, chap. xlvi.*

Heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute. — *From Junius, letter xxxvii. Feb. 14, 1770.*

SIR JOHN SUCKLING. 1609-1641.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
 Like little mice stole in and out,¹
 As if they feared the light;
 But oh, she dances such a way!
 No sun upon an Easter-day
 Is half so fine a sight.

Ballad upon a Wedding

Her lips were red, and one was thin;
 Compared with that was next her chin, —
 Some bee had stung it newly.

Ibid.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?

Song.

'T is expectation makes a blessing dear;
 Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were.

Against Fruition.

She is pretty to walk with,
 And witty to talk with,
 And pleasant, too, to think on.

Brennoralt. Act ii.

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky, —
 A meeting of gentle lights without a name.

Act iii.

But as when an authentic watch is shown,
 Each man winds up and rectifies his own,
 So in our very judgments.²

Aglaura. Epilogue.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.³

The Goblins.

¹ See Herrick, page 202.

² 'T is with our judgments as our watches, — none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE: *Essay on Criticism*, part i. line 9.

³ See Shakespeare, page 147.

Nick of time.

The Goblins

“High characters,” cries one, and he would see
Things that ne'er were, nor are, nor e'er will be.¹

The Goblins. Epilogue.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. 1612–1650.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.² *My Dear and only Love.*

I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.³ *Ibid.*

SIR JOHN DENHAM. 1615–1668.

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.
Cooper's Hill. Line 166.

Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full. *Line 189.*

¹ Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
POPE: *Essay on Criticism, part ii. line 53.*
There's no such thing in Nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.
SHEFFIELD: *Essay on Poetry.*

² That puts it not unto the touch
To win or lose it all.
NAPIER: *Montrose and the Covenanters,*
vol. ii. p. 566.

³ I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
SCOTT: *Legend of Montrose, chap. xv.*

A mighty pain to love it is,
 And 't is a pain that pain to miss;
 But of all pains, the greatest pain
 It is to love, but love in vain. *From Anacreon, vii. Gold.*

Hope, of all ills that men endure,
 The only cheap and universal cure. *The Mistress. For Hope.*

Th' adorning thee with so much art
 Is but a barb'rous skill;
 'T is like the pois'ning of a dart,
 Too apt before to kill. *The Waiting Maid.*

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
 But an eternal now does always last.¹
Davidicis. Book i. Line 25.

When Israel was from bondage led,
 Led by the Almighty's hand
 From out of foreign land,
 The great sea beheld and fled. *Line 41*

An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,
 And fell adown his shoulders with loose care.²
Book ii. Line 95.

The monster London laugh at me. *Of Solitude, xi.*

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
 And all the fools that crowd thee so,
 Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
 A village less than Islington wilt grow,
 A solitude almost. *Ibid. vii.*

The fairest garden in her looks,
 And in her mind the wisest books. *The Garden, i.*

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.³
Ibid. ii.

¹ One of our poets (which is it?) speaks of an everlasting now. — SOUTHEY: *The Doctor, chap. xxv. p. 1.*

² Loose his beard and hoary hair
 Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air.

GRAY: *The Bard, i. 2.*

³ See Bacon, page 167.

In busy companies of men. *The Garden. (Translated.)*

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade. *Ibid.*

The world in all doth but two nations bear, —
The good, the bad ; and these mixed everywhere.
The Loyal Scot.

The inglorious arts of peace.
Upon Cromwell's return from Ireland.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene. *Ibid.*

So much one man can do,
That does both act and know. *Ibid.*

To make a bank was a great plot of state ;
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.
The Character of Holland.



JOSEPH HENSHAW.¹ ———-1678.

Man's life is like unto a winter's day, —
Some break their fast and so depart away ;
Others stay dinner, then depart full fed ;
The longest age but sups and goes to bed.
O reader, then behold and see !
As we are now, so must you be.
Horæ Sucissive (1631).



HENRY VAUGHAN. 1621-1695.

But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness. *The Retreat*

I see them walking in an air of glory
Whose light doth trample on my days, —

¹ Bishop of Peterborough, 1663.

God helps those who help themselves.¹

Discourses on Government. Chap. ii. Sect. xxiii.

It is not necessary to light a candle to the sun.²

Ibid.

WILLIAM WALKER. 1623–1684.

Learn to read slow : all other graces

Will follow in their proper places.³

The Art of Reading.

JOHN BUNYAN. 1628–1688.

And so I penned

It down, until at last it came to be,

For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

Pilgrim's Progress. Apology for his Book.

Some said, "John, print it ;" others said, "Not so."

Some said, "It might do good ;" others said, "No."

Ibid.

The name of the slough was Despond.

Part I.

Every tub must stand upon his bottom.⁴

Ibid.

Dark as pitch.⁵

Ibid.

It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town
where 't is kept is lighter than vanity.

Ibid.

¹ See Herbert, page 206.

Heaven ne'er helps the men who will not act. — SOPHOCLES : *Fragment 288* (Plumptre's Translation).

Help thyself, Heaven will help thee. — LA FONTAINE : *Book vi. fable 18.*

² Like his that lights a candle to the sun. — FLETCHER : *Letter to Sir Walter Aston.*

And hold their farthing candle to the sun. — YOUNG : *Satire vii. line 56.*

³ Take time enough ; all other graces

Will soon fill up their proper places.

BYRON : *Advice to preach slow.*

⁴ Every tub must stand upon its bottom. — MACKLIN : *The Man of the World, act i. sc. 2.*

⁵ RAY : *Proverbs.* GAY : *The Shepherd's Week. Wednesday.*

JOHN DRYDEN. 1631-1701.

Above any Greek or Roman name.¹

Upon the Death of Lord Hastings. Line 76.

And threat'ning France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

Annus Mirabilis. Stanza 39.

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 't was natural to please.

Absalom and Achitophel. Part i. Line 27.

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.²

A daring pilot in extremity ;
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms.

Line 156.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.³

Line 163.

And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeather'd two-legged thing, a son.

Line 169.

Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.

Line 174.

And heaven had wanted one immortal song.

Line 197.

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.⁴

Line 198.

¹ Above all Greek, above all Roman fame. — POPE : *epistle i. book ii. line 26.*

² See Fuller, page 221.

³ No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of madness. — ARISTOTLE : *Problem, sect. 30.*

Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ (There is no great genius without a tincture of madness). — SENECA : *De Tranquillitate Animi, 15.*

What thin partitions sense from thought divide ! — POPE : *Essay on Man, epistle i. line 226.*

⁴ Greatnesse on Goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,
And leaves, for Fortune's ice, Vertue's ferme land.

KNOLLES : *History* (under a portrait of Mustapha I.).

Beware the fury of a patient man.¹

Abalom and Achitophel. Part i. Line 1005

Made still a blund'ring kind of melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,²
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in.

Part ii. Line 413.

For every inch that is not fool is rogue.

Line 463.

Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took;
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste,
And long inveterate foes saluted as they pass'd.

Threnodia Augustalis. Line 124.

For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.³

The Hind and the Panther. Part i. Line 33.

And kind as kings upon their coronation day.

Line 271.

For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.⁴

Part iii. Line 2387.

But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

Mac Flecknoe. Line 20.

Our vows are heard betimes! and Heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.⁵

Britannia Rediviva. Line 1.

¹ Furor fit læssa sæpius patientia (An over-taxed patience gives way to fierce anger. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim* 289.

² See Spenser, page 28.

³ Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle ii. line 217.*

⁴ Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat (Whom God wishes to destroy he first deprives of reason). The author of this saying is unknown. Barnes erroneously ascribes it to Euripides.

⁵ And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray. — GOLDSMITH: *The Deserted Village, line 180.*

And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.

Britannia Rediviva. Line 208.

Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.

Epistle to Congreve. Line 19.

Be kind to my remains; and oh defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!

Line 72.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.

Epistle to John Dryden of Chesterton. Line 92.

Wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.

To the Memory of Mr. Oldham. Line 15.

So softly death succeeded life in her,
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.

Eleonora. Line 315.

Since heaven's eternal year is thine.

Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew. Line 15.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy!

Line 58.

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.¹

Line 70.

He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.²

On the Death of a very young Gentleman.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next, in majesty; in both the last.

¹ Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

POPE: *Epitaph on Gay.*

² Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkl'd, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts, night v. line 600.*

The force of Nature could no further go ;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.¹

Under Mr. Milton's Picture.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began :
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day. Line 11

None but the brave deserves the fair.

Alexander's Feast. Line 15.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears ;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

Line 37.

Bacchus, ever fair and ever young.

Line 54.

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure, —
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Line 58.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the
slain.

Line 66.

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood ;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

Line 77.

¹ *Græcia Mæonidam, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem
(Greece boasts her Homer, Rome can Virgil claim ;
England can either match in Milton's fame).*

SELVAGGI : Ad Joannem Miltonum.

For pity melts the mind to love.¹

Alexander's Feast. Line 96.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.

If all the world be worth the winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

Line 97.

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

Line 120.

And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Line 154.

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

Line 160.

He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

Line 169.

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

The Secular Masque. Line 40.

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.²

Palamon and Arcite. Book ii. Line 758.

For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.

The Cock and the Fox. Line 452.

And that one hunting, which the Devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

Theodore and Honoria. Line 227.

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.

Cymon and Iphigenia. Line 1.

¹ See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 198.

² This proverb Dryden repeats in *Amphitryon*, act i. sc. 2.
See Shakespeare, page 106.

When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind!
Cymon and Iphigenia. Line 41.

He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought. *Line 84.*

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes
 And gaping mouth, that testified surprise. *Line 107.*

Love taught him shame; and shame, with love at strife,
 Soon taught the sweet civilities of life. *Line 133.*

She hugg'd the offender, and forgave the offence:
 Sex to the last.¹ *Line 367.*

And raw in fields the rude militia swarms,
 Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vast expense,
 In peace a charge, in war a weak defence;
 Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
 And ever but in times of need at hand. *Line 400.*

Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
 Then hasten to be drunk, — the business of the day.
Line 407.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer
 From grave to light, from pleasant to severe.²
The Art of Poetry. Canto i. Line 75.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call to-day his own;
 He who, secure within, can say,
 To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.³
Imitation of Horace. Book iii. Ode 29, Line 65

¹ And love the offender, yet detest the offence. — POPE: *Eloisa to Abelard*, line 192.

² Heureux qui, dans ses vers, sait d'une voix légère,
 Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère.
 BOILEAU: *L'Art Poétique*, chant 1^{er}.

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay; from lively to severe.
 POPE: *Essay on Man*, epistle iv. line 379.

³ Serenely full, the epicure would say,
 Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day.
 SYDNEY SMITH: *Recipe for Salad*.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow ;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

All for Love. Prologue.

Men are but children of a larger growth.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion to me.¹

The Maiden Queen. Act i. Sc 2.

Burn daylight.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

I am resolved to grow fat, and look young till forty.²

Act iii. Sc. 1.

But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be ;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

The Tempest. Prologue.

I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

The Conquest of Granada. Part i. Act i. Sc. 1.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong ;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.³

Part ii. Act i. Sc. 2.

What precious drops are those
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew ?

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped ;
And they have kept it since by being dead.

Epilogue.

¹ See Burton, page 193.

² Fat, fair, and forty. — SCOTT : *St. Ronan's Well*, chap. vii.

Mrs. Trench, in a letter, Feb. 18, 1816, writes: "Lord —— is going to marry Lady ——, a fat, fair, and fifty card-playing resident of the Crescent."

³ Quos læserunt et oderunt (Whom they have injured they also hate). — SENECA : *De Ira*, lib. ii. cap. 33.

Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris (It belongs to human nature to hate those you have injured). — TACITUS : *Agricola*, 43. 4.

Chi fa ingiuria non perdona mai (He never pardons those he injures). — *Italian Proverb.*

Death in itself is nothing ; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.

Aurengzebe. Act iv. Sc. 1

When I consider life, 't is all a cheat.
Yet fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit ;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay.
To-morrow 's falser than the former day ;
Lies worse, and while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.
Strange cozenage ! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ;¹
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give. *Ibid.*

'T is not for nothing that we life pursue ;
It pays our hopes with something still that 's new. *Ibid.*

All delays are dangerous in war. *Tyrannic Love. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Whatever is, is in its causes just.² *Œdipus. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

His hair just grizzled,
As in a green old age.³ *Ibid.*

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow'd long, —
Even wonder'd at, because he dropp'd no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more ;
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

She, though in full-blown flower of glorious beauty,
Grows cold even in the summer of her age. *Ibid.*

¹ There are not eight finer lines in Lucretius — MACAULAY : *History of England, chap. xviii.*

² Whatever is, is right. — POPE : *Essay on Man, epistle i. line 289.*

³ A green old age unconscious of decay. — POPE : *The Iliad, book xxiii. line 929.*

EARL OF ROCHESTER. 1647-1680.

Angels listen when she speaks :
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
 But my jealous heart would break
 Should we live one day asunder.

Song.

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
 Whose word no man relies on ;
 He never says a foolish thing,
 Nor ever does a wise one.

Written on the Bedchamber Door of Charles II.

And ever since the Conquest have been fools.

Artemisia in the Town to Chloe in the Country.

For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
 The best good man with the worst-natured muse.¹

An allusion to Horace, Satire x. Book i.

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor.

On the King.

It is a very good world to live in,
 To lend, or to spend, or to give in ;
 But to beg or to borrow, or to get a man's own,
 It is the very worst world that ever was known.²

SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM-
SHIRE. 1649-1720.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
 Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

Essay on Poetry.

There's no such thing in Nature ; and you'll draw
 A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.³

Ibid.

¹ Thou best-humour'd man with the worst-humour'd muse ! — GOLD-SMITH : *Retaliation. Postscript.*

² These last four lines are attributed to Rochester.

³ See Suckling, page 257.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more ;
 For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
 Verse will seem prose ; but still persist to read,
 And Homer will be all the books you need.

Essay on Poetry



THOMAS OTWAY. 1651-1685.

O woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee
 To temper man : we had been brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair, to look like you :
 There's in you all that we believe of heaven, —
 Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Venice Preserved. Act i. Sc. 1.

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life ;
 Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee.¹

Act v. Sc. 1.

And die with decency.

Sc. 3.

What mighty ills have not been done by woman !
 Who was't betrayed the Capitol ? — A woman !
 Who lost Mark Antony the world ? — A woman !
 Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
 And laid at last old Troy in ashes ? — Woman !
 Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman !²

The Orphan. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Let us embrace, and from this very moment vow an
 eternal misery together.³

Act iv. Sc. 2.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 112.

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes ;
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.

GRAY : *The Bard*, part i. stanza 3.

² O woman, woman ! when to ill thy mind
 Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend.

POPE : *Homer's Odyssey*, book xi. line 531.

³ Let us swear an eternal friendship. — FRERE : *The Rovers*, act i. sc 1.

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN. 1653–1716.

I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.

Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Rothes, etc.



NATHANIEL LEE. 1655–1692.

Then he will talk — good gods ! how he will talk !¹

Alexander the Great. Act i. Sc. 3.

Vows with so much passion, swears with so much grace,
That 't is a kind of heaven to be deluded by him. *Ibid.*

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.
Act iv. Sc. 2.

'T is beauty calls, and glory shows the way.² *Ibid.*

'Man, false man, smiling, destructive man !
Theodosius. Act iii. Sc. 2.



JOHN NORRIS. 1657–1711.

How fading are the joys we dote upon !
Like apparitions seen and gone.
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong, —
Like angels' visits, short and bright ;³
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.
The Parting.

¹ See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 197.

² "Leads the way" in the stage editions, which contain various interpolations, among them —

See the conquering hero comes !

Sound the trumpet, beat the drums ! —

which was first used by Handel in "Joshua," and afterwards transferred to "Judas Maccabæus." The text of both oratorios was written by Dr. Thomas Morell, a clergyman.

³ Like those of angels, short and far between. — BLAIR : *The Grave*, line 588.

Like angel visits, few and far between. — CAMPBELL : *Pleasures of Hope*, part ii. line 378.

your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 't is not good manners to mention here." ¹

Laconica.



MATTHEW PRIOR. 1664–1721.

All jargon of the schools.² *I am that I am. An Ode.*

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim

At objects in an airy height ;
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.³

To the Hon. Charles Montague.

From ignorance our comfort flows.

The only wretched are the wise.⁴

Ibid.

Odds life ! must one swear to the truth of a song ?

A Better Answer.

Be to her virtues very kind ;

Be to her faults a little blind.

An English Padlock.

That if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they.

Hans Carvel.

The end must justify the means.

Ibid.

And thought the nation ne'er would thrive
Till all the whores were burnt alive.

Paulo Purganti.

They never taste who always drink ;
They always talk who never think.⁵

Upon a passage in the Scaligerana.

That air and harmony of shape express,

Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.⁶

Henry and Emma.

¹ Who never mentions hell to ears polite. — POPE: *Moral Essays*, epistle iv. line 149.

² Noisy jargon of the schools. — POMFRET: *Reason*.

The sounding jargon of the schools. — COWPER: *Truth*, line 367.

³ But all the pleasure of the game
Is afar off to view the flight.

Variations in a copy dated 1692.

⁴ See Davenant, page 217.

⁵ See Jonson, page 180. Also Dryden, page 268.

⁶ Fine by defect, and delicately weak. — POPE: *Moral Essays*, epistle ii line 43.

Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.¹

The Thief and the Cordelier

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior ;
The son of Adam and of Eve :
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher ?²

Epitaph. Extempore.

Soft peace she brings ; wherever she arrives
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives ;
Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Charity.

His noble negligences teach
What others' toils despair to reach. *Alma. Canto ii. Line 7.*

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And oft repeating, they believe 'em. *Canto iii. Line 13.*

Abra was ready ere I called her name ;
And though I called another, Abra came.
Solomon on the Vanity of the World. Book ii. Line 364.

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.³
Book iii. Line 102.

¹ As men that be lothe to departe do often take their leff. [John Clerk to Wolsey.] — ELLIS: *Letters, third series, vol. i. p. 262.*

"A loth to depart" was the common term for a song, or a tune played, on taking leave of friends. TARBTON: *News out of Purgatory* (about 1689). CHAPMAN: *Widow's Tears*. MIDDLETON: *The Old Law, act iv. sc. 1*. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Wit at Several Weapons, act ii. sc. 2*.

² The following epitaph was written long before the time of Prior :—

Johunie Carnegie lais heer,
Descendit of Adam and Eve.
Gif ony con gang hieher,
Ise willing give him leve.

³ This thought is ascribed to Aristotle by Diogenes Laertius (*Aristotle, v. xi.*), who, when asked what hope is, answered, "The dream of a waking man." Menage, in his "Observations upon Laertius," says that Stobæus (*Serm. cix.*) ascribes it to Pindar, while Ælian (*Var. Hist. xiii. 29*) refers it to Plato.

Et spes inanes, et velut somnia quedam, vigilantium (Vain hopes are like certain dreams of those who wake). — QUINTILIAN: *vi. 2, 27.*

Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

Poetry, a Rhapsody.

Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.

Ibid.

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.¹

Ibid.

Libertas et natale solum:
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.

Verses occasioned by Whitshed's Motto on his Coach.

A college joke to cure the dumps.

Cassinus and Peter.

'T is an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery 's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

Cadenus and Vanessa.

Hail fellow, well met.²

My Lady's Lamentation.

Big-endians and small-endians.³

Gulliver's Travels. Part i. Chap. iv. Voyage to Lilliput.

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

Part ii. Chap. vii. Voyage to Brobdingnag.

¹ Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*.
And the great fleas themselves, in turn, have greater fleas to go on;
While these again have greater still, and greater still, and so on.

DE MORGAN: *A Budget of Paradoxes*, p. 377.

² ROWLAND: *Knave of Hearts* (1612). RAY: *Proverbs*. TOM BROWN: *Amusement*, viii.

³ As the political parties of Whig and Tory are pointed out by the high and low heels of the Lilliputians (Framecksan and Hamecksan), those of Papist and Protestant are designated under the Big-endians and Small-endians.

He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers.

Gulliver's Travels. Part iii. Chap. v. Voyage to Laputa.

It is a maxim, that those to whom everybody allows the second place have an undoubted title to the first.

Tale of a Tub. Dedication.

Seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship.¹

Preface.

Bread is the staff of life.²

Ibid.

Books, the children of the brain.

Sect. i.

As boys do sparrows, with flinging salt upon their tails.³

Sect. rii.

He made it a part of his religion never to say grace to his meat.

Sect. xi.

How we apples swim!⁴

Brother Protestants.

The two noblest things, which are sweetness and light.

Battle of the Books.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Thoughts on Various Subjects.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Ibid.

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.

Ibid.

¹ In Sebastian Munster's "Cosmography" there is a cut of a ship to which a whale was coming too close for her safety, and of the sailors throwing a tub to the whale, evidently to play with. This practice is also mentioned in an old prose translation of the "Ship of Fools." — Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH: *Appendix to the Life of Sir Thomas More.*

² See Mathew Henry, page 283.

³ Till they be bobbed on the tails after the manner of sparrows. — RABELAIS: *book ii. chap. xiv.*

⁴ RAY: *Proverbs.* MALLETT: *Tyburn.*

If Heaven had looked upon riches to be a valuable thing, it would not have given them to such a scoundrel.

Letter to Miss Vanbromrigh, Aug. 12, 1720.

Not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.

Letter to Bolingbroke, March 21, 1729.

A penny for your thoughts.¹

Introduction to Polite Conversation.

Do you think I was born in a wood to be afraid of an owl?

Polite Conversation. Dialogue i.

The sight of you is good for sore eyes.

Ibid.

'T is as cheap sitting as standing.

Ibid.

I hate nobody: I am in charity with the world.

Ibid.

I won't quarrel with my bread and butter.

Ibid.

She's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day.

Ibid.

She looks as if butter wou'dn't melt in her mouth.²

Ibid.

If it had been a bear it would have bit you.

Ibid.

She wears her clothes as if they were thrown on with a pitchfork.

Ibid.

I mean you lie — under a mistake.³

Ibid.

Lord M. What religion is he of?

Lord Sp. Why, he is an Anythingarian.

Ibid.

He was a bold man that first eat an oyster.

Dialogue ii.

That is as well said as if I had said it myself.

Ibid.

You must take the will for the deed.⁴

Ibid.

¹ See Heywood, page 16.

² See Heywood, page 13.

³ You lie — under a mistake. — SHELLEY: *Magico Prodigioso*, scene 1 (a translation of Calderon).

⁴ The will for deed I doe accept. — DU BARTAS: *Divine Weeks and Works*, third day, week ii. part 2.

The will for the deed. — CIBBER: *The Rival Fools*, act iii.

Sharp's the word with her.

Polite Conversation. Dialogue iii.

There's two words to that bargain.

Ibid.

I shall be like that tree, — I shall die at the top.

*Scott's Life of Swift.*¹



WILLIAM CONGREVE. 1670–1729.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

The Mourning Bride. Act i. Sc. 1.

By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

Ibid.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.²

Act iii. Sc. 8.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

Act v. Sc. 12.

If there's delight in love, 't is when I see
That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

The Way of the World. Act iii. Sc. 12.

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou
liar of the first magnitude.

Love for Love. Act ii. Sc. 5.

I came up stairs into the world, for I was born in a
cellar.³

Sc. 7.

¹ When the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa" was the general topic of conversation, some one said, "Surely that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman that could inspire the Dean to write so finely upon her." Mrs. Johnson smiled, and answered that "she thought that point not quite so clear; for it was well known the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick." — JOHNSON: *Life of Swift*.

² We shall find no fiend in hell can match the fury of a disappointed woman. — CIBBER: *Love's Last Shift, act iv.*

³ Born in a cellar, and living in a garret. — FOOTE: *The Author, act 2.*
Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred. — BYRON: *A Sketch*.

Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days.

The Old Bachelor. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure ;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.¹ *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.² *Letter to Cobham.*



SAMUEL GARTH.³ 1670–1719.

To die is landing on some silent shore
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar ;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 't is o'er.
The Dispensary. Canto iii. Line 225.

I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.⁴
Ovid, Metamorphoses, vii. 20 (translated by Tate and Stonestreet, edited by Garth).

For all their luxury was doing good.⁵ *Claremont. Line 149.*



COLLEY CIBBER. 1671–1757.

So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love,
And thus the soldier arm'd with resolution
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
Richard III. (altered). Act ii. Sc. 1.

Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

¹ See Shakespeare, page 72.

² Be wise to-day, 't is madness to defer. — YOUNG : *Night Thoughts, night i. line 390.*

³ Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy ;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

CHRISTOPHER CODRINGTON : *Lines addressed to Garth on his Dispensary.*

⁴ I know and love the good, yet, ah! the worst pursue. — PETRARCH : *Sonnet ccxxv. canzone xxi. To Laura in Life.*

See Shakespeare, page 60.

⁵ And learn the luxury of doing good. — GOLDSMITH : *The Traveller, line 22.* CRABBE : *Tales of the Hall, book iii.* GRAVES : *The Epicure.*

Losers must have leave to speak.	<i>The Rival Fools.</i>	<i>Act i.</i>
Stolen sweets are best.		<i>Ibid</i>
The will for the deed. ¹		<i>Act iii.</i>
Within one of her.		<i>Act v.</i>
I don't see it.	<i>The Careless Husband.</i>	<i>Act ii. Sc. 2.</i>
Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks, And he has chambers in King's Bench walks. ²		

—◆—

SIR RICHARD STEELE. 1671–1729.

Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; to love her was a liberal education.³

Tatler. No. 49.

Will. Honeycomb calls these over-offended ladies the outrageously virtuous.

Spectator. No. 266.

—◆—

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1672–1719.

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.

Cato. Act i. Sc. 1.

Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy.

Ibid.

'T is not in mortals to command success,
But we 'll do more, Sempronius, — we 'll deserve it.

Sc. 2.

Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury.

Sc. 4

¹ See Swift, page 292.

² A parody on Pope's lines : —

Graced as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honoured at the House of Lords.

³ Lady Elizabeth Hastings.

And those that paint them truest praise them most.¹

The Campaign. Last line.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Ode.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

Ibid.

For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

Ibid.

Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurled,
He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Horace. Ode iii. Book iii.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.²

Spectator. No. 68.

Much may be said on both sides.³

No. 122.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.

No. 444

Round-heads and wooden-shoes are standing jokes.

Prologue to The Drummer.

¹ He best can paint them who shall feel them most. — POPE : *Eloisa to Abelard, last line.*

² A translation of Martial, xii. 47, who imitated Ovid, *Amores* iii. 11, 39.

³ Much may be said on both sides. — FIELDING : *The Covent Garden Tragedy, act i. sc. 8.*

But, children, you should never let
 Such angry passions rise ;
 Your little hands were never made
 To tear each other's eyes. *Divine Songs. Song xvi.*

Birds in their little nests agree ;
 And 't is a shameful sight
 When children of one family
 Fall out, and chide, and fight. *Song xvii.*

How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour,
 And gather honey all the day
 From every opening flower ! *Song xx.*

For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do. *Ibid.*

In books, or work, or healthful play. *Ibid.*

I have been there, and still would go ;
 'T is like a little heaven below. *Song xxviii.*

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber !
 Holy angels guard thy bed !
 Heavenly blessings without number
 Gently falling on thy head. *A Cradle Hymn.*

'T is the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain,
 " You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
The Sluggard.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high. *Psalm v.*

From all who dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue. *Psalm cxvii.*

Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
 Over the hills where spices grow.
Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Book i. Hymn 79.

And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Book i. Hymn 88.

Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long !

Book ii. Hymn 19.

Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound.

Hymn 63.

The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours.

Ibid.

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Hymn 65.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

Hymn 66.

So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns ;
And 't is a poor relief we gain
To change the place, but keep the pain.

Hymn 146.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul :

The mind's the standard of the man.¹

Horæ Lyricæ. Book ii. False Greatness.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Doxology.

¹ I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man. — SENECA: *On a Happy Life* (L'Estrange's Abstract), chap. i.

It is the mind that makes the man, and our vigour is in our immortal soul. — OVID: *Metamorphoses*, xiii.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE. 1676–1745.

The balance of power.

Speech, 1741.

Flowery oratory he despised. He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said, "All those men have their price."¹

COXE: *Memoirs of Walpole. Vol. iv. p. 369.*

Anything but history, for history must be false.

Walpoliana. No. 147.

The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours.²



VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE. 1678–1751.

I have read somewhere or other, — in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think, — that history is philosophy teaching by examples.³

On the Study and Use of History. Letter 2.

The dignity of history.⁴

Letter v.

It is the modest, not the presumptuous, inquirer who makes a real and safe progress in the discovery of divine truths. One follows Nature and Nature's God; that is, he follows God in his works and in his word.⁵

Letter to Mr. Pope.

¹ "All men have their price" is commonly ascribed to Walpole.

² Hazlitt, in his "Wit and Humour," says, "This is Walpole's phrase."

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maxim 298.*

³ Dionysius of Halicarnassus (quoting Thucydides), *Ars Rhet. xi. 2*, says: "The contact with manners then is education; and this Thucydides appears to assert when he says history is philosophy learned from examples."

⁴ HENRY FIELDING: *Tom Jones, book xi. chap. ii.* HORACE WALPOLE: *Advertisement to Letter to Sir Horace Mann.* MACAULAY: *History of England, vol. i. chap. i.*

⁵ Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God.

POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle iv. line 331.*

GEORGE FARQUHAR. 1678–1707.

Cos. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour ?

Kite. Oh, a mighty large bed ! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware : ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

The Recruiting Officer. Act i. Sc. 1.

I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.

The Beaux' Stratagem. Act iii. Sc. 1.

'T was for the good of my country that I should be abroad.¹

Sc. 2.

Necessity, the mother of invention.²

The Twin Rivals. Act 1.



THOMAS PARNELL. 1679–1717.

Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you. *When thy Beauty appears.*

Remote from man, with God he passed the days ;
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
The Hermit. Line 5.

We call it only pretty Fanny's way.
An Elegy to an Old Beauty.

¹ Leaving his country for his country's sake. — FITZ-GEFFREY : *The Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake, stanza 213* (1596).

True patriots all ; for, be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.

GEORGE BARRINGTON : *Prologue written for the opening of the Play-house at New South Wales, Jan. 16, 1796. New South Wales, p. 152.*

² Art imitates Nature, and necessity is the mother of invention. — RICHARD FRANCK : *Northern Memoirs* (written in 1658, printed in 1694).

Necessity is the mother of invention. — WYCHERLY : *Love in a Wood, act iii. sc. 3* (1672).

Magister artis ingenique largitor
Venter

(Hunger is the teacher of the arts and the bestower of invention).

PERSIUS : *Prolog. line 10.*

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Night Thoughts. Night i. Line 393.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan.

Line 417.

All men think all men mortal but themselves.

Line 424.

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.

Night ii. Line 24.

And what its worth, ask death-beds ; they can tell.

Line 51.

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed :
Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.

Line 90.

"I've lost a day !" — the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.¹

Line 99.

Ah, how unjust to Nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !

Line 112.

The spirit walks of every day deceased.

Line 180.

Time flies, death urges, knells call, Heaven invites,
Hell threatens.

Line 292.

Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile.

Line 334.

'T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.

Line 376.

Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.

Line 466.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight !

Line 602.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.

Line 633.

A death-bed's a detector of the heart.

Line 641.

¹ Suetonius says of the Emperor Titus : " Once at supper, reflecting that he had done nothing for any that day, he broke out into that memorable and justly admired saying, ' My friends, I have lost a day ! ' " — Suetonius: *Lives of the Twelve Casars.* (Translation by Alexander Thomson.)

Woes cluster. Rare are solitary woes ;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.¹

Night Thoughts. Night iii. Line 63.

Beautiful as sweet,
And young as beautiful, and soft as young,
And gay as soft, and innocent as gay !

Line 81.

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay ;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there ;
Far lovelier ! pity swells the tide of love.²

Line 104.

Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself
That hideous sight, — a naked human heart.

Line 226.

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm.

Night iv. Line 10.

Man makes a death which Nature never made.

Line 15.

And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.

Line 17.

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst.

Line 71.

Man wants but little, nor that little long.³

Line 118.

A God all mercy is a God unjust.

Line 233.

'T is impious in a good man to be sad.

Line 676.

A Christian is the highest style of man.⁴

Line 788.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.

Line 843.

By night an atheist half believes a God.

Night v. Line 177.

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd and went to heaven.⁵

Line 600.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 143.

² See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 198. . Dryden, page 272.

³ Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

GOLDSMITH : *The Hermit, stanza 8.*

⁴ See Dryden, page 268.

⁵ See Dryden, page 270.

'T is elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand, —
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.

Night Thoughts. Night ix. Line 644

An undevout astronomer is mad.

Line 771.

The course of Nature is the art of God.¹

Line 1267.

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.

Love of Fame. Satire i. Line 51.

Some for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.

Line 89.

Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title lies.

Line 145.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

Line 147.

Noue think the great unhappy but the great.²

Line 238.

Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Satire ii. Line 83.

The booby father craves a booby son,
And by Heaven's blessing thinks himself undone.

Line 165.

Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.³

Line 207.

¹ See Sir Thomas Browne, page 218.

² See Nicholas Rowe, page 301.

³ Speech was made to open man to man, and not to hide him; to promote commerce, and not betray it. — LLOYD: *State Worthies* (1665; edited by Whitworth), vol. i. p. 503.

Speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind; but to wise men, whereby to conceal it. — ROBERT SOUTH: *Sermon, April 30, 1676.*

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them. — GOLDSMITH: *The Bee, No. 3.* (Oct. 20, 1759.)

Ils ne se servent de la pensée que pour autoriser leurs injustices, et emploient les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées (Men use thought only to justify their wrong doings, and employ speech only to conceal their thoughts). — VOLTAIRE: *Dialogue xiv. Le Chapon et la Poularde* (1766).

When Harel wished to put a joke or witticism into circulation, he was in the habit of connecting it with some celebrated name, on the chance of reclaiming it if it took. Thus he assigned to Talleyrand, in the "Nain Jaune," the phrase, "Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts." — FOURNIER: *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire.*

Be wise with speed ;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

Love of Fame. Satire ii. Line 282.

And waste their music on the savage race.¹

Satire v. Line 228.

For her own breakfast she 'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem.

Satire vi. Line 190.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear ;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.

Line 208.

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

Satire vii. Line 55.

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

Line 97.

The man that makes a character makes foes.

To Mr. Pope. Epistle i. Line 28.

Their feet through faithless leather met the dirt,
And oftener chang'd their principles than shirt.

Line 277.

Accept a miracle instead of wit, —
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.

Lines written with the Diamond Pencil of Lord Chesterfield.

Time elaborately thrown away.

The Last Day. Book i.

There buds the promise of celestial worth.

Book iii.

In records that defy the tooth of time.

The Statesman's Creed.

Great let me call him, for he conquered me.

The Revenge. Act i. Sc. 1.

Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue.

Act v. Sc. 2.

¹ And waste their sweetness on the desert air. — GRAY: *Elegy, stanza 14*.
CHURCHILL: *Gotham, book ii. line 20*.

The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear.

The Revenge. Act v. Sc. 2.

And friend received with thumps upon the back.¹

Universal Passion

—◆—

BISHOP BERKELEY. 1684–1753.

Westward the course of empire takes its way ;²

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day :

Time's noblest offspring is the last.

On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

Our youth we can have but to-day,

We may always find time to grow old.

Can Love be controlled by Advice ?³

[Tar water] is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate.⁴

Siris. Par. 217.

—◆—

JANE BRERETON. 1685–1740.

The picture placed the busts between

Adds to the thought much strength ;

Wisdom and Wit are little seen,

But Folly's at full length.

On Beau Nash's Picture at full length between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope.⁵

¹ The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves, by thumping on your back.

COWPER : On Friendship.

² See Daniel, page 39.

Westward the star of empire takes its way. — JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
Oration at Plymouth, 1802.

³ AIKEN : *Vocal Poetry* (London, 1810).

⁴ Cups

That cheer but not inebriate.

COWPER : The Task, book iv.

⁵ DYCE : *Specimens of British Poetesses*. (This epigram is generally ascribed to Chesterfield. See Campbell, "English Poets," note, p. 521.)

AARON HILL. 1685–1750.

First, then, a woman will or won't, depend on 't;
 If she will do 't, she will; and there 's an end on 't.
 But if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
 Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.¹ *Zara. Epilogue.*

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
 And it stings you for your pains;
 Grasp it like a man of mettle,
 And it soft as silk remains.

'T is the same with common natures:
 Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
 But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
 And the rogues obey you well.

Verses written on a window in Scotland.

THOMAS TICKELL. 1686–1740.

Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
 And saints who taught and led the way to heaven.

On the Death of Mr. Addison. Line 41.

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
 A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

Line 45.

There taught us how to live; and (oh, too high
 The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.² *Line 81.*

¹ The following lines are copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury: —

Where is the man who has the power and skill
 To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
 For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't;
 And if she won't, she won't; so there 's an end on 't.

The Examiner, May 31, 1829.

² He who should teach men to die, would at the same time teach them to live. — MONTAIGNE: *Essays, book i. chap. ix.*

I have taught you, my dear flock, for above thirty years how to live;

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.

To a Lady with a Present of Flowers

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay ;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

Colin and Lucy.

—◆—
SAMUEL MADDEN. 1687–1765.

Some write their wrongs in marble : he more just,
Stoop'd down serene and wrote them in the dust, —
Trode under foot, the sport of every wind,
Swept from the earth and blotted from his mind.
There, secret in the grave, he bade them lie,
And grieved they could not 'scape the Almighty eye.

Boulter's Monument.

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.¹

Ibid.

—◆—
ALEXANDER POPE. 1688–1744.

Awake, my St. John ! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man ;
A mighty maze ! but not without a plan.²

Essay on Man. Epistle i. Line 1.

and I will show you in a very short time how to die. — SANDYS: *Anglorum Speculum*, p. 903.

Teach him how to live,
And, oh still harder lesson ! how to die.

PORTEUS: Death, line 316.

He taught them how to live and how to die. — SOMERVILLE: *In Memory of the Rev. Mr. Moore.*

¹ See Herbert, page 206.

² See Milton, page 223.

There is no theme more plentiful to scan
Than is the glorious goodly frame of man.

DU BARTAS: Days and Weeks, third day.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is man.¹

Essay on Man. Epistle ii. Line 1.

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
Still by himself abused or disabused ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled, —
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.²

Line 13.

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot.

Line 63.

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd : 't is fix'd as in a frost ;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest.

Line 101.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.

Line 107.

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

Line 131.

The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.

Line 135.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce ;
In man they join to some mysterious use.

Line 205.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen ;³
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Line 217.

¹ *La vray science et le vray étude de l'homme c'est l'homme* (The true science and the true study of man is man). — CHARRON: *De la Sagesse*, lib. i. chap. 1.

Trees and fields tell me nothing: men are my teachers. — PLATO: *Phædrus*.

² What a chimera, then, is man! what a novelty, what a monster, what a chaos, what a subject of contradiction, what a prodigy! A judge of all things, feeble worm of the earth, depositary of the truth, cloaca of uncertainty and error, the glory and the shame of the universe. — PASCAL: *Thoughts*, chap. x.

³ See Dryden, page 269.

Ask where 's the North? At York 't is on the Tweed;
In Scotland at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

Essay on Man. Epistle ii. Line 222.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be, —
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree.

Line 231.

Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;

Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age.

Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,

Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er. *Line 274.*

While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"

"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose.¹

Epistle iii. Line 45.

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,

Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale. *Line 177.*

The enormous faith of many made for one.

Line 242.

For forms of government let fools contest;

Whate'er is best administer'd is best.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;

His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.²

In faith and hope the world will disagree,

But all mankind's concern is charity.

Line 303.

O happiness! our being's end and aim!

Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:

That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to die. *Epistle iv. Line 1.*

¹ Why may not a goose say thus? . . . there is nothing that yon heavenly roof looks upon so favourably as me: I am the darling of Nature. Is it not man that keeps and serves me? — MONTAIGNE: *Apology for Raimond Lebond.*

² See Cowley, page 260.

Order is Heaven's first law. *Essay on Man. Epistle iv. Line 49.*

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, — health, peace, and competence.

Line 79.

The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy. *Line 168.*

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies. *Line 193.*

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather or prunello. *Line 203.*

What can ennoble sots or slaves or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards. *Line 215.*

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.¹ *Line 247.*

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs

Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas ;

And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels

Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies ?

Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?

'Tis but to know how little can be known ;

To see all others' faults, and feel our own. *Line 254.*

Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?

All fear, none aid you, and few understand. *Line 261.*

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,

The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind !

Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,²

See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame !³ *Line 281.*

Know then this truth (enough for man to know), —

“Virtue alone is happiness below.” *Line 309.*

¹ See Fletcher, page 183.

² See Cowley, page 262.

³ May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.

And mistress of herself though china fall.

Moral Essays. Epistle ii. Line 268.

Woman's at best a contradiction still.

Line 270.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me ?

Epistle iii. Line 1.

Blest paper-credit ! last and best supply !
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly.

Line 39.

P. What riches give us let us then inquire :
Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more ? *P.* Meat, fine
clothes, and fire.

Line 79.

But thousands die without or this or that, —
Die, and endow a college or a cat.

Line 95.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

Line 153.

Extremes in Nature equal good produce ;
Extremes in man concur to general use.

Line 161.

Rise, honest muse ! and sing The Man of Ross.

Line 250.

Ye little stars ! hide your diminish'd rays.¹

Line 282.

Who builds a church to God and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.

Line 285.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung.

Line 299.

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies.

Line 339.

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.

Epistle iv. Line 43.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.²

Line 149.

¹ See Milton, page 231.

² See Brown, page 287.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear;
 Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend.

Epistle to Mr. Addison. Line 67.

'T is with our judgments as our watches, — none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.¹

Essay on Criticism. Part i. Line 9.

One science only will one genius fit:
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

Line 60

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

Line 152.

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.²

Line 177.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind;
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules, —
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Part ii. Line 1.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;³
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.

Line 15.

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

Line 32.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.⁴

Line 53.

True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

Line 97.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Line 109.

¹ See Suckling, page 256.

² Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus (Even the worthy Homer sometimes nods). — HORACE: *De Arte Poetica*, 359.

³ See Bacon, page 166.

⁴ See Suckling, page 257.

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd and make the learned smile.

Essay on Criticism. Part ii. Line 126

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old :
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Line 133

Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
While expletives their feeble aid to join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

Line 142.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along.

Line 156.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'T is not enough no harshness gives offence, —
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

Line 162.

Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow :
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

Line 166.

Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve.

Line 190.

But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !

Line 220

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But like a shadow proves the substance true.

Line 266.

To err is human, to forgive divine.¹

Essay on Criticism. Part ii. Line 325.

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Line 358.

And make each day a critic on the last.

Part iii. Line 12.

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.

Line 15.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.

Line 53.

Most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

Line 59.

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.²

Line 66.

Led by the light of the Mæonian star.

Line 89.

Content if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.³

Part iii. Line 180.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs!
What mighty contests rise from trivial things!

The Rape of the Lock. Canto i. Line 1.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

Line 134.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Canto ii. Line 7.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Line 17.

¹ Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.

BURNS: *Address to the Unco Guid.*

² See Shakespeare, page 96.

³ *Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti* (Let the unlearned learn, and the learned delight in remembering). This Latin hexameter, which is commonly ascribed to Horace, appeared for the first time as an epigraph to President Hénault's "Abrégé Chronologique," and in the preface to the third edition of this work Hénault acknowledges that he had given it as a translation of this couplet.

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.¹

The Rape of the Lock. Canto ii. Line 27

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

Canto iii. Line 7.

At every word a reputation dies.

Line 16.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

Line 21.

Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.

Line 117.

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever, and forever!

Line 153.

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

Canto iv. Line 123.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Canto v. Line 34.

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued, I said;
Tie up the knocker! say I'm sick, I'm dead.

Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. Prologue to the Satires. Line 1.

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

Line 5.

E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me.

Line 12.

Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?

Line 15.

Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.

Line 27.

Obliged by hunger and request of friends.

Line 44.

Fired that the house rejects him, "'Sdeath! I'll print it,
And shame the fools."

Line 61.

¹ See Burton, page 191.

Satire or sense, alas ! can Sporus feel ?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?

Prologue to the Satires. Line 307.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way. *Line 315.*

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust. *Line 333.*

That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song.¹ *Line 340.*

Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age ;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death ;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky. *Line 408.*

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Horace. Satire i. Book ii. Line 6.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet. *Line 69.*

But touch me, and no minister so sore ;
Whoe'er offends at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song. *Line 76.*

Bare the mean heart that lurks behind a star. *Line 110.*

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul. *Line 127.*

For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.²
Satire ii. Book ii. Line 159.

Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty. *Satire vi. Book ii. Line 220.*

¹ See Spenser, page 27.

² This line is repeated in the translation of the *Odyssey*, book xv. line 83, with "parting" instead of "going."

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Epilogue to the Satires. Dialogue 1. Line 136.

To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.

Dialogue ii. Line 73.

When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one.

Epistle i. Book i. Line 38.

He's armed without that's innocent within.

Line 94.

Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;

If not, by any means get wealth and place.¹

Line 103.

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.²

Book ii. Line 26.

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old.

Line 35.

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.

Line 108.

One simile that solitary shines

In the dry desert of a thousand lines.

Line 111.

Then marble soften'd into life grew warm,

And yielding, soft metal flow'd to human form.³

Line 147.

Who says in verse what others say in prose.

Line 203.

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join

The varying verse, the full resounding line,

The long majestic march, and energy divine.

Line 267

E'en copious Dryden wanted or forgot

The last and greatest art, — the art to blot.

Line 280.

Who pants for glory finds but short repose:

A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.⁴

Line 300.

There still remains to mortify a wit

The many-headed monster of the pit.⁵

Line 304.

¹ See Ben Jonson, page 177.

² See Dryden, page 267.

³ The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n Nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.

GOLDSMITH: *The Traveller*, line 137.

⁴ A breath can make them as a breath has made. — GOLDSMITH: *The Deserted Village*, line 54.

⁵ See Sidney, page 84.

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more.

The Dunciad. Book i. Line 89.

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep. *Line 93.*

Next o'er his books his eyes begin to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole. *Line 127.*

Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own. *Line 139.*

How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail. *Line 279.*

And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke. *Book ii. Line 34.*

Another, yet the same.¹ *Book iii. Line 90.*

Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn. *Line 109.*

All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.²
Line 158.

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous; ³ — answer him, ye owls!
Line 166.

And proud his mistress' order to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.⁴ *Line 263.*

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.⁵
Book iv. Line 90.

¹ Another, yet the same. — TICKELL: *From a Lady in England.* JOHNSON: *Life of Dryden.* DARWIN: *Botanic Garden, part i. canto iv. line 380.* WORDSWORTH: *The Excursion, Book ix.* SCOTT: *The Abbot, chap. i.* HORACE: *carmen secundum, line 10.*

² May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.

SAVAGE: *Character of Foster.*

³ See Shakespeare, page 131.

⁴ See Addison, page 299.

⁵ See Shakespeare, page 93.

This man [Chesterfield], I thought, had been a lord among wits; but I find he is only a wit among lords. — JOHNSON (*Boswell's Life*): *vol. ii. ch. i.*

A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge. — COWPER: *Conversation, line 298.*

Although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.

Eloisa to Abelard. Line 51.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole. *Line 57.*

And truths divine came mended from that tongue. *Line 66.*

Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies. *Line 74.*

And love the offender, yet detest the offence.¹ *Line 192.*

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot. *Line 207.*

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight;
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.² *Line 273.*

See my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul. *Line 323.*

He best can paint them who shall feel them most.³
Last line.

Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But as the world, harmoniously confus'd,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree. *Windsor Forest. Line 13.*

A mighty hunter, and his prey was man. *Line 61.*

From old Belerium to the northern main. *Line 316.*

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlooked for if she comes at all. *The Temple of Fame. Line 513.*

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
O grant an honest fame, or grant me none! *Last line.*

¹ See Dryden, page 273.

² Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight. — EDMUND SMITH:
Phædra and Hippolytus, act i. sc. 1.

³ See Addison, page 300.

Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !

O grave ! where is thy victory ?

O death ! where is thy sting ?

Ibid.

What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade ? ¹

To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. Line 1

Is there no bright reversion in the sky

For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?

Line 9.

The glorious fault of angels and of gods.

Line 14.

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow

For others' good, or melt at others' woe. ²

Line 45.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,

By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,

By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourn'd !

Line 51.

And bear about the mockery of woe

To midnight dances and the public show.

Line 57.

How lov'd, how honour'd once avails thee not,

To whom related, or by whom begot ;

A heap of dust alone remains of thee :

'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Line 71.

Such were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung,

Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.

Epistle to Robert, Earl of Oxford.

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,

Or gave his father grief but when he died.

Epitaph on the Hon. S. Harcourt.

The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

Epitaph on Mrs. Corbet.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild ;

In wit a man, simplicity a child. ³

Epitaph on Gay.

¹ See Ben Jonson, page 180.

² See page 346.

³ See Dryden, page 270.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?

Prologue to Mr. Addison's Cato

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
 Can never be a mouse of any soul.¹

The Wife of Bath. Her Prologue. Line 298.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
 And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.

Line 369.

You beat your pate, and fancy-wit will come ;
 Knock as you please, there 's nobody at home.² *Epigram.*

For he lives twice who can at once employ
 The present well, and e'en the past enjoy.³

Imitation of Martial.

Who dared to love their country, and be poor.

On his Grotto at Twickenham.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.⁴

Thoughts on Various Subjects.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear
 another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian. *Ibid.*

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
 Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing !

The Iliad of Homer. Book i. Line 1.

¹ See Chaucer, page 4. Herbert, page 206.

² His wit invites you by his looks to come,
 But when you knock, it never is at home.

COWPER : *Conversation, line 303.*

³ Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus ; hoc est
 Vivere bis vita posse priore frui

(The good man prolongs his life; to be able to enjoy one's past life is to live twice). — MARTIAL, *x. 237.*

See Cowley, page 262.

⁴ From Roscoe's edition of Pope, vol. v. p. 376 ; originally printed in Motte's "Miscellanies," 1727. In the edition of 1736 Pope says, "I must own that the prose part (the *Thought on Various Subjects*), at the end of the second volume, was wholly mine. January, 1734."

The distant Trojans never injur'd me.

The Iliad of Homer. Book i. Line 200.

Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd. *Line 332.*

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod, —

The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god. *Line 684.*

And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.¹ *Line 771.*

Thick as autumnal leaves or driving sand.

Book ii. Line 970.

Chiefs who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wise through time, and narrative with age,
In summer-days like grasshoppers rejoice, —
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.

Book iii. Line 199.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen. *Line 208.*

Ajax the great . . .

Himself a host. *Line 293.*

Plough the watery deep. *Line 357.*

The day shall come, that great avenging day
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all. *Book iv. Line 196.*

First in the fight and every graceful deed. *Line 295.*

The first in banquets, but the last in fight. *Line 401.*

Gods! How the son degenerates from the sire! *Line 451.*

With all its beauteous honours on its head. *Line 557.*

A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault. *Book v. Line 16.*

Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise, —
Such men as live in these degenerate days.² *Line 371*

¹ The same line occurs in the translation of the *Odyssey*, book viii line 366.

² A mass enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise.

Book xx. line 337

Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind.

The Iliad of Homer. Book v. Line 999.

He held his seat, — a friend to human race.

Book vi. Line 18.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found, —
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground ;¹
Another race the following spring supplies :
They fall successive, and successive rise.

Line 181.

Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind.

Line 330.

If yet not lost to all the sense of shame.

Line 350.

'T is man's to fight, but Heaven's to give success.

Line 427.

The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.

Line 467.

Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.

Line 544.

Andromache ! my soul's far better part.

Line 624.

He from whose lips divine persuasion flows.

Book vii. Line 143.

Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend ;
And each brave foe was in his soul a friend.

Line 364.

I war not with the dead.

Line 485.

Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn.

Book viii. Line 1.

As full-blown poppies, overcharg'd with rain,
Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain, —
So sinks the youth ; his beauteous head, deprest
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.

Line 371.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.²

Book ix. Line 412.

¹ As of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall, and some grow. —
Ecclesiasticus xiv. 18.

² The same line, with "soul" for "heart," occurs in the translation of
the *Odyssey*, book xiv. line 181.

Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold :
 Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,
 Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
 Can bribe the poor possession of a day.

The Iliad of Homer. Book ix. Line 524.

Short is my date, but deathless my renown. *Line 535.*

Injustice, swift, erect, and unconfi'd,
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind.
Line 628.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.
Line 725.

To labour is the lot of man below ;
 And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.
Book x. Line 78.

Content to follow when we lead the way. *Line 141.*

He serves me most who serves his country best.¹ *Line 201.*

Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
 Are lost on hearers that our merits know. *Line 293.*

The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
Book xi. Line 394.

Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.
Book xii. Line 283.

The life which others pay let us bestow,
 And give to fame what we to nature owe. *Line 393.*

And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air.
Book xiii. Line 106.

The best of things beyond their measure cloy. *Line 795.*

To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.
Book xiv. Line 170.

Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
 Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes. *Line 251.*

¹ He serves his party best who serves the country best. — RUTHERFORD B. HAYES: *Inaugural Address, March 5, 1877.*

Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood, —
The source of evil one, and one of good.

The Iliad of Homer. Book xxiv. Line 663.

The mildest manners with the bravest mind. *Line 963.*

Fly, dotard, fly!

With thy wise dreams and fables of the sky.

The Odyssey of Homer. Book ii. Line 207.

And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd. *Line 312.*

Few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.

Line 315.

For never, never, wicked man was wise. *Line 320.*

Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
And sure he will: for Wisdom never lies. *Book iii. Line 25.*

The lot of man, — to suffer and to die. *Line 117.*

A faultless body and a blameless mind. *Line 138.*

The long historian of my country's woes. *Line 142.*

Forgetful youth! but know, the Power above
With ease can save each object of his love;
Wide as his will extends his boundless grace. *Line 285.*

When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn. *Line 516.*

These riches are possess'd, but not enjoy'd!
Book iv. Line 118.

Mirror of constant faith, rever'd and mourn'd! *Line 229.*

There with commutual zeal we both had strove
In acts of dear benevolence and love:
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command. *Line 241.*

The glory of a firm, capacious mind. *Line 262.*

Wise to resolve, and patient to perform. *Line 372.*

The leader, mingling with the vulgar host,
Is in the common mass of matter lost. *Line 397.*

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest, —
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.¹

The Odyssey of Homer. Book xv. Line 83

For too much rest itself becomes a pain. *Line 429.*

Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind. *Line 433.*

And taste

The melancholy joy of evils past :
For he who much has suffer'd, much will know. *Line 434.*

For love deceives the best of womankind. *Line 463.*

And would'st thou evil for his good repay ?
Book xvi. Line 448.

Whatever day

Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.
Book xvii. Line 392.

In ev'ry sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,
And poverty stood smiling in my sight. *Line 505.*

Unbless'd thy hand, if in this low disguise
Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies.² *Line 576.*

Know from the bounteous heaven all riches flow ;
And what man gives, the gods by man bestow,
Book xviii. Line 26.

Yet taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow
For others' good, and melt at others' woe. *Line 269.*

A winy vapour melting in a tear. *Book xix. Line 143.*

But he whose inborn worth his acts commend,
Of gentle soul, to human race a friend. *Line 383.*

The fool of fate, — thy manufacture, man.
Book xx. Line 254.

Impatient straight to flesh his virgin sword. *Line 461.*

¹ See page 328.

² Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. — *Hebrews xiii. 2.*

Dogs, ye have had your day !

The Odyssey of Homer. Book xxii. Line 41

For dear to gods and men is sacred song.

Self-taught I sing ; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,

The genuine seeds of poesy are sown.

Line 382.

So ends the bloody business of the day.

Line 516.

And rest at last where souls unbodied dwell,

In ever-flowing meads of Asphodel.

Book xxiv. Line 19.

The ruins of himself ! now worn away

With age, yet still majestic in decay.

Line 271.

And o'er the past Oblivion stretch her wing.

Line 557.

Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never
be disappointed.¹

Letter to Gay, Oct. 6, 1727.

This is the Jew

That Shakespeare drew.²



JOHN GAY. 1688–1732.

'T was when the sea was roaring

With hollow blasts of wind,

A damsel lay deploring,

All on a rock reclin'd.

The What d' ye call it. Act ii. Sc. 8.

¹ Pope calls this the eighth beatitude (Roscoe's edition of Pope, vol. x. page 184).

² On the 14th of February, 1741, Macklin established his fame as an actor in the character of Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice." . . . Macklin's performance of this character so forcibly struck a gentleman in the pit that he, as it were involuntarily, exclaimed, —

" This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew ! "

It has been said that this gentleman was Mr. Pope, and that he meant his panegyric on Macklin as a satire against Lord Lansdowne. — *Biographia Dramatica*, vol. i. part ii. p. 469.

So comes a reckoning when the banquet 's o'er, —
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.¹

The What d' ye call it. Act ii. Sc. 2.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts.

The Beggar's Opera. Act i. Sc. 1.

Over the hills and far away.²

Ibid.

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets. *Sc. 2.*

Brother, brother! we are both in the wrong. *Ibid.*

How happy could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away! *Ibid.*

The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The judges all ranged, — a terrible show! *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd.

Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan.

Adieu, she cried, and waved her lily hand. *Ibid.*

Remote from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage.

Fables. Part i. The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?³ *Ibid.*

Where yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her booby for another?

The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.

¹ The time of paying a shot in a tavern among good fellows, or Pantagruelists, is still called in France a "quart d'heure de Rabelais," — that is, Rabelais's quarter of an hour, when a man is uneasy or melancholy. — *Life of Rabelais* (Bohn's edition), p. 13.

² O'er the hills and far away. — D'URFERY: *Pills to purge Melancholy* (1628-1723).

³ "Midnight oil," — a common phrase, used by Quarles, Shenstone, Cowper, Lloyd, and others.

JOHN BYROM. 1691-1763.

God bless the King, — I mean the faith's defender !
 God bless — no harm in blessing — the Pretender !
 But who pretender is, or who is king, —
 God bless us all ! — that's quite another thing.

To an Officer of the Army, extempore.

Take time enough : all other graces
 Will soon fill up their proper places.¹ *Advice to Preach Slow.*

Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,
 That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny ;
 Others aver that he to Handel
 Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
 Strange all this difference should be
 'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.²

As clear as a whistle.

Epistle to Lloyd. 1.

The point is plain as a pike-staff.³

Epistle to a Friend.

Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
 Would starve us all, or near it ;
 But be it known to Skin and Bone
 That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

Epigram on Two Monopolists.

Thus adorned, the two heroes, 'twixt shoulder and elbow,
 Shook hands and went to 't ; and the word it was bilbow.

*Upon a Trial of Skill between the Great Masters of the Noble Science
 of Defence, Messrs. Figg and Sutton.*

¹ See Walker, page 265.

² Nourse asked me if I had seen the verses upon Handel and Bononcini, not knowing that they were mine. — *Byrom's Remains* (Chetham Soc.), vol. i. p. 173.

The last two lines have been attributed to Swift and Pope (see Scott's edition of Swift, and Dyce's edition of Pope).

³ See Middleton, page 172.

LOUIS THEOBALD. 1691-1744.

None but himself can be his parallel.¹ *The Double Falsehood*



JAMES BRAMSTON. — -1744.

What's not devoured by Time's devouring hand?
Where's Troy, and where's the Maypole in the Strand?
Art of Politics.

But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,
When the Exclusion Bill was in suspense:
"I hear a lion in the lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door
And keep him there, or shall we let him in
To try if we can turn him out again?"² *Ibid.*

So Britain's monarch once uncovered sat,
While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimmed hat.
Man of Taste.



EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. 1694-1773.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.
Letter, March 10, 1746.

I knew once a very covetous, sordid fellow,³ who used
to say, "Take care of the pence, for the pounds will take
care of themselves."
Nov. 6, 1747.

¹ Quæris Alcides pærem?

Nemo est nisi ipse

(Do you seek Alcides' equal? None is, except himself). — SENECA: *Hercules Furens*, i. 1; 84.

And but herself admits no parallel. — MASSINGER: *Duke of Milan*, act iv. sc. 3.

² I hope, said Colonel Titus, we shall not be wise as the frogs to whom Jupiter gave a stork for their king. To trust expedients with such a king on the throne would be just as wise as if there were a lion in the lobby, and we should vote to let him in and chain him, instead of fastening the door to keep him out. — *On the Exclusion Bill*, Jan. 7, 1681.

³ W. Lowndes, Secretary of the Treasury in the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George the Third.

Sacrifice to the Graces.¹

Letter, March 9, 1748.

Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value.

July 1, 1748.

Style is the dress of thoughts.

Nov. 24, 1749.

Despatch is the soul of business.

Feb. 5, 1750.

Chapter of accidents.²

Feb. 16, 1753.

I assisted at the birth of that most significant word "flirtation," which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world.

The World. No. 101.

Unlike my subject now shall be my song ;
It shall be witty, and it sha'n't be long.

Impromptu Lines.

The dews of the evening most carefully shun, —
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

Advice to a Lady in Autumn.

The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he shrunk into insignificancy and an earldom.

Character of Pulteney.

He adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon, by the most splendid eloquence.³

Character of Bolingbroke.

¹ Plato was continually saying to Xenocrates, "Sacrifice to the Graces." — *DIAGENES LAERTIUS: Xenocrates, book iv. sect. 2.*

Let us sacrifice to the Muses. — *PLUTARCH: The Banquet of the Seven Wise Men. (A saying of Solon.)*

² Chapter of accidents. — *BURKE: Notes for Speeches (edition 1852), vol. ii. p. 426.*

John Wilkes said that "the Chapter of Accidents is the longest chapter in the book." — *SOUTHEY: The Doctor, chap. cxviii.*

³ Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
And touched nothing that he did not adorn.

JOHNSON: Epitaph on Goldsmith.

Il embellit tout ce qu'il touche (He adorned whatever he touched). — *FÉNELON: Lettre sur les Occupations de l'Académie Française, sect. iv.*

The cup goes round :
 And who so artful as to put it by !
 'T is long since Death had the majority.

The Grave. Part ii. Line 449.

The good he scorn'd
 Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
 Not to return ; or if it did, in visits
 Like those of angels, short and far between.¹

Line 586.



JAMES THOMSON. 1700–1748.

Come, gentle Spring ! ethereal Mildness ! come.

The Seasons. Spring. Line 1.

Base Envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

Line 283.

But who can paint
 Like Nature ? Can imagination boast,
 Amid its gay creation, hues like hers ?

Line 465.

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest.

Line 996.

Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot.

Line 1149.

An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven !

Line 1158.

The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews.

Summer. Line 47.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake ?

Line 67.

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
 Rejoicing in the east.

Line 81

¹ See Norris, page 281.

- Ships dim-discover'd dropping from the clouds.
The Seasons. Summer. Line 946.
- And Mecca saddens at the long delay. *Line 979.*
- For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant lab'ring round the stormy cape. *Line 1003.*
- Sigh'd and look'd unutterable things. *Line 1188.*
- A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
 Of mighty monarchs. *Line 1285.*
- So stands the statue that enchants the world,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece. *Line 1346.*
- Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age. *Line 1516.*
- Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain. *Autumn. Line 2.*
- Loveliness
- Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.¹ *Line 204.*
- He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. *Line 229.*
- For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn. *Line 233.*
- See, Winter comes to rule the varied year.²
Winter. Line 1.
- Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave. *Line 393.*
- There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the mighty dead. *Line 431.*
- The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid.
Line 625.

¹ See Milton, page 234.

Nam ut mulieres esse dicuntur nonnullæ inornatæ, quas id ipsum diceat, sic hæc subtilis oratio etiam incompta delectat (For as lack of adornment is said to become some women; so this subtle oration, though without embellishment, gives delight). — CICERO: *Orator*, 23, 78.

² O Winter, ruler of the inverted year. — COWPER: *The Task*, book iv. *Winter Evening*, line 34.

These as they change, Almighty Father ! these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee.

Hymn. Line 1.

Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade.

Line 25.

From seeming evil still educing good.

Line 114.

Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

Line 118.

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 Forever flushing round a summer sky :
 There eke the soft delights that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh ;
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance or unrest
 Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The Castle of Indolence. Canto i. Stanza 6.

O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,
 But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
 And heightens ease with grace.

Stanza 26.

Plac'd far amid the melancholy main.

Stanza 30.

Scoundrel maxim.

Ibid.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems.

Stanza 68.

A little round, fat, oily man of God.

Stanza 69.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny :
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky
 Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the great children leave :
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

Canto ii. Stanza 3

God helps them that help themselves.¹

Maxims prefixed to Poor Richard's Almanac, 1757.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. *Ibid.*

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.² *Ibid.*

Plough deep while sluggards sleep. *Ibid.*

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day. *Ibid.*

Three removes are as bad as a fire. *Ibid.*

Little strokes fell great oaks.³ *Ibid.*

A little neglect may breed mischief: for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost. *Ibid.*

He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.⁴ *Ibid.*

A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose to the grindstone.⁵ *Ibid.*

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore. *Ibid.*

It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright. *Ibid.*

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other. *Ibid.*

even so early as November, 1755, in an answer by the Assembly of Pennsylvania to the Governor, and forms the motto of Franklin's "Historical Review," 1759, appearing also in the body of the work. — FROTHINGHAM: *Rise of the Republic of the United States*, p. 413.

¹ See Herbert, page 206.

² CLARKE: *Paræmiologia*, 1639.

My hour is eight o'clock, though it is an infallible rule, "Sanat, sanctificat, et ditat, surgere mane" (That he may be healthy, happy, and wise, let him rise early). — *A Health to the Gentle Profession of Serving-men, 1598* (reprinted in Roxburghe Library), p. 121.

³ See Lyly, page 32.

⁴ See Tusser, page 21.

⁵ See Heywood, page 11.

To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

Tom Thumb the Great. Act i. Sc. 3.

Lo, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets;
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.¹ Sc. 6.

I am as sober as a judge.²

Don Quixote in England. Act iii. Sc. 14.

Much may be said on both sides.³

The Covent Garden Tragedy. Act i. Sc. 8.

Enough is equal to a feast.⁴

Act v. Sc. 1.

We must eat to live and live to eat.⁵

The Miser. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Penny saved is a penny got.⁶

Sc. 12.

Oh, the roast beef of England,
And old England's roast beef!

The Grub Street Opera. Act iii. Sc. 2.

This story will not go down.

Tumble-down Dick.

¹ Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier — white;
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And big with vengeance beats the barber — black.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber — red:
Black, red, and white in various clouds are tost,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost.

CHRISTOPHER SMART: *The Trip to Cambridge* (on
"Campbell's Specimens of the British Poets,"
vol. vi. p. 185).

² Sober as a judge. — CHARLES LAMB: *Letter to Mr. and Mrs. Moxon.*

³ See Addison, page 300.

⁴ See Heywood, page 20.

⁵ Socrates said, Bad men live that they may eat and drink, whereas good men eat and drink that they may live. — PLUTARCH: *How a Young Man ought to hear Poems.*

⁶ A penny saved is twopence dear;
A pin a day 's a groat a year.

FRANKLIN: *Hints to those that would be Rich*
(1736).

Can any man have a higher notion of the rule of right and the eternal fitness of things ?

Tom Jones. Book iv. Chap. iv.

Distinction without a difference.

Book vi. Chap. xiii.

Amiable weakness.¹

Book x. Chap. viii.

The dignity of history.²

Book xi. Chap. ii.

Republic of letters.

Book xiv. Chap. i.

Illustrious predecessors.³

Covent Garden Journal. Jan. 11, 1752.



WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

1708–1778.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

Speech, Jan. 14, 1766.

A long train of these practices has at length unwillingly convinced me that there is something behind the throne greater than the King himself.⁴

Chatham Correspondence. Speech, March 2, 1770.

Where law ends, tyranny begins.

Case of Wilkes. Speech, Jan. 9, 1770.

Reparation for our rights at home, and security against the like future violations.⁵

Letter to the Earl of Shelburne, Sept. 29, 1770.

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms, — never ! never ! never !

Speech, Nov. 18, 1777.

¹ Amiable weaknesses of human nature. — GIBBON: *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chap. xiv.

² See Bolingbroke, page 304.

³ Illustrious predecessor. — BURKE: *The Present Discontents*.

I tread in the footsteps of illustrious men. . . . In receiving from the people the sacred trust confided to my illustrious predecessor. — MARTIN VAN BUREN: *Inaugural Address, March 4, 1837*.

⁴ Quoted by Lord Mahon, "greater than the throne itself." — *History of England*, vol. v. p. 258.

⁵ "Indemnity for the past and security for the future." — RUSSELL: *Memoir of Fox*, vol. iii. p. 345, *Letter to the Hon. T. Maitland*.

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?

Vanity of Human Wishes. Line 345.

For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill.

Line 362.

Of all the griefs that harass the distress,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.¹

London. Line 166.

This mournful truth is ev'rywhere confess'd, —
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.²

Line 176.

Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.

Prologue to the Tragedy of Irene.

Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new.

Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre.

And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

Ibid.

For we that live to please must please to live.

Ibid.

Catch, then, oh catch the transient hour;

Improve each moment as it flies!

Life 's a short summer, man a flower;

He dies — alas! how soon he dies!

Winter. An Ode.

Officious, innocent, sincere,

Of every friendless name the friend.

Verses on the Death of Mr. Robert Levett. Stanza 2.

In misery's darkest cavern known,

His useful care was ever nigh³

Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,

And lonely want retir'd to die.

Stanza 5.

And sure th' Eternal Master found

His single talent well employ'd.

Stanza 7.

¹ Nothing in poverty so ill is borne
As its exposing men to grinning scorn.

OLDHAM (1653–1683): *Third Satire of Juvenal.*

² Three years later Johnson wrote, "Mere unassisted merit advances slowly, if — what is not very common — it advances at all."

³ *Var.* His ready help was always nigh.

Then with no throbs of fiery pain,¹
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And freed his soul the nearest way.

Verses on the Death of Mr. Robert Levet. Stanza 9.

That saw the manners in the face.

Lines on the Death of Hogarth.

Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove
 The pangs of guilty power and hapless love!
 Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more;
 Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
 Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
 Till angels wake thee with a note like thine!

Epitaph on Claudius Philips, the Musician.

A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,
 Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
 And touched nothing that he did not adorn.²

Epitaph on Goldsmith.

How small of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
 Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
 Our own felicity we make or find.
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

Lines added to Goldsmith's Traveller.

Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.

Line added to Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend, —
 Path, motive, guide, original, and end.³

Motto to the Rambler. No. 7.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy,
 and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who

¹ *Var.* Then with no fiery throbbing pain.

² Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
 Non tetigit,
 Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

See Chesterfield, page 353.

³ A translation of Boethius's "De Consolatione Philosophiæ," iii. 9, 27.

expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, — attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

Rasselas. Chap. i.

“I fly from pleasure,” said the prince, “because pleasure has ceased to please; I am lonely because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others.”

Chap. iii.

A man used to vicissitudes is not easily dejected.

Chap. xii.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

Ibid.

Knowledge is more than equivalent to force.¹

Chap. xiii.

I live in the crowd of jollity, not so much to enjoy company as to shun myself.

Chap. xvi.

Many things difficult to design prove easy to performance.

Ibid.

The first years of man must make provision for the last.

Chap. xvii.

Example is always more efficacious than precept.

Chap. xxx.

The endearing elegance of female friendship.

Chap. xlvi.

I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that *words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.*²

Preface to his Dictionary.

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.³

Boulter's Monument. (Supposed to have been inserted by Dr. Johnson, 1745.)

¹ See Bacon, page 168.

² The italics and the word “forget” would seem to imply that the saying was not his own.

³ Sir William Jones gives a similar saying in India: “Words are the daughters of earth, and deeds are the sons of heaven.”

See Herbert, page 206. Sir THOMAS BODLEY: *Letter to his Librarian, 1604.*

You see they 'd have fitted him to a T.

Life of Johnson (Boswell). Vol. viii. Chap. ix. 1784.

I have found you an argument; I am not obliged to find you an understanding. *Ibid.*

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.¹ *Ibid.*

Blown about with every wind of criticism.²

Chap. x. 1784.

If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'T is a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

Johnsoniana. Piozzi, 30.

He was a very good hater. *39.*

The law is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public. *58.*

The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are. *154.*

Dictionaries are like watches; the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true. *178.*

Books that you may carry to the fire and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all. *Hawkins. 197.*

Round numbers are always false. *235.*

As with my hat³ upon my head
I walk'd along the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand.⁴

George Steevens. 310.

Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult. *Hannah More. 467.*

The limbs will quiver and move after the soul is gone. *Northcote. 487.*

¹ A parody on "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free," from Brooke's "Gustavus Vasa," first edition.

² Carried about with every wind of doctrine. — *Ephesians iv. 14.*

³ Elsewhere found, "I put my hat."

⁴ A parody on Percy's "Hermit of Warkworth."

LORD LYTTLETON. 1709–1773.

For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
 None but the noblest passions to inspire,
 Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
 One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus

Women, like princes, find few real friends.

Advice to a Lady.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
 Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair.

Ibid.

The lover in the husband may be lost.

Ibid.

How much the wife is dearer than the bride.

An Irregular Ode.

None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
 But love can hope where reason would despair.

Epigram.

Where none admire, 't is useless to excel;
 Where none are beaux, 't is vain to be a belle.

Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country

Alas! by some degree of woe
 We every bliss must gain;
 The heart can ne'er a transport know
 That never feels a pain.

Song



EDWARD MOORE. 1712–1757.

Can't I another's face commend,
 And to her virtues be a friend,
 But instantly your forehead lowers,
 As if *her* merit lessen'd *yours*?

The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat. Fable is

The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.¹

Tristram Shandy (orig. ed.). Vol. vi. Chap. viii.

I am sick as a horse.

Vol. vii. Chap. xi.

"They order," said I, "this matter better in France."

Sentimental Journey. Page 1.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry, "'T is all barren!"

In the Street. Calais.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.²

Maria.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I, "still thou art a bitter draught."

The Passport. *The Hotel at Paris*.

The sad vicissitude of things.³

Sermon xvi.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.

Sermon xxvii.



WILLIAM SHENSTONE. 1714–1763.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.⁴

Written on a Window of an Inn.

¹ But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope*, part ii. line 357.

² Dieu mesure le froid à la brebis tondue (God measures the cold to the shorn lamb). — HENRI ESTIENNE (1594): *Prémices*, etc. p. 47.

See Herbert, page 206.

³ Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things. — R. GIFFORD: *Contemplation*.

⁴ See Johnson, page 372.

Archbishop Leighton often said that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn. — *Works*, vol. i. p. 76.

- So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return. *A Pastoral. Part i.*
- I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed. *Ibid.*
- My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep. *Part ii. Hope.*
- For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true. *Jemmy Dawson.*
- Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblems right meet of decency does yield.
The Schoolmistress. Stanza 6.
- Pun-provoking thyme. *Stanza 11.*
- A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo. *Stanza 28.*

JOHN BROWN. 1715–1766.

- Now let us thank the Eternal Power: convinced
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction, —
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.
Barbarossa. Act v. Sc. 3.
- And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.
An Essay on Satire, occasioned by the Death of Mr. Pope.¹

JAMES TOWNLEY. 1715–1778.

- Kitty.* Shikspur? Shikspur? Who wrote it? No,
I never read Shikspur.
- Lady Bab.* Then you have an immense pleasure to
come. *High Life below Stairs. Act ii. Sc. 1.*
- From humble Port to imperial Tokay. *Ibid.*

¹ ANDERSON: *British Poets*, vol. x. p. 879. See note in "Contemporary Review," September, 1867, p. 4.

THOMAS GRAY. 1716-1771.

What female heart can gold despise ?

What cat's averse to fish ? *On the death of a Favourite Cat.*

A fav'rite has no friend !

Ibid

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers.

On a Distant Prospect of Eton College. Stanza 1.

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !

Ah, fields beloved in vain !

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,

A stranger yet to pain !

I feel the gales that from ye blow

A momentary bliss bestow.

Stanza 2.

They hear a voice in every wind,

And snatch a fearful joy.

Stanza 4.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,

Less pleasing when possest ;

The tear forgot as soon as shed,

The sunshine of the breast.

Stanza 5.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,

The little victims play ;

No sense have they of ills to come,

Nor care beyond to-day.

Stanza 6.

Ah, tell them they are men !

Ibid.

And moody madness laughing wild

Amid severest woe.

Stanza 8

To each his suff'rings ; all are men,

Condemn'd alike to groan, —

The tender for another's pain,

Th' unfeeling for his own.

Yet ah ! why should they know their fate,

Since sorrow never comes too late,

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!

Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.

The Bard. I. 1, Line 1.

Loose his beard, and hoary hair

Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air.¹

2, Line 5.

To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

Line 14.

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes;

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.²

3, Line 12.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,

The winding-sheet of Edward's race.

Give ample room and verge enough³

The characters of hell to trace.

II. 1, Line 1.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows;

While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,

That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.

2, Line 9.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,

With many a foul and midnight murder fed.

3, Line 11.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!

Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

III. 1, Line 11.

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.

3, Line 3.

Comus and his midnight crew.

Ode for Music. Line 2.

While bright-eyed Science watches round.

Ibid. Chorus. Line 3.

The still small voice of gratitude.

Ibid. V. Line 8.

¹ See Cowley, page 261. Milton, page 224.

² See Shakespeare, page 112. Otway, page 280.

³ See Dryden, page 277.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.¹

Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Stanza 14.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Stanza 15.

The applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Stanza 16.

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Stanza 17.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.²

Stanza 19.

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Stanza 20.

And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

Stanza 21.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

Stanza 22.

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.³

Stanza 23

¹ See Young, page 311.

Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air. — CHURCHILL: *Gotham*, book ii. line 20.

² Usually quoted "even tenor of their way."

³ See Chaucer, page 3.

From toil he wins his spirits light,
 From busy day the peaceful night ;
 Rich, from the very want of wealth,
 In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.

Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude. Line 93.

The social smile, the sympathetic tear.

Education and Government

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
 And gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.¹

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune ;
 He had not the method of making a fortune.

On his own Character.

Now as the Paradisiacal pleasures of the Mahometans
 consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris,
 be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and
 Crebillon.

To Mr. West. Letter iv. Third Series.



DAVID GARRICK. 1716–1779.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.

Prologue to the Gamesters.

Their cause I plead, — plead it in heart and mind ;
 A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.²

Prologue on Quitting the Stage in 1776.

Prologues like compliments are loss of time ;
 'T is penning bows and making legs in rhyme.

Prologue to Crisp's Tragedy of Virginia.

Let others hail the rising sun :
 I bow to that whose course is run.³

On the Death of Mr. Pelham.

¹ This was intended to be introduced in the "Alliance of Education and Government." — *Mason's edition of Gray, vol. iii. p. 114.*

² See Burton, page 185.

³ Pompey bade Sylla recollect that more worshipped the rising than the setting sun. — *PLUTARCH: Life of Pompey.*

This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.
Jupiter and Mercury.

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Hearts of oak are our men.¹ *Hearts of Oak.*

Here lies James Quinn. Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last.

Epitaph on Quinn. Murphy's Life of Garrick. Vol. ii. p. 38.

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books?
Heaven sends us good meat, but the Devil sends cooks?²

Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation. Vol. ii. p. 157.

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor Poll.

Impromptu Epitaph on Goldsmith.

—◆—

WILLIAM B. RHODES. Circa 1790.

Who dares this pair of boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face.³

Bombastes Furioso. Act i. Sc. 4.

Bom. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar;
The grievous roar echoed along the shore.

Artax. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar;
And the first lion thought the last a bore. *Ibid.*

¹ Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men.

S. J. ARNOLD: *Death of Nelson.*

² See Tusser, page 20.

³ Let none but he these arms displace,
Who dares Orlando's fury face.

CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part ii. chap. lxxv.*

RAY: *Proverbs.* THOMAS: *English Prose Romance, page 85.*

There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

Ode written in the year 1746.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung.

The Passions. Line 1.

Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired.

Line 10.

'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

Line 28.

In notes by distance made more sweet,¹

Line 60.

In hollow murmurs died away.

Line 68.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!

Line 95.

In yonder grave a Druid lies.

Death of Thomson.

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in Art.

To Sir Thomas Hammer on his Edition of Shakespeare.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed,
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

Dirge in Cymbeline.



JAMES MERRICK. 1720–1769.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh, let thy grace supply!²

Hymn.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark.

The Chameleon.

¹ Sweetest melodies

Are those that are by distance made more sweet.

WORDSWORTH: *Personal Talk, stanza 2.*

² Μή μοι γένοιθ' ἂ βούλομ' ἄλλ' ἂ συμφέρει (Let not that happen which I wish, but that which is right). — MENANDER: *Fragment.*

SAMUEL FOOTE. 1720–1777.

He made him a hut, wherein he did put
The carcass of Robinson Crusoe.
O poor Robinson Crusoe!

The Mayor of Garratt. Act i. Sc. 1.

Born in a cellar, and living in a garret.¹

The Author. Act ii.



JAMES FORDYCE. 1720–1796.

Henceforth the majesty of God revere;
Fear Him, and you have nothing else to fear.²

Answer to a Gentleman who apologized to the Author for Swearing.



MARK AKENSIDE. 1721–1770.

Such and so various are the tastes of men.

Pleasures of the Imagination. Book iii. Line 567.

Than Timoleon's arms require,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

Ode. On a Sermon against Glory. Stanza ii.

The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise.

Epistle to Curio.

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.

The Virtuoso. Stanza x.

¹ See Congreve, page 294.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred. — BYRON: *A Sketch*.

² Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte (I fear God, dear Abner, and I have no other fear). — RACINE: *Athalie*, act i. sc. 1 (1639–1699).

From Piety, whose soul sincere

Fears God, and knows no other fear.

W. SMYTH: *Ode for the Installation of the Duke of Gloucester as Chancellor of Cambridge*.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT. 1721–1771.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share ;
 Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

Ode to Independence.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,
 I bow before thine altar, Love !

Roderick Random. Chap. xi.

Facts are stubborn things.¹

Translation of Gil Blas. Book x. Chap. 1.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE. 1723–1780.

The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest
 defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural
 strength, — the floating bulwark of our island.

Commentaries. Vol. i. Book i. Chap. xiii. § 418.

Time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the
 contrary.

Chap. xviii. § 472.

JOHN HOME. 1724–1808.

In the first days
 Of my distracting grief, I found myself
 As women wish to be who love their lords.

Douglas. Act i. Sc. 1.

I'll woo her as the lion woos his brides.

Ibid.

My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
 My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

A rude and boisterous captain of the sea.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

Act v. Sc. 1.

¹ Facts are stubborn things. — ELLIOT: *Essay on Field Husbandry*, p. 35 (1747).

WILLIAM MASON. 1725–1797.

The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.¹

Heroic Epistle.



RICHARD GIFFORD. 1725–1807.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound ;
 She feels no biting pang the while she sings ;
 Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,²
 Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.³

Contemplation.



ARTHUR MURPHY. 1727–1805.

Thus far we run before the wind.

The Apprentice. Act v. Sc. 1.

Above the vulgar flight of common souls.

Zenobia. Act v.

Picked up his crumbs.

The Upholsterer. Act i.



JANE ELLIOTT. 1727–1805.

The flowers of the forest are a' wide awae.⁴

The Flowers of the Forest.

¹ Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute vises,

. . . Epicuri de grege porcum

(You may see me, fat and shining, with well-cared for hide, — . . . a hog from Epicurus' herd). — HORACE: *Epistolæ*, lib. i. iv. 15, 16.

² Thus altered by Johnson, —

All at her work the village maiden sings,

Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around.

³ See Sterne, page 379.

⁴ This line appears in the "Flowers of the Forest," part second, a later poem by Mrs. Cockburn. See Dyce's "Specimens of British Poetesses," p. 374.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1728-1774.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po.

The Traveller. Line 1

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Line 7.

And learn the luxury of doing good.¹

Line 22.

Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view.

Line 26.

These little things are great to little man.

Line 42.

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

Line 50.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam, —
His first, best country ever is at home.

Line 73.

Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.

Line 91.

Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.

Line 126.

The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.²

Line 137.

By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child.

Line 153.

But winter lingering chills the lap of May.

Line 172.

Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes.

Line 185.

So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Line 217.

¹ See Garth, page 295.

CRABBE: *Tales of the Hall*, book iii. GRAVES: *The Epicure*.

² See Pope, page 329.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

The Traveller. Line 251.

They please, are pleas'd; they give to get esteem,
 Till seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.¹

Line 266.

Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land.

Line 282.

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of humankind pass by.²

Line 327.

The land of scholars and the nurse of arms.

Line 356

For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those that think must govern those that toil.

Line 372.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.

Line 386.

Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main;
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thundering sound.

Line 409.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centres in the mind.

Line 423.

Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel.³

Line 436.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.

The Deserted Village. Line 1.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made.

Line 13.

¹ The character of the French.

² See Dryden, page 277.

³ When Davies asked for an explanation of "Luke's iron crown," Goldsmith referred him to a book called "Géographie Curieuse," and added that by "Damien's bed of steel" he meant the rack. — GRANGER: *Letters*, (1805), p. 52.

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love.

The Deserted Village. Line 29.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade, —
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;¹
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

Line 51.

His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

Line 61.

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease!

Line 99.

While Resignation gently slopes away,
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Line 110.

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

Line 121.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

Line 141.

Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.

Line 157.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's side.

Line 161.

And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Line 167.

¹ See Pope, page 329.

C'est un verre qui luit,

Qu'un souffle peut détruire, et qu'un souffle a produit

(It is a shining glass, which a breath may destroy, and which a breath has produced). — DE CAUX (comparing the world to his hour-glass).

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.¹

The Deserted Village. Line 179.

Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.

Line 183.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, —
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Line 189.

Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet was he kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declar'd how much he knew,
'T was certain he could write and cipher too.

Line 199.

In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Line 209.

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

Line 223.

The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay, —
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.²

Line 227.

¹ See Dryden, page 269.

² A cap by night, a stocking all the day — GOLDSMITH: *A Description of an Author's Bed-Chamber.*

The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose.¹
The Deserted Village. Line 232.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art. *Line 253.*

And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks if this be joy. *Line 263.*

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn. *Line 329.*

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe. *Line 344.*

In all the silent manliness of grief. *Line 384.*

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree!
 Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so. *Line 413.*

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
 It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.²

The Haunch of Venison.

As aromatic plants bestow
 No spicy fragrance while they grow;
 But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
 Diffuse their balmy sweets around.³

The Captivity. Act i.

To the last moment of his breath,
 On hope the wretch relies;
 And even the pang preceding death
 Bids expectation rise.⁴

Act ii.

¹ The twelve good rules were ascribed to King Charles I.: 1. Urge no healths. 2. Profane no divine ordinances. 3. Touch no state matters. 4. Reveal no secrets. 5. Pick no quarrels. 6. Make no comparisons. 7. Maintain no ill opinions. 8. Keep no bad company. 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meals. 11. Repeat no grievances. 12. Lay no wagers.

² See Tom Brown, page 286.

³ See Bacon, page 165.

⁴ The wretch condemn'd with life to part
 Still, still on hope relies;
 And every pang that rends the heart
 Bids expectation rise.

Original MS.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers our way ;¹
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray. *The Captivity. Act ii.*

Our Garrick's a salad ; for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree !
Retaliation. Line 11.

Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth :
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt. *Line 24.*

Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind ;
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
 To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote.
 Who too deep for his hearers still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing while they thought of dining :
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit. *Line 31.*

His conduct still right, with his argument wrong.
Line 46.

A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
Line 63.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man. *Line 93.*

As a wit, if not first, in the very first line. *Line 96.*

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
 'T was only that when he was off he was acting.
Line 101.

He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
Line 107.

Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please. *Line 112.*

¹ Hope, like the taper's gleamy light,
 Adorns the wretch's way.

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

Retaliation. Line 145.

The best-humour'd man, with the worst-humour'd Muse.¹
Postscript.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word
From those who spoke her praise.

Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.²

The king himself has followed her
When she has walk'd before.

Ibid.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.

Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

Ibid.

The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Ibid.

The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.³

Ibid.

¹ See Rochester, page 279.

² Written in imitation of "Chanson sur le fameux La Palisse," which is attributed to Bernard de la Monnoye:—

On dit que dans ses amours
Il fut caressé des belles,
Qui le suivirent toujours,
Tant qu'il marcha devant elles

(They say that in his love affairs he was petted by beauties, who always followed him as long as he walked before them).

³ While Fell was reposing himself in the hay,
A reptile concealed bit his leg as he lay;
But, all venom himself, of the wound he made light,
And got well, while the scorpion died of the bite.

LESSING: *Paraphrase of a Greek Epigram by Demodocus.*

essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable.

Vicar of Wakefield. Chap. vii.

I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellect too.

Ibid.

Turn, gentle Hermit of the Dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

The Hermit. Chap. viii. Stanza 1.

Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.¹

Ibid. Stanza 6.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.²

Stanza 8.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

Stanza 19.

The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

Stanza 33.

By the living jingo, she was all of a muck of sweat.

Chap. ix.

They would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

Ibid.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition.³

Chap. x.

To what happy accident⁴ is it that we owe so unexpected a visit?

Chap. xix.

¹ See Burton, page 185.

² See Young, page 308.

³ An object in possession seldom retains the same charm that it had in pursuit. — PLINY THE YOUNGER: *Letters, book ii. letter xv. 1.*

⁴ See Middleton, page 174.

THOMAS PERCY. 1728-1811.

Every white will have its blacke,
And every sweet its soure.

Reliques of Ancient Poetry. Sir Cauthine.

Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi' the auld moon in hir arme.¹ *Sir Patrick Spens*

He that had neyther been kith nor kin
Might have seen a full fayre sight.

Guy of Gisborne

Have you not heard these many years ago
Jeptha was judge of Israel ?

He had one only daughter and no mo,
The which he loved passing well ;

And as by lott,

God wot,

It so came to pass,

As God's will was.²

Jepthah, Judge of Israel.

A Robyn,

Jolly Robyn,

Tell me how thy leman does.³

A Robyn, Jolly Robyn

Where gripinge grefes the hart wounde,
And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,
There music with her silver sound⁴

With spede is wont to send redresse.

A Song to the Lute in Musicke.

¹ I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm.

From Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

² "As by lot, God wot;" and then you know, "It came to pass, as most like it was." — SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2.

³ Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*, act iv. sc. 2.

⁴ When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound.

SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*, act iv. sc. 5.

We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.¹ *Winifreda (1720)*

And when with envy Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys. *Ibid*

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a croune ;
He held them sixpence all too deere,
Therefore he call'd the taylor loune.

He was a wight of high renowne,
And those but of a low degree ;
Itt's pride that putts the countrye doune,
Then take thine old cloake about thee.²
Take thy old Cloak about Thee.

A poore soule sat sighing under a sycamore tree ;
Oh willow, willow, willow !
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee,
Oh willow, willow, willow !³ *Willow, willow, willow.*

When Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king.⁴
Sir Launcelot du Lake.

Shall I bid her goe ? What if I doe ?
Shall I bid her goe and spare not ?
Oh no, no, no ! I dare not.⁵
Corydon's Farewell to Phillis.

¹ See Chapman, page 37.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus (Nobility is the one only virtue). — JUVENAL: Satire viii. line 20.

² The first stanza is quoted in full, and the last line of the second, by Shakespeare in "Othello," act ii. sc. 3.

³ The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow ;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.

Othello, act iv. sc. 3.

⁴ Quoted by Shakespeare in Second Part of "Henry IV.," act ii. sc. 4.

⁵ Quoted by Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night," act ii. sc. 3.

But in vayne shee did conjure him
 To depart her presence soe;
 Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
 And but one to bid him goe.

Dulcina

—◆—

EDMUND BURKE. 1729–1797.

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own.

*A Vindication of Natural Society.*¹ *Preface, vol. i. p. 7.*

“War,” says Machiavel, “ought to be the only study of a prince;” and by a prince he means every sort of state, however constituted. “He ought,” says this great political doctor, “to consider peace only as a breathing-time, which gives him leisure to contrive, and furnishes ability to execute military plans.” A meditation on the conduct of political societies made old Hobbes imagine that war was the state of nature.

A Vindication of Natural Society. Vol. i. p. 16.

I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others.²

On the Sublime and Beautiful. Sect. xiv. vol. i. p. 118.

Custom reconciles us to everything.

Sect. xviii. vol. i. p. 231.

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

Observations on a Late Publication on the Present State of the Nation. Vol. i. p. 273.

The wisdom of our ancestors.³

Ibid. p. 516. Also in the Discussion on the Traitorous Correspondence Bill, 1793.

¹ Boston edition. 1865–1867.

² In the adversity of our best friends we always find something which is not wholly displeasing to us. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Reflections, xv.*

³ Lord Brougham says of Bacon, “He it was who first employed the well-known phrase of ‘the wisdom of our ancestors.’”

SYDNEY SMITH: *Plymley's Letters, letter v.* LORD ELDON: *On Sir Samuel Romilly's Bill, 1815.* CICERO: *De Legibus, ii. 2, 3.*

Illustrious predecessor.¹

Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents. Vol. i. p. 456

In such a strait the wisest may well be perplexed and the boldest staggered. *P. 516.*

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle. *P. 526.*

Of this stamp is the cant of, Not men, but measures.²

P. 531.

The concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear. *Speech on the Conciliation of America. Vol. ii. p. 108.*

There is America, which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners, yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world: *P. 115.*

Fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren. *P. 116.*

A people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

P. 117.

A wise and salutary neglect. *Ibid.*

My vigour relents, — I pardon something to the spirit of liberty. *P. 118.*

The religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principles of resistance: it is the dissidence of dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion. *P. 123.*

I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people. *P. 136*

The march of the human mind is slow.³

P. 149.

¹ See Fielding, page 364.

² See Goldsmith, page 401.

³ The march of intellect. — SOUTHEY: *Progress and Prospects of Society*, vol. ii. p. 360.

Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.¹

The Apology. Line 232.

No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours and excise our brains. *Night. Line 271.*

Apt alliteration's artful aid.

The Prophecy of Famine. Line 86.

There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starved spiders prey'd on half-starved flies.

Line 327.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.

Epistle to William Hogarth. Line 645.

Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt yet start at shame.

The Author. Line 233.

Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still.²

The Farewell. Line 27.

Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow.³ *Line 38.*



WILLIAM COWPER. 1731-1800.

Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.

Table Talk. Line 28.

As if the world and they were hand and glove. *Line 173.*

Happiness depends, as Nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose. *Line 246.*

¹ Steal! to be sure they may; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, — disguise them to make 'em pass for their own. — SHERIDAN: *The Critic, act i. sc. i.*

² England, with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country!

COWPER: *The Task, book ii. The Timepiece, line 206.*

³ Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam. — BYRON: *The Corsair, canto i. stanza 1.*

Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.

Table Talk. Line 260.

Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,
The substitute for genius, sense, and wit.

Line 542.

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard:
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.

Line 556.

Elegant as simplicity, and warm
As ecstasy.

Line 588.

Low ambition and the thirst of praise.¹

Line 591.

Made poetry a mere mechanic art.

Line 654.

Nature, exerting an unwearied power,
Forms, opens, and gives scent to every flower;
Spreads the fresh verdure of the field, and leads
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads.

Line 690.

Lights of the world, and stars of human race.

The Progress of Error. Line 97.

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home!

Line 415.

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true, —
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.

Truth. Line 327.

The sounding jargon of the schools.²

Line 367.

When one that holds communion with the skies
Has fill'd his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'T is e'en as if an angel shook his wings.

Charity. Line 435.

A fool must now and then be right by chance.

Conversation. Line 96

¹ See Pope, page 314.

² See Prior, page 287.

'T is Providence alone secures
In every change both mine and yours. *A Fable. Moral.*

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no. *Pairing Time Anticipated.*

Misses ! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry, —
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry. *Ibid.*

That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind. *History of John Gilpin.*

A hat not much the worse for wear. *Ibid.*

Now let us sing, Long live the king !
And Gilpin, Long live he !
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see ! *Ibid.*

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
To an Afflicted Protestant Lady.

United yet divided, twain at once :
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne.¹
The Task. Book i. The Sofa. Line 77.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. *Line 181.*

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged. *Line 506.*

Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade. *Line 673.*

God made the country, and man made the town.²
Line 749

¹ BUCKINGHAM : *The Rehearsal* (the two Kings of Brentford).

² See Bacon, page 167.

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!

The Task. Book iii. The Garden, Line 352.

Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too. *Line 566.*

I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate¹ wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Book iv. The Winter Evening. Line 34.

Which not even critics criticise. *Line 51.*

What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns? *Line 55.*

And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
'T is pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world, — to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd. *Line 86.*

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home. *Line 118.*

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year!² *Line 120.*

With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblems of untimely graves. *Line 217.*

In indolent vacuity of thought. *Line 297.*

It seems the part of wisdom. *Line 336.*

All learned, and all drunk! *Line 478*

¹ See Bishop Berkeley, page 312.

² See Thomson, page 356.

He sees that this great roundabout
 The world, with all its motley rout,
 Church, army, physic, law,
 Its customs and its businesses,
 Is no concern at all of his,
 And says — what says he? — Caw.

The Jackdaw. (Translation from Vincent Bourne.)

For 't is a truth well known to most,
 That whatsoever thing is lost,
 We seek it, ere it come to light,
 In every cranny but the right. *The Retired Cat.*

He that holds fast the golden mean,¹
 And lives contentedly between
 The little and the great,
 Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
 Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door.

Translation of Horace. Book ii. Ode x.

But strive still to be a man before your mother.²
Connoisseur. Motto of No. iii.



ERASMUS DARWIN. 1731–1802.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd steam! afar
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
 Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
 The flying chariot through the field of air.

The Botanic Garden. Part i. Canto i. Line 289.

No radiant pearl which crested Fortune wears,
 No gem that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,
 Not the bright stars which Night's blue arch adorn,
 Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
 Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
 Down Virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

Part ii. Canto iii. Line 450.

¹ Keep the golden mean. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim* 1072.

² See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 199.

BEILBY PORTEUS. 1731-1808.

In sober state,
Through the sequestered vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way.¹

Death. Line 108.

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.²

Line 154.

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.

Line 178.

Teach him how to live,
And, oh still harder lesson! how to die.³

Line 316.



GEORGE WASHINGTON. 1732-1799.

Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of
celestial fire, — conscience.

Rule from the Copy-book of Washington when a schoolboy

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual
means of preserving peace.⁴

Speech to both Houses of Congress, Jun. 8, 1790.

'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alli-
ances with any portion of the foreign world.

His Farewell Address.

¹ See Gray, page 385.

² See Young, page 311.

³ See Tickell, page 313.

⁴ Qui desiderat pacem præparet bellum (Who would desire peace should be prepared for war). — VEGETIUS: *Rei Militari* 3, *Prolog.*

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello (In peace, as a wise man, he should make suitable preparation for war). — HORACE: *Book ii. satire ii.*

There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'. *The Mariner's Wife.*¹

His very foot has music in 't
As he comes up the stairs. *Ibid.*



JOHN LANGHORNE. 1735–1779.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew
Gave the sad presage of his future years, —
The child of misery, baptized in tears.²
The Country Justice. Part i



ISAAC BICKERSTAFF. 1735–1787.

Hope! thou nurse of young desire.
Love in a Village. Act i. Sc. 1.

There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sung from morn till night:
No lark more blithe than he. *Sc. 2.*

And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be, —
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If no one cares for me.³ *Ibid.*

¹ "The Mariner's Wife" is now given "by common consent," says Sarah Tytler, to Jean Adam (1710–1765).

² This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow on the field of battle was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned that the only time he saw Burns this picture was in the room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, was the only person present who could tell him where the lines were to be found. — LOCKHART: *Life of Scott, vol. i. chap. iv.*

³ If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.

BURNS: *I hae a Wife o' my Ain*

JOHN ADAMS. 1735–1826.

Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America; and a greater perhaps never was, nor will be, decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony, that those United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. *Letter to Mrs. Adams, July 3, 1776.*

The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore. *Ibid.*



PATRICK HENRY. 1736–1799.

Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First, his Cromwell; and George the Third ["Treason!" cried the Speaker] — *may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it.

Speech in the Virginia Convention, 1765.

I am not a Virginian, but an American.¹

Ibid. September, 1774.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know no way of judging of the future but by the past.² *Ibid. March, 1775.*

¹ I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American! — WEBSTER: *Speech, July 17, 1850.*

² See Burke, page 411.

A fellow in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down.

Farewell Odes. Ode iii.



MRS. THRALE. 1739–1821.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground :
'T was therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pain grows sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears. *Three Warnings.*



CHARLES MORRIS. 1739–1832.

Solid men of Boston, banish long potations !
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations !¹
*Pitt and Dundas's Return to London from Wimbledon.
American Song. From Lyra Urbanica.*

O give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall !
Town and Country.



A. M. TOPLADY. 1740–1778.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. *Salvation through Christ.*

¹ Solid men of Boston, make no long orations !
Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations !
*Billy Pitt and the Farmer. From Debrett's Asylum for
Fugitive Pieces, vol. ii. p. 250.*

THOMAS MOSS. 1740–1808.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;
 Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
The Beggar.

A pampered menial drove me from the door.¹ *Ibid.*



MRS. BARBAULD. 1743–1825.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
 And souls are ripened in our northern sky.
The Invitation.

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
 And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
A Summer's Evening Meditation.

It is to hope, though hope were lost.²
Come here, Fond Youth.

Life ! we 've been long together
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
 'T is hard to part when friends are dear, —
 Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time ;
 Say not " Good night," but in some brighter clime
 Bid me " Good morning."
Life.

¹ This line stood originally, " A liveried servant," etc., and was altered as above by Goldsmith. — FORSTER: *Life of Goldsmith*, vol. i. p. 215 (fifth edition, 1871).

² Who against hope believed in hope. — *Romans iv. 18.*

Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive. — MONTGOMERY: *The World before the Flood.*

So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;¹
 So dies a wave along the shore.

The Death of the Virtuous.

Child of mortality, whence comest thou ? Why is
 thy countenance sad, and why are thine eyes red with
 weeping ?

Hymns in Prose. xiii.



THOMAS JEFFERSON. 1743–1826.

The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same
 time.

Summary View of the Rights of British America.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes neces-
 sary for one people to dissolve the political bands which
 have connected them with another, and to assume among
 the powers of the earth the separate and equal station
 to which the laws of nature and of nature's God² entitle
 them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind re-
 quires that they should declare the causes which impel
 them to the separation.

Declaration of Independence.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, — that all men
 are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Cre-
 ator with certain unalienable rights ;³ that among these
 are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Ibid.

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our for-
 tunes, and our sacred honour.

Ibid.

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left
 free to combat it.

First Inaugural Address. March 4, 1801.

¹ See Chaucer, page 6.

² See Bolingbroke, page 304.

³ All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential,
 and unalienable rights. — *Constitution of Massachusetts.*

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, — entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; . . . freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected, — these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation.

First Inaugural Address. March 4, 1801.

In the full tide of successful experiment. *Ibid.*

Of the various executive abilities, no one excited more anxious concern than that of placing the interests of our fellow-citizens in the hands of honest men, with understanding sufficient for their stations.¹ No duty is at the same time more difficult to fulfil. The knowledge of character possessed by a single individual is of necessity limited. To seek out the best through the whole Union, we must resort to the information which from the best of men, acting disinterestedly and with the purest motives, is sometimes incorrect.

Letter to Elias Shipman and others of New Haven, July 12, 1801.

If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignation, none.² *Ibid.*

¹ This passage is thus paraphrased by John B. McMaster in his "History of the People of the United States" (ii. 586): "One sentence will undoubtedly be remembered till our republic ceases to exist. 'No duty the Executive had to perform was so trying,' he observed, 'as to put the right man in the right place.'"

² Usually quoted, "Few die and none resign."

HANNAH MORE. 1745–1833.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
 And those who know thee, know all words are faint!
Sensibility.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
 And half our misery from our foibles springs. *Ibid.*

In men this blunder still you find, —
 All think their little set mankind. *Florio. Part i.*

Small habits well pursued betimes
 May reach the dignity of crimes. *Ibid.*



LORD STOWELL. 1745–1836.

A dinner lubricates business.
Life of Johnson (Boswell). Vol. viii. p. 67, note.

The elegant simplicity of the three per cents.¹
Lives of the Lord Chancellors (Campbell). Vol. x. Chap. 212.



SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746–1794.

Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand. *A Persian Song of Hafiz.*

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,
 Like orient pearls at random strung.² *Ibid.*

¹ The sweet simplicity of the three per cents. — DISRAELI (Earl Beaconsfield): *Endymion*.

² 'T was he that ranged the words at random flung,
 Pierced the fair pearls and them together strung.
 EASTWICK: *Anvari Suhaili*. (Translated from Firdousi.)

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

From the Persian

What constitutes a state ?

Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.¹

Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.²



JOHN LOGAN. 1748–1788.

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

To the Cuckoo.

Oh could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make with joyful wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

Ibid.

¹ Neither walls, theatres, porches, nor senseless equipage, make states, but men who are able to rely upon themselves.—ARISTIDES: *Oration* (Jebb's edition), vol. i. (trans. by A. W. Austin).

By Themistocles alone, or with very few others, does this saying appear to be approved, which, though Alcæus formerly had produced, many afterwards claimed: "Not stones, nor wood, nor the art of artisans, make a state; but where men are who know how to take care of themselves, these are cities and walls." — *Ibid.* vol. ii.

² See Coke, page 24.

JONATHAN M. SEWALL. 1748–1808.

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.

*Epilogue to Cato.*¹

JOHN EDWIN. 1749–1790.

A man's ingress into the world is naked and bare,
His progress through the world is trouble and care;
And lastly, his egress out of the world, is nobody knows
where.

If we do well here, we shall do well there:
I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year.²

The Eccentricities of John Edwin (second edition), vol. i. p. 74.
London, 1791.

JOHN TRUMBULL. 1750–1831.

But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen. *McFingal. Canto i. Line 67.*

But as some muskets so contrive it
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And though well aimed at duck or plover,
Bear wide, and kick their owners over. *Line 93.*

As though there were a tie
And obligation to posterity.
We get them, bear them, breed, and nurse:
What has posterity done for us

¹ Written for the Bow Street Theatre, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

² These lines Edwin offers as heads of a "sermon." Longfellow places them in the mouth of "The Cobbler of Hagenau," as a "familiar tune." See "The Wayside Inn, part ii. The Student's Tale."

An oyster may be crossed in love.

The Critic. Act iii. Sc. 1

You shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.

School for Scandal. Act i. Sc. 1.

Here is the whole set! a character dead at every word.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

I leave my character behind me.

Ibid.

Here 's to the maiden of bashful fifteen ;

Here 's to the widow of fifty ;

Here 's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,

And here 's to the housewife that 's thrifty !

Let the toast pass ;

Drink to the lass ;

I 'll warrant she 'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance.

Act v. Sc. 1.

It was an amiable weakness.¹

Ibid.

I ne'er could any lustre see

In eyes that would not look on me ;

I ne'er saw nectar on a lip

But where my own did hope to sip.

The Duenna. Act i. Sc. 2.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,

I ne'er could injure you.

Sc. 5.

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics.

Act ii. Sc. 4.

While his off-heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.

Pizarro. The Prologue.

Such protection as vultures give to lambs.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

¹ See Fielding, page 364.

A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line, — by deeds, not years.¹

Pizarro. Act iv. Sc. 1.

The Right Honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.²

Speech in Reply to Mr. Dundas. Sheridaniana.

You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's curst hard reading.

Clio's Protest. Life of Sheridan (Moore). Vol. i. p. 155.

PHILIP FRENEAU. 1752–1832.

The hunter and the deer a shade.³ *The Indian Burying-Ground.*

Then rushed to meet the insulting foe ;
They took the spear, but left the shield.⁴

To the Memory of the Americans who fell at Eutaw.

GEORGE CRABBE. 1754–1832.

Oh, rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain ;
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun.⁵

The Parish Register. Part i. Introduction.

¹ He who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him.

BYRON : *Childe Harold, canto iii. stanza 5.*

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths. — BAILEY : *Festus. A Country Town.*

Who well lives, long lives : for this age of ours
Should not be numbered by years, daies, and hours.

DU BARTAS : *Days and Weekes. Fourth Day. Book ii.*

² On peut dire que son esprit brille aux dépens de sa mémoire (One may say that his wit shines by the help of his memory). — LE SAGE : *Gil Blas, livre iii. chap. xi.*

³ This line was appropriated by Campbell in "O'Connor's Child."

⁴ When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatched the spear, but left the shield.

SCOTT : *Marmion, Introduction to canto iii.*

⁵ See Young, page 311.

Her air, her manners, all who saw admir'd;
 Courteous though coy, and gentle though retir'd;
 The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
 And ease of heart her every look convey'd.

The Parish Register. Part ii. Marriages.

In this fool's paradise he drank delight.¹

The Borough. Letter xii. Players.

Books cannot always please, however good;
 Minds are not ever craving for their food.

Letter xxiv. Schools.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
 Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.

The Birth of Flattery.

Cut and come again.

Tales. Tale vii. The Widow's Tale.

Better to love amiss than nothing to have loved.²

Tale xiv. The Struggles of Conscience.

But 't was a maxim he had often tried,
 That right was right, and there he would abide.³

Tale xv. The Squire and the Priest.

'T was good advice, and meant, my son, Be good.

Tale xxi. The Learned Boy.

He tried the luxury of doing good.⁴

Tales of the Hall. Book iii. Boys at School.

To sigh, yet not recede; to grieve, yet not repent.⁵ *Ibid.*

And took for truth the test of ridicule.⁶

Book viii. The Sisters.

¹ See Appendix, page 858.

² 'T is better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, xxvii.

³ For right is right, since God is God. — FABER: *The Right must win.*

⁴ See Goldsmith, page 394.

⁵ To sigh, yet feel no pain. — MOORE: *The Blue Stocking.*

⁶ See Appendix, page 394.

Time has touched me gently in his race,
And left no odious furrows in my face.¹

Tales of the Hall. Book xvii. The Widow

—◆—

GEORGE BARRINGTON. 1755—

True patriots all; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.²

*Prologue written for the Opening of the Play-house at
New South Wales, Jan. 16, 1796.*

—◆—

HENRY LEE. 1756—1816.

To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace,
and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Memoirs of Lee. Eulogy on Washington, Dec. 26, 1799.³

—◆—

J. P. KEMBLE. 1757—1823.

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But — why did you kick me down stairs? ⁴

The Panel. Act i. Sc. 1.

¹ Touch us gently, Time. — B. W. PROCTER: *Touch us gently, Time.*

Time has laid his hand

Upon my heart, gently.

LONGFELLOW: *The Golden Legend, iv.*

² See Farquhar, page 305.

³ To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. — *Resolutions presented to the United States' House of Representatives, on the Death of Washington, December, 1799.*

The eulogy was delivered a week later. Marshall, in his "Life of Washington," vol. v. p. 767, says in a note that these resolutions were prepared by Colonel Henry Lee, who was then not in his place to read them. General Robert E. Lee, in the Life of his father (1869), prefixed to the Report of his father's "Memoirs of the War of the Revolution," gives (p. 5) the expression "fellow-citizens;" but on p. 52 he says: "But there is a line, a single line, in the Works of Lee which would hand him over to immortality, though he had never written another: 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen' will last while language lasts."

⁴ Altered from Bickerstaff's "'Tis Well 't is no Worse." The lines are also found in Debrett's "Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," vol. i. p. 15.

HORATIO NELSON. 1758–1805.

In the battle off Cape St. Vincent, Nelson gave orders for boarding the "San Josef," exclaiming "Westminster Abbey, or victory!" *Life of Nelson* (Southey). Vol. i. p. 93.

England expects every man to do his duty.¹
Vol. ii. p. 131.



ROBERT BURNS. 1759–1796.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!²

Green grow the Rashies.

Some books are lies frae end to end.

Death and Dr. Hornbook.

Some wee short hours ayont the twal.

Ibid.

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley;
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.

To a Mouse.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare.

Man was made to Mourn.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

Ibid.

¹ This famous sentence is thus first reported: "Say to the fleet, England confides that every man will do his duty." Captain Pasco, Nelson's flag-lieutenant, suggested to substitute "expects" for "confides," which was adopted. Captain Blackwood, who commanded the "Euryalis," says that the correction suggested was from "Nelson expects" to "England expects."

² Man was made when Nature was
But an apprentice, but woman when she
Was a skilful mistress of her art.

Cupid's Whirligig (1607).

Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
gale. *Ibid.*

He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God," he says with solemn air.

Ibid.

Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name.

Ibid.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,

"An honest man 's the noblest work of God." ¹

Ibid.

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle 's a' that.

The Jolly Beggars.

O Life! how pleasant is thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,

We frisk away,

Like schoolboys at th' expected warning,

To joy and play.

Epistle to James Smith.

Misled by fancy's meteor ray,

By passion driven;

But yet the light that led astray

Was light from heaven.

The Vision.

And like a passing thought, she fled

In light away.

Ibid.

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, — how exquisite the bliss!

A Winter Night.

His locked, lettered, braw brass collar
Showed him the gentleman and scholar.

The Two Dogs

¹ See Fletcher, page 183.

And there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.

The Two Dogs

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

To a Louse.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.¹

Address to the Unco Guid.

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

Ibid.

Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom.²

To a Mountain Daisy.

O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!

Despondency.

Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Epistle to a Young Friend.

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

Ibid.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;³
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border.

Ibid.

An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

Ibid.

And may you better reck the rede,⁴
Than ever did the adviser!

Ibid.

¹ See Pope, page 325.

² See Burton, page 193.

³ See Young, page 309.

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 129.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes ;
Flow gently, I 'll sing thee a song in thy praise.

Flow gently, sweet Afton.

Oh whistle, and I 'll come to ye, my lad.¹

Whistle, and I 'll come to ye.

If naeboddy care for me,
I 'll care for naeboddy.²

I hae a Wife o' my Ain

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

Auld Lang Syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine.

Ibid.

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark !
Who in widow weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse ?

Ode on Mrs. Oswald.

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife, —
That 's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

Epistle to Dr. Blacklock.

If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it ;
A chiel 's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he 'll prent it.

On Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent.

John Anderson.

¹ See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 198.

² See Bickerstaff, page 427.

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer.¹

My Heart 's in the Highlands.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

My Wife 's a Winsome Wee Thing.

The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Highland Mary.

But, oh ! fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower sae early.

Ibid.

It 's guid to be merry and wise,²
It 's guid to be honest and true,
It 's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here 's a Health to Them that 's Awa'.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory !

Now 's the day and now 's the hour ;
See the front o' battle lour.

Bannockburn.

Liberty 's in every blow !
Let us do or die.³

Ibid.

In durance vile ⁴ here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep.

Epistle from Esopus to Maria.

¹ These lines from an old song, entitled "The Strong Walls of Derry," Burns made a basis for his own beautiful ditty.

² See Heywood, page 9.

³ See Fletcher, page 183.

⁴ Durance vile. — W. KENRICK (1766): *Falstaff's Wedding*, act i. sc. 2.
BURKE : *The Present Discontents*.

- But to see her was to love her,¹
 Love but her, and love forever. *As Fond Kiss.*
- Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted! *Ibid.*
- To see her is to love her,
 And love but her forever;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And never made anither! *Bonny Lesley.*
- Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care? *The Banks of Doon.*
- Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe. *Sweet Sensibility.*
- The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.² *For a' that and a' that.*
- A prince can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.³ *Ibid.*
- 'T is sweeter for thee despairing
 Than aught in the world beside, — Jessy! *Jessy.*
- Some hae meat and canna eat,
 And some would eat that want it;
 But we hae meat, and we can eat,
 Sae let the Lord be thankit. *Grace before Meat.*
- It was a' for our rightfu' King
 We left fair Scotland's strand. *A' for our Rightfu' King.⁴*

¹ To know her was to love her. — ROGERS : *Jacqueline*, stanza 1.

² I weigh the man, not his title; 't is not the king's stamp can make the metal better. — WYCHERLY : *The Plaindealer*, act i. sc. 1.

³ See Southerne, page 282.

⁴ This ballad first appeared in Johnson's "Museum," 1796. Sir Walter Scott was never tired of hearing it sung.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain. *A' for our Rightfu' King.*

He turn'd him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle reins a shake,
With, "Adieu for evermore, my dear,
And adieu for evermore."¹ *Ibid.*

WILLIAM PITT. 1759-1806.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants ; it is the creed
of slaves.² *Speech on the India Bill, November, 1783.*

Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies ; and all
That shared its shelter perish in its fall.
 The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. No. xxxv.

ANDREW CHERRY. 1762-1812.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers. *The Bay of Biscay.*

As she lay, on that day,
In the bay of Biscay, O! *Ibid.*

¹ Under the impression that this stanza is ancient, Scott has made very free use of it, first in "Rokeby" (1813), and then in the "Monastery" (1816). In "Rokeby" he thus introduces the verse : —

He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore, my love,
And adieu for evermore."

² See Milton, page 232.

SAMUEL ROGERS. 1763–1855.

Sweet Memory! wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail.

The Pleasures of Memory. Part ii. i.

She was good as she was fair,
None — none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are:
To know her was to love her.¹

Jacqueline. Stanza 1.

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.²

Stanza 3.

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.

Human Life.

Fireside happiness, to hours of ease
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.

Ibid.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

Ibid.

Then never less alone than when alone.³

Ibid.

Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves, — not dead, but gone before,⁴ —
He gathers round him.

Ibid.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near. *A Wish.*

¹ See Burns, page 452.

None knew thee but to love thee. — HALLECK: *On the Death of Drake.*

² See Bacon, page 165.

³ See Gibbon, page 430.

Numquam se minus otiosum esse, quam quum otiosus, nec minus solum, quam quum solus esset (He is never less at leisure than when at leisure, nor less alone than when he is alone). — CICERO: *De Officiis, liber iii. c. 1.*

⁴ This is literally from Seneca, *Epistola lxxiii. 16.* See Mathew Henry page 283.

That very law which moulds a tear
 And bids it trickle from its source, —
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,
 And guides the planets in their course.

On a Tear.

Go! you may call it madness, folly;
 You shall not chase my gloom away!
 There's such a charm in melancholy
 I would not if I could be gay.

To ———.

To vanish in the chinks that Time has made.¹

Pastor.

Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it:
 He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

Epigram.

JOHN FERRIAR. 1764–1815.

The princeps copy, clad in blue and gold.

Illustrations of Sterne. Bibliomania. Line 6.

Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold.

Line 65.

Torn from their destined page (unworthy meed
 Of knightly counsel and heroic deed).

Line 121.

How pure the joy, when first my hands unfold
 The small, rare volume, black with tarnished gold!

Line 137

ANN RADCLIFFE. 1764–1823.

Fate sits on these dark battlements and frowns,
 And as the portal opens to receive me,
 A voice in hollow murmurs through the courts
 Tells of a nameless deed.²

¹ See Waller, page 221.

² These lines form the motto to Mrs. Radcliffe's novel, "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and are presumably of her own composition.

ROBERT HALL. 1764–1831.

His [Burke's] imperial fancy has laid all Nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art.

Apology for the Freedom of the Press.

He [Kippis] might be a very clever man by nature for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move.

Gregory's Life of Hall.

Call things by their right names. . . . Glass of brandy and water! That is the current but not the appropriate name: ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation.¹

Ibid.

THOMAS MORTON. 1764–1838.

What will Mrs. Grundy say? *Speed the Plough. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Push on, — keep moving.

A Cure for the Heartache. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed.

Act v. Sc. 2.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH. 1765–1832.

Diffused knowledge immortalizes itself.

Vindiciae Gallicae.

The Commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity.

Ibid.

Disciplined inaction.

Causes of the Revolution of 1688. Chap. vii.

The frivolous work of polished idleness.

Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy. Remarks on Thomas Brown.

¹ See Tournour, page 34.

He calls drunkenness an expression identical with ruin. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Pythagoras, vi.*

LADY NAIRNE. 1766–1845.

There 's nae sorrow there, John,
 There 's neither cauld nor care, John,
 The day is aye fair,
 In the land o' the leal.

The Land o' the Leal.

Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.

Gude Nicht, etc.¹

Oh, we 're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin';
 Oh, we 're a' noddin' at our house at hame.

We 're a' Noddin'.

A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

The Laird o' Cockpen.



ANDREW JACKSON. 1767–1845.

Our Federal Union: it must be preserved.

Toast given on the Jefferson Birthday Celebration in 1830.

You are uneasy; you never sailed with *me* before, I
 see.²

Life of Jackson (Parton). Vol. iii. p. 493.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. 1767–1848.

Think of your forefathers! Think of your posterity!³

Speech at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1802.

In charity to all mankind, bearing no malice or ill-will
 to any human being, and even compassionating those
 who hold in bondage their fellow-men, not knowing what
 they do.⁴

Letter to A. Bronson. July 30, 1838.

¹ Sir Alexander Boswell composed a version of this song.

² A remark made to an elderly gentleman who was sailing with Jackson down Chesapeake Bay in an old steamboat, and who exhibited a little fear.

³ Et majores vestros et posteros cogitate. — TACITUS: *Agricola*, c. 32. 31.

⁴ With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right. — ABRAHAM LINCOLN: *Second Inaugural Address*.

This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
 For Freedom only deals the deadly blow;
 Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
 For gentle peace in Freedom's hallowed shade.¹

Written in an Album, 1842.

This is the last of earth! I am content.

His Last Words, Feb. 21, 1848.



DAVID EVERETT. 1769–1813.

You 'd scarce expect one of my age
 To speak in public on the stage;
 And if I chance to fall below
 Demosthenes or Cicero,
 Don't view me with a critic's eye,
 But pass my imperfections by.
 Large streams from little fountains flow,
 Tall oaks from little acorns grow.²

Lines written for a School Declamation.



SYDNEY SMITH. 1769–1845.

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into
 a Scotch understanding.³ *Lady Holland's Memoir. Vol. i. p. 15.*

That knuckle-end of England, — that land of Calvin,
 oat-cakes, and sulphur. *P. 17.*

No one minds what Jeffrey says: . . . it is not more
 than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully
 of the equator. *Ibid.*

¹ See Sidney, page 264.

² The lofty oak from a small acorn grows.—LEWIS DUNCOMBE (1711-1730): *De Minimis Maxima* (translation).

³ See Walpole, page 389.

We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal.¹

Memoir. Vol. i. p. 23.

Truth is its [justice's] handmaid, freedom is its child, peace is its companion, safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train; it is the brightest emanation from the Gospel; it is the attribute of God.

P. 29.

It is always right that a man should be able to render a reason for the faith that is within him.

P. 53.

Avoid shame, but do not seek glory, — nothing so expensive as glory.²

P. 88.

Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.

P. 130.

Looked as if she had walked straight out of the ark.

P. 157.

The Smiths never had any arms, and have invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs.

P. 244.

Not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed.

P. 258.

He has spent all his life in letting down empty buckets into empty wells; and he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again.³

P. 259.

You find people ready enough to do the Samaritan, without the oil and twopence.

P. 261.

Ah, you flavour everything; you are the vanilla of society.

P. 262.

My living in Yorkshire was so far out of the way, that it was actually twelve miles from a lemon.

P. 262.

¹ Mr. Smith, with reference to the "Edinburgh Review," says: "The motto I proposed for the 'Review' was 'Tenui musam meditamus avena;' but this was too near the truth to be admitted; so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, read a single line."

² A favorite motto, which through life Mr. Smith inculcated on his family.

³ See Cowper, page 419.

As the French say, there are three sexes, — men, women, and clergymen.¹ *Memoir. Vol. i. p. 262.*

To take Macaulay out of literature and society and put him in the House of Commons, is like taking the chief physician out of London during a pestilence. *P. 265.*

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers. *P. 267.*

“Heat, ma’am!” I said; “it was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.” *Ibid.*

Macaulay is like a book in breeches. . . . He has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful. *P. 363.*

Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, — I have dined to-day.²
Recipe for Salad. P. 374.

Thank God for tea! What would the world do without tea? — how did it exist? I am glad I was not born before tea. *P. 383.*

If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes upon a table, of different shapes, — some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong, — and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other.³

Sketches of Moral Philosophy.

¹ Lord Wharncliffe says, “The well-known sentence, almost a proverb, that ‘this world consists of men, women, and Herveys,’ was originally Lady Montagu’s.” — *Montagu Letters, vol. i. p. 64.*

² See Dryden, p. 273.

³ The right man to fill the right place. — LAYARD: *Speech, Jan. 15, 1855.*

The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death.

Review of Seybert's Annals of the United States, 1820.

In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue? *Ibid.*

Magnificent spectacle of human happiness.

America. Edinburgh Review, July, 1824.

In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm [at Sidmouth], Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But I need not tell you that the contest was unequal; the Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington.

Speech at Taunton, 1813.

Men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light. *On American Debts.*



J. HOOKHAM FRERE. 1769–1846.

And don't confound the language of the nation
With long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*.

The Monks and the Giants. Canto i. Line 6.

A sudden thought strikes me, — let us swear an eternal
friendship.¹

The Rovers. Act i. Sc. 1.

¹ See Otway, page 280.

My fair one, let us swear an eternal friendship. — MOLIÈRE: *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, act iv. sc. 1.

GEORGE CANNING. 1770–1827.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first. *Ibid.*

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying *three* INSIDES.

The Loves of the Triangles. Line 178.

And finds, with keen, discriminating sight,
Black's not so black, — nor white so *very* white.

New Morality.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet, — perhaps may turn his blow!
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh save me from the *candid friend!*¹ *Ibid.*

I called the New World into existence to redress the
balance of the Old.

The King's Message, Dec. 12, 1826.

No, here's to the pilot that weathered the storm!

The Pilot that weathered the Storm.



WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER. 1770–1834.

Too late I stayed, — forgive the crime!
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of time²
That only treads on flowers.

Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.

¹ "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies."
The French *Anna* assign to Maréchal Villars this aphorism when taking leave
of Louis XIV.

² See Shakespeare, page 74.

Sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart.

Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey.

That best portion of a good man's life, —
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

Ibid.

That blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened.

Ibid.

The fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart.

Ibid.

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, — a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.

Ibid.

But hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity.

Ibid.

A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man, —
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

Ibid.

Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.

Ibid.

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life.

Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey

Men who can hear the Decalogue, and feel
No self-reproach.

The Old Cumberland Beggar.

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die!

Ibid.

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon.

Peter Bell. Prologue. Stanza 1.

The common growth of Mother Earth
Suffices me, — her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

Stanza 27.

Full twenty times was Peter feared,
For once that Peter was respected.

Part i. Stanza 3.

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Stanza 12.

The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

Stanza 15.

On a fair prospect some have looked,
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.

Stanza 16.

As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky!

Stanza 26.¹

¹ The original edition (London, 1819, 8vo) had the following as the fourth stanza from the end of Part i., which was omitted in all subsequent editions: —

Is it a party in a parlour?
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed, —
Some sipping punch. some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
Ail silent and all damned.

One of those heavenly days that cannot die. *Nutting.*

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove, —
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love. *She dwelt among the untrodden ways.*

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye ;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky. *Ibid.*

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh
The difference to me ! *Ibid.*

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.
Three years she grew in Sun and Shower.

May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn *hic jacet* ! *Ellen Irwin.*

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears ;
And humble cares, and delicate fears ;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears ;
And love and thought and joy. *The Sparrow's Nest.*

The child is father of the man.¹
My heart leaps up when I behold.

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one ! *The Cock is crowing*

¹ See Milton, page 241.

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

To the Daisy.

The poet's darling.

Ibid.

Thou unassuming commonplace
Of Nature.

To the same Flower.

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose type of things through all degrees.

Ibid.

Sweet Mercy ! to the gates of heaven
This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven ;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven

 With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven

 Effaced forever. *Thoughts suggested on the Banks of the Nith.*

The best of what we do and are,
 Just God, forgive !

Ibid.

For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

The Solitary Reaper.

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain
That has been, and may be again.

Ibid.

The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

Ibid.

Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice ;
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance.

Address to Kilchurn Castle.

A famous man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy.

Rob Roy's Grave.

 Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, — the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
 And they should keep who can.

Ibid.

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.

She was a Phantom of Delight.

That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

I wandered lonely.

To be a Prodigal's favourite, — then, worse truth,
A Miser's pensioner, — behold our lot!

The Small Celandine.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!¹

Ode to Duty.

A light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove.

Ibid.

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

Ibid.

The light that never was, on sea or land;
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.

Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm. Stanza 4.

Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

To a Young Lady. Dear Child of Nature.

But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

Ibid.

Where the statue stood
Of Newton, with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone.

The Prelude. Book iii.

¹ See Milton, page 239.

Another morn

Risen on mid-noon.¹*The Prelude. Book vi*Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!*Book xi.*

The budding rose above the rose full blown.

Ibid.

There is

One great society alone on earth :
The noble living and the noble dead.*Ibid.*Who, doomed to go in company with Pain
And Fear and Bloodshed, — miserable train! —
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.*Character of the Happy Warrior.*Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives.*Ibid.*But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for humankind,
Is happy as a lover.*Ibid.*And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.*Ibid.*Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray.*Ibid.*Like, — but oh how different! *Yes, it was the Mountain Echo.*The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours.*Miscellaneous Sonnets. Part i. xxxiii*Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;¹ See Milton, page 235.

At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Ode. Intimations of Immortality. Stanza 5.

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction.

Stanza 9.

Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised.

Ibid.

Truths that wake,
To perish never.

Ibid.

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.

Ibid.

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower.

Stanza 10.

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

Ibid.

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

Stanza 11.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Ibid.

Two voices are there : one is of the sea,
One of the mountains, — each a mighty voice.

Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.

Earth helped him with the cry of blood.¹

Song at the Feast of Broughton Castle.

The silence that is in the starry sky.

Ibid

¹ This line is from Sir John Beaumont's "Battle of Bosworth Field."

Mightier far

Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is Love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.
Laodamia.

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place. *Ibid.*

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal, —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure. *Ibid.*

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams. *Ibid.*

Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone. *Ibid.*

But shapes that come not at an earthly call
Will not depart when mortal voices bid. *Dion.*

But thou that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation. *Yarrow Visited.*

'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.
Weak is the Will of Man.

We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud
And magnify thy name Almighty God!
But man is thy most awful instrument
In working out a pure intent.
Ode. Imagination before Content.

Alas ! how little can a moment show
 Of an eye where feeling plays
 In ten thousand dewy rays :
 A face o'er which a thousand shadows go ! *The Triad*

Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.
On the Power of Sound. xii.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
 That no philosophy can lift. *Presentiments.*

Nature's old felicities. *The Trossachs.*

Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
 Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
 Have passed away ; less happy than the one
 That by the unwilling ploughshare died to prove
 The tender charm of poetry and love.
Poems composed during a Tour in the Summer of 1833. xxxvii.

Small service is true service while it lasts.
 Of humblest friends, bright creature ! scorn not one :
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.
To a Child. Written in her Album.

Since every mortal power of Coleridge
 Was frozen at its marvellous source,
 The rapt one, of the godlike forehead,
 The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth :
 And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
 Has vanished from his lonely hearth.
Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg.

How fast has brother followed brother,
 From sunshine to the sunless land ! *Ibid.*

Those old credulities, to Nature dear,
 Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
 Of history ? *Memorials of a Tour in Italy. ix.*

How does the meadow-flower its bloom unfold ?
 Because the lovely little flower is free
 Down to its root, and in that freedom bold.

A Poet ! He hath put his Heart to School

Minds that have nothing to confer
 Find little to perceive.

Yes, Thou art Fair.



SIR WALTER SCOTT. 1771-1832.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.

Lay of the Last Minstrel. Canto i. Stanza 7.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Canto ii. Stanza 1.

O fading honours of the dead !
 O high ambition, lowly laid !

Stanza 10.

I was not always a man of woe.

Stanza 12.

I cannot tell how the truth may be ;
 I say the tale as 't was said to me.

Stanza 22.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
 In hamlets, dances on the green.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below and saints above ;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Canto iii. Stanza 1.

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
 For lovers love the western star.

Stanza 24.

Along thy wild and willow'd shore.

Canto iv. Stanza 1.

Ne'er

Was flattery lost on poet's ear ;
 A simple race ! they waste their toil
 For the vain tribute of a smile.

Stanza 35

Fantastic as a woman's mood,
 And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.
 Thou many-headed monster¹ thing,
 Oh who would wish to be thy king!

Lady of the Lake. Canto v. Stanza 30.

Where, where was Roderick then?
 One blast upon his bugle horn
 Were worth a thousand men.

Canto vi. Stanza 18.

In man's most dark extremity
 Oft succour dawns from Heaven.

Lord of the Isles. Canto i. Stanza 20.

Spangling the wave with lights as vain
 As pleasures in the vale of pain,
 That dazzle as they fade.

Stanza 23.

Oh, many a shaft at random sent
 Finds mark the archer little meant!
 And many a word at random spoken
 May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken!

Canto v. Stanza 18.

Where lives the man that has not tried
 How mirth can into folly glide,

And folly into sin! *Bridal of Triermain. Canto i. Stanza 21.*

Still are the thoughts to memory dear.

Rokeby. Canto i. Stanza 32.

A mother's pride, a father's joy.

Canto iii. Stanza 15.

Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer's queen.

Stanza 16.

Thus aged men, full loth and slow,
 The vanities of life forego,
 And count their youthful follies o'er,
 Till Memory lends her light no more.

Canto v. Stanza 1.

¹ See Massinger, page 194.

No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay.

Rokeby. Canto vi. Stanza 21.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded.

Pibroch of Donald Dhu.

A lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic,
a mere working mason; if he possesses some knowledge
of these, he may venture to call himself an architect.

Guy Mannering. Chap. xxxvii.

Bluid is thicker than water.¹

Chap. xxxviii.

It's no fish ye're buying, it's men's lives.²

The Antiquary. Chap. xi.

When Israel, of the Lord belov'd,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her mov'd,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

Ivanhoe. Chap. xxxix.

Sea of upturned faces.³

Rob Roy. Chap. xx.

There's a gude time coming.

Chap. xxxii.

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is
MacGregor.

Chap. xxxiv.

Scared out of his seven senses.⁴

Ibid.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Old Mortality. Chap. xxxiv.

¹ This proverb, so frequently ascribed to Scott, is a common proverb of the seventeenth century. It is found in Ray and other collections of proverbs.

² It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures's lives.

HOOD: *Song of the Shirt.*

³ DANIEL WEBSTER: *Speech, Sept. 30, 1842.*

⁴ Huzzaed out of my seven senses. — *Spectator, No. 616, Nov. 5, 1774.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771-1854.

When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies).¹

The Wanderer of Switzerland. Part v.

Gashed with honourable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.

The Battle of Alexandria.

Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.

The Ocean. Line 54.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man.

The Common Lot.

Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

The West Indies. Part iii.

Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.²

The World before the Flood. Canto v.

Joys too exquisite to last,
And yet *more* exquisite when past.

The Little Cloud.

Bliss in possession will not last;
Remembered joys are never past;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were, they are, they yet shall be.

Ibid.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.

Friends.

Nor sink those stars in empty night:
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

Ibid.

'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

The Issues of Life and Death.

¹ Θνήσκειν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς (Say not that the good die). — CALLIMACHUS: *Epigram x.*

² See Barbauld, page 433.

Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love.

The Issues of Life and Death.

Night is the time to weep,
 To wet with unseen tears
 Those graves of memory where sleep
 The joys of other years.

Ibid.

Who that hath ever been
 Could bear to be no more ?
 Yet who would tread again the scene
 He trod through life before ?

The Falling Leaf.

Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

At Home in Heaven.

If God hath made this world so fair,
 Where sin and death abound,
 How beautiful beyond compare
 Will paradise be found !

The Earth full of God's Goodness.

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
 From all the wanderings of thy thought,
 From sickness unto death made whole,
 Safe through a thousand perils brought.

Rest for the Soul.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed, —
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

What is Prayer ?

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye
 When none but God is near.

Ibid.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole.

The Ancient Mariner. Part v.

A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Ibid.

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

Part vi.

So lonely 't was, that God himself-
Scarce seemed there to be.

Part vii.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

Ibid.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.

Ibid.

~~A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.~~

Ibid.

And the spring comes slowly up this way.

Christabel. Part i.

A lady richly clad as she,
Beautiful exceedingly.

Ibid.

Carv'd with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain.

Ibid.

Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

Ibid.

A sight to dream of, not to tell!

Ibid.

That saints will aid if men will call;
For the blue sky bends over all!

Conclusion to part i.

Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
 And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
 Possessing all things with intensest love,
 O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there. *France. An Ode. v.*

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place
 (Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
 Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
 Drops his blue-fring'd lids, and holds them close,
 And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven
 Cries out, "Where is it?" *Fears in Solitude.*

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
 Is pride that apes humility.¹ *The Devil's Thoughts.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame. *Love.*

Blest hour! it was a luxury — to be!
Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement.

A charm
 For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
 No sound is dissonant which tells of life.
This Lime-tree Bower my Prison.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course? *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines. *Ibid.*

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts! *Ibid.*

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost. *Ibid.*

Earth with her thousand voices praises God. *Ibid.*

Tranquillity! thou better name
 Than all the family of Fame.
Ode to Tranquillity

¹ His favourite sin
 Is pride that apes humility.
 SOUTHEY: *The Devil's Walk*

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

Dejection. An Ode. Stanzas 1.

Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud.

We in ourselves rejoice!

And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,

All melodies the echoes of that voice,

All colours a suffusion from that light.

Stanzas 5.

A mother is a mother still,

The holiest thing alive.

The Three Graves.

Never, believe me,

Appear the Immortals,

Never alone.

The Visit of the Gods. (Imitated from Schiller.)

Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn.

A Christmas Carol. viii.

The knight's bones are dust,

And his good sword rust;

His soul is with the saints, I trust.

The Knight's Tomb.

It sounds like stories from the land of spirits

If any man obtains that which he merits,

Or any merit that which he obtains.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,

The good great man? Three treasures, — love and light,

And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;

And three firm friends, more sure than day and night, —

Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

Complaint. Ed. 1852. The Good Great Man. Ed. 1893.

My eyes make pictures when they are shut. *A Day-Dream.*

To know, to esteem, to love, and then to part,

Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!

On taking Leave of ———, 1817.

In many ways doth the full heart reveal

The presence of the love it would conceal.

Motto to Poems written in Later Life.

Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When youth and I lived in 't together. *Youth and Age.*

Flowers are lovely; love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
Oh the joys that came down shower-like,
Of friendship, love, and liberty,
Ere I was old! *Ibid.*

I have heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold, —
His eyes are in his mind.¹
To a Lady, Offended by a Sportive Observation.

What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart. *Ibid.*

Be that blind bard who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.² *Fancy in Nubibus.*

I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks. *Cologne.*

The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine? *Ibid.*

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless
billows;
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and
the ocean.

The Homeric Hexameter. (Translated from Schiller.)

¹ See Shakespeare, page 57.

² And Iliad and Odyssey
Rose to the music of the sea.
Thalatta, p. 132. (From the German of Stolberg.)

ROBERT SOUTHEY. 1774–1843.

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,
 “The few locks which are left you are gray;
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man, —
 Now tell me the reason I pray.”

The Old Man's Comforts, and how he gained them.

The march of intellect.¹

*Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. Vol. ii.
 p. 360. The Doctor, Chap. Extraordinary.*

The laws are with us, and God on our side.

*On the Rise and Progress of Popular Disaffection (1817).
 Essay viii. Vol. ii. p. 107.*

Agreed to differ.

Life of Wesley.

My days among the dead are passed;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old;
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.

Occasional Pieces. xviii.

How does the water
 Come down at Lodore?

The Cataract of Lodore.

So I told them in rhyme,
 For of rhymes I had store.

Ibid.

Through moss and through brake.

Ibid.

Helter-skelter,
 Hurry-scurry.

Ibid.

A sight to delight in.

Ibid.

And so never ending, but always descending.

Ibid.

And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

Ibid.

¹ See Burke, page 408.

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
 A-walking the Devil is gone,
 To look at his little snug farm of the World,
 And see how his stock went on.

The Devil's Walk. Stanza 1

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house, —
 A cottage of gentility;
 And he owned with a grin,
 That his favourite sin
 Is pride that apes humility.¹

Ibid. Stanza 8.

Where Washington hath left
 His awful memory
 A light for after times!

Ode written during the War with America, 1814.

How beautiful is night!
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
 No mist obscures; nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven:
 In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark blue depths;
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert circle spreads
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is night!

Thalaba. Book i. Stanza 1.

“But what good came of it at last?”

Quoth little Peterkin.

“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he;

“But 't was a famous victory.”

The Battle of Blenheim.

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.²

Madoc in Wales. Part i. 5.

What will not woman, gentle woman dare,
 When strong affection stirs her spirit up?

Part ii. 2.

¹ See Coleridge, page 501.

² “Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,”

As some one somewhere sings about the sky.

BYRON: *Don Juan*, canto iv. stanza 110.

Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony; but organically I am incapable of a tune. *A Chapter on Ears.*

Not if I know myself at all. *The Old and New Schoolmaster.*

It is good to love the unknown. *Valentine's Day.*

The pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistering substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed), resembling — a homely fancy, but I judged it to be sugar-candy; yet to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy. *My First Play.*

Presents, I often say, endear absents. *A Dissertation upon Roast Pig.*

It argues an insensibility. *Ibid.*

Books which are no books. *Detached Thoughts on Books.*

Your absence of mind we have borne, till your presence of body came to be called in question by it. *Amicus Redivivus.*

Gone before

To that unknown and silent shore. *Hester. Stanza 7.*

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days.
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. *Old Familiar Faces.*

For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die. *A Farewell to Tobacco.*

And half had staggered that stout Stagirite.
Written at Cambridge.

Who first invented work, and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down

To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?

Sabbathless Satan! *Work.*

I like you and your book, ingenious Hone!
In whose capacious all-embracing leaves

The very marrow of tradition 's shown ;
And all that history, much that fiction weaves.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

He might have proved a useful adjunct, if not an ornament to society.

Captain Starkey.

Neat, not gaudy.¹

Letter to Wordsworth, 1806.

Martin, if dirt was trumps, what hands you would hold!

Lamb's Suppers.

Returning to town in the stage-coach, which was filled with Mr. Gilman's guests, we stopped for a minute or two at Kentish Town. A woman asked the coachman, "Are you full inside?" Upon which Lamb put his head through the window and said, "I am quite full inside; that last piece of pudding at Mr. Gilman's did the business for me."

Autobiographical Recollections. (Leslie.)

JAMES SMITH. 1775-1839.

No Drury Lane for you to-day.

Rejected Addresses. The Baby's Début.

I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

Ibid.

Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait.

The Theatre.

WILLIAM PITT. —-1840.

A strong nor'-wester 's blowing, Bill!

Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?

Lord help 'em, how I pities them

Unhappy folks on shore now!

The Sailor's Consolation.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 130.

My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
 About their heads are flying! *The Sailor's Consolation.*



WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. 1775–1864.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
 May weep, but never see,
 A night of memories and of sighs
 I consecrate to thee. *Rose Aylmer.*

Wearers of rings and chains!
 Pray do not take the pains
 To set me right.
 In vain my faults ye quote;
 I write as others wrote
 On Sunium's hight.
The last Fruit of an old Tree. Epigram cot.

Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,¹ —
 Therefore on him no speech! And brief for thee,
 Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
 No man hath walk'd along our roads with steps
 So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
 So varied in discourse. *To Robert Browning.*

The Siren waits thee, singing song for song. *Ibid.*

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
 Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
 In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
 His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
 Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
 Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,

¹ Nor sequent centuries could hit
 Orbit and sum of Shakespeare's wit.
 R. W. EMERSON: *May-Day and Other Pieces. Solution.*

But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Pleasures of Hope. Part i. Line 40.

O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save! *Line 359.*

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell!¹ *Line 381.*

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below. *Line 385.*

And rival all but Shakespeare's name below. *Line 472.*

Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name? *Part ii. Line 5.*

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh what were man? — a world without a sun. *Line 21.*

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man the hermit sigh'd — till woman smiled. *Line 37.*

While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew. *Line 45.*

There shall he love when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears. *Line 95.*

And muse on Nature with a poet's eye. *Line 98.*

That gems the starry girdle of the year. *Line 194.*

Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul! *Line 263.*

O star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair? *Line 325.*

But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.² *Line 357.*

¹ At length, fatigued with life, he bravely fell,
And health with Boerhaave bade the world farewell.

CHURCH: *The Choice* (1754).

² See Sterne, page 379.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
 But leave, oh leave the light of Hope behind !
 What though my winged hours of bliss have been
 Like angel visits, few and far between.¹

Pleasures of Hope. Part ii. Line 376.

The hunter and the deer a shade.²

O' Connor's Child. Stanza 5.

Another's sword has laid him low,
 Another's and another's ;
 And every hand that dealt the blow —
 Ah me ! it was a brother's !

Stanza 10.

'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.³

Lochiel's Warning.

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field and his feet to the foe,
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

Ibid.

And rustic life and poverty
 Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Ode to the Memory of Burns.

Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
 Whose truths electrify the sage.

Ibid.

Ye mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas ;
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze !

Ye Mariners of England.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep.

Ibid.

¹ See Norris, page 281.

² See Freneau, page 443.

³ See Coleridge, page 504.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
 When storms prepare to part,
 I ask not proud Philosophy
 To teach me what thou art. *To the Rainbow.*

A stoic of the woods, — a man without a tear.
Gertrude of Wyoming. Part i. Stanza 23.

O Love! in such a wilderness as this. *Part iii. Stanza 1.*

The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below! *Stanza 6.*

Again to the battle, Achaians!
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!
 Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree,
 It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free.
Song of the Greeks.

Drink ye to her that each loves best!
 And if you nurse a flame
 That's told but to her mutual breast,
 We will not ask her name. *Drink ye to Her.*

To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die. *Hallowed Ground.*

Oh leave this barren spot to me!
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!¹
The Beech-Tree's Petition.



HENRY CLAY. 1777-1852.

The gentleman [Josiah Quincy] cannot have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered even on the floor of this House, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."²
Speech, 1813.

¹ Woodman, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 G. P. MORRIS: *Woodman, spare that Tree.*

² See Quincy, page 505.

Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trustees; and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.

Speech at Ashland, Ky., March, 1829.

I have heard something said about allegiance to the South. I know no South, no North, no East, no West, to which I owe any allegiance.

Speech, 1848.

Sir, I would rather be right than be President.

Speech, 1850 (referring to the Compromise Measures).

F. S. KEY. 1779–1843.

And the star-spangled banner, oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

The Star-Spangled Banner.

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation! ¹

Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Ibid.

HORACE SMITH. 1779–1849.

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything and everything is nought.

Rejected Addresses. Cui Bono?

In the name of the Prophet — figs.

Johnson's Ghost.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,

When the Memnonium was in all its glory.

Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition.

¹ It made and preserves us a nation. — MORRIS: *The Flag of our Union.*

THOMAS MOORE. 1779-1852.

When Time who steals our years away
 Shall steal our pleasures too,
 The mem'ry of the past will stay,
 And half our joys renew. *Song. From Juvenile Poems.*

Weep on! and as thy sorrows flow,
 I'll taste the luxury of woe. *Anacreontic.*

Where bastard Freedom waves
 The fustian flag in mockery over slaves.
To the Lord Viscount Forbes, written from the City of Washington.

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
 Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?
To Thomas Hume.

I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near;
 And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
 A heart that was humble might hope for it here."
Ballad Stanzas.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
A Canadian Boat-Song.

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past. *Ibid.*

The minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil
 of the human eye, contract themselves the more, the
 stronger light there is shed upon them.
Preface to Corruption and Intolerance.

Like a young eagle who has lent his plume
 To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
 See their own feathers pluck'd to wing the dart
 Which rank corruption destines for their heart.¹
Corruption.

¹ See Waller, page 220.

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Farewell! But whenever you welcome the Hour.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

I'd mourn the Hopes

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.

Come o'er the Sea.

The light that lies
In woman's eyes.

The Time I've lost in wooing.

My only books
Were woman's looks, —
And folly's all they've taught me.

Ibid.

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art.

Come, rest in this Bosom.

To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us.

As slow our Ship.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.

Remember Thee.

All that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.

All that's Bright must fade

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream.

Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon.

Ibid.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate.

Paradise and the Peri.

Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years, —
One minute of heaven is worth them all.

Ibid.

But the trail of the serpent is over them all.

Ibid.

Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower

But 't was the first to fade away.

I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,

To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well

And love me, it was sure to die.

The Fire-Worshippers.

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave

Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,

And blasts them in their hour of might!

Ibid.

Beholding heaven, and feeling hell.

Ibid.

As sunshine broken in the rill,

Though turned astray, is sunshine still.

Ibid.

Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!

Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea.

Ibid.

Alas! how light a cause may move

Dissension between hearts that love!

Hearts that the world in vain had tried,

And sorrow but more closely tied;

That stood the storm when waves were rough,

Yet in a sunny hour fall off,

In my mind, he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said that all we see about us, kings, lords, and Commons, the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box.

Present State of the Law, Feb. 7, 1828.

Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.¹

Death was now armed with a new terror.²



PAUL MOON JAMES. 1780–1854.

The scene was more beautiful far to the eye
 Than if day in its pride had arrayed it. *The Beacon.*
 And o'er them the lighthouse looked lovely as hope, —
 That star of life's tremulous ocean. *Ibid.*



CHARLES MINER. 1780–1865.

When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers,
 begging them to taste a little brandy and throwing half
 his goods on the counter, — thinks I, that man has an
 axe to grind. *Who'll turn Grindstones.*³

¹ The title given by Lord Brougham to a book published in 1830.

² Brougham delivered a very warm panegyric upon the ex-Chancellor, and expressed a hope that he would make a good end, although to an expiring Chancellor death was now armed with a new terror. — CAMPBELL: *Lives of the Chancellors, vol. vii. p. 163.*

Lord St. Leonards attributes this phrase to Sir Charles Wetherell, who used it on the occasion referred to by Lord Campbell.

From Edmund Curll's practice of issuing miserable catch-penny lives of every eminent person immediately after his decease, Arbuthnot wittily styled him "one of the new terrors of death." — CARRUTHERS: *Life of Pope* (second edition), p. 149.

³ From "Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe," Doylestown, Pa., 1815. It first appeared in the "Wilkesbarre Gleaner," 1811.

It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, — Independence now and Independence forever.¹

Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, Aug. 2, 1826. Vol. i. p. 136.

Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record of their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored. *Ibid. P. 146.*

Washington is in the clear upper sky.² *Ibid. P. 148.*

He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet.³ *Speech on Hamilton, March 10, 1831. P. 200.*

One country, one constitution, one destiny. *Speech, March 15, 1837. P. 349.*

When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers therefore are the founders of human civilization. *Remarks on Agriculture, Jan. 13, 1840. P. 457.*

Sea of upturned faces.⁴ *Speech, Sept. 30, 1842. Vol. ii. p. 117.*

Justice, sir, is the great interest of man on earth. *On Mr. Justice Story, 1845. P. 300.*

Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint. *Speech at the Charleston Bar Dinner, May 10, 1847. Vol. ii. p. 393.*

¹ Mr. Webster says of Mr. Adams: "On the day of his death, hearing the noise of bells and cannon, he asked the occasion. On being reminded that it was 'Independent Day,' he replied, 'Independence forever.'" — *Works, vol. i. p. 150.* BANCROFT: *History of the United States, vol. vii. p. 65.*

² We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky.

WATTS: *Spiritual Hymns, xxiv.*

³ He it was that first gave to the law the air of a science. He found it a skeleton, and clothed it with life, colour, and complexion; he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into youth, health, and beauty. — BARRY YELVERTON (Lord Avonmore): *On Blackstone.*

⁴ See Scott, page 493.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

Second Speech on Foot's Resolution, Jan. 26, 1830. Vol. iii. p. 342.

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable. *Ibid.*

God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.

Speech, June 3, 1834. Vol. iv. p. 47.

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they [the Colonies] raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared, — a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun,¹ and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.²

Speech, May 7, 1834. P. 110.

Inconsistencies of opinion, arising from changes of circumstances, are often justifiable.

Speech, July 25 and 27, 1846. Vol. v. p. 187.

I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American.³

Speech, July 17, 1850. P. 437.

There is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession.

Argument on the Murder of Captain White, April 6, 1830. Vol. vi. p. 54.

¹ See Scott, page 495.

² The martial airs of England
Encircle still the earth.

AMELIA B. RICHARDS: *The Martial Airs of England.*

³ See Patrick Henry, page 429.

There is nothing so powerful as truth, — and often nothing so strange.

Argument on the Murder of Captain White. Vol. vi. P. 68.

Fearful concatenation of circumstances.¹ *P. 88.*

A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. *P. 105.*

I shall defer my visit to Faneuil Hall, the cradle of American liberty, until its doors shall fly open on golden hinges to lovers of Union as well as lovers of liberty.²

Letter. April, 1851.



JANE TAYLOR. 1783–1824.

Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind.
How few think justly of the thinking few!
How many never think, who think they do!

*Essays in Rhyme. (On Morals and Manners. Prejudice.)
Essay i. Stanza 45.*

Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.

Hymn.

I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy Christian child. *A Child's Hymn of Praise.*

¹ See Scott, page 494.

² Mr. Webster's reply to the invitation of his friends, who had been refused the use of Faneuil Hall by the Mayor and Aldermen of Boston.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand. *Missionary Hymns*

Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile. *Ibid.*

I see them on their winding way,
 About their ranks the moonbeams play.
Lines written to a March.

WASHINGTON IRVING. 1783–1859.

Free-livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within
 the compass of a guinea. *The Stout Gentleman.*

The almighty dollar,¹ that great object of universal de-
 votion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine
 devotees in these peculiar villages. *The Creole Village.*

LEIGH HUNT. 1784–1859.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.
Abou Ben Adhem.

Write me as one who loves his fellow-men. *Ibid.*

And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest. *Ibid.*

Oh for a seat in some poetic nook,
 Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook !
Politics and Poetics.

With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks
 To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.
The Story of Rimini

¹ See Jonson, page 178.

LORD BYRON. 1788–1824.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
 For other's weal avail'd on high,
 Mine will not all be lost in air,
 But waft thy name beyond the sky.

Farewell! if ever fondest Prayer.

I only know we loved in vain;
 I only feel — farewell! farewell!

Ibid.

When we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted,
 To sever for years.

When we Two parted.

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Line 6.

'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
 A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't.

Line 51.

With just enough of learning to misquote.

Line 66.

As soon

Seek roses in December, ice in June;
 Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
 Believe a woman or an epitaph,
 Or any other thing that's false, before
 You trust in critics.

Line 75.

Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms.

Line 326.

Oh, Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name!

Line 399.

So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.¹

Line 826.

¹ See Waller, pages 219–220.

War, war is still the cry, — “war even to the knife!”¹

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto i. Stanza 86.

Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were.

Canto ii. Stanza 2.

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!

Ibid.

Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

Ibid.

The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.²

Stanza 6.

Ah, happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

Stanza 23.

None are so desolate but something dear,

Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd

A thought, and claims the homage of a tear.

Stanza 24.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,

To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,

And roam along, the world's tired denizen,

With none who bless us, none whom we can bless.

Stanza 26.

Coop'd in their winged, sea-girt citadel.

Stanza 28.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!

Immortal, though no-more! though fallen, great!

Stanza 73.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,

Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?

Stanza 76.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state:

An hour may lay it in the dust.

Stanza 84.

Land of lost gods and godlike men.

Stanza 85.

Where'er we tread, 't is haunted, holy ground.

Stanza 88.

Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

Ibid.

¹ “War even to the knife” was the reply of Palafox, the governor of Saragossa, when summoned to surrender by the French, who besieged that city in 1808.

² See Waller, page 221.

Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! They come!
they come!"

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iii. Stanza 25.

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave. *Stanza 27.*

Battle's magnificently stern array. *Stanza 28.*

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.
Stanza 32.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell. *Stanza 42.*

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below. *Stanza 45.*

All tenantless, save to the cranny wind. *Stanza 47.*

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine. *Stanza 55.*

He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.
Stanza 57.

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be.
Stanza 70.

By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone. *Stanza 71.*

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; ¹ and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture. *Stanza 72.*

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction. *Stanza 85.*

On the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar. *Stanza 86.*

¹ I am a part of all that I have met. — TENNYSON: *Ulysses.*

All is concentr'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iii. Stanza 89.

In solitude, where we are least alone.¹

Stanza 90.

The sky is changed, — and such a change! O night
And storm and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder.

Stanza 92.

Exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year.

Stanza 107.

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.

Ibid.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.²

Stanza 113.

I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts.

Ibid.

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand.

Canto iv. Stanza 1.

Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.

Ibid.

Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.

Stanza 3.

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted; they have torn me, and I bleed.
I should have known what fruit would spring from such
a seed.

Stanza 10.

¹ See Gibbon, page 430.

² Good bye, proud world; I'm going home.
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.

EMERSON: *Good Bye, proud World*

See Johnson, page 374.

Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo,
 The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe!¹
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. Stanza 12.

There are some feelings time cannot benumb,
 Nor torture shake. *Stanza 19.*

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly
 bound. *Stanza 23.*

The cold, the changed, perchance the dead, anew,
 The mourn'd, the loved, the lost, — too many, yet how
 few! *Stanza 24.*

Parting day

Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till — 't is gone, and all is gray.
Stanza 29.

The Ariosto of the North. *Stanza 40.*

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
 The fatal gift of beauty.² *Stanza 42.*

Fills

The air around with beauty. *Stanza 49.*

Let these describe the undescribable. *Stanza 53.*

The starry Galileo with his woes. *Stanza 54.*

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
 Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore. *Stanza 57.*

The poetry of speech. *Stanza 58.*

The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
 And boil in endless torture. *Stanza 69.*

Then farewell Horace, whom I hated so, —
 Not for thy faults, but mine. *Stanza 77.*

¹ See Wordsworth, page 474.

² A translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja: "Italia, Italia! O tu cui feo la sorte."

His changing cheek, his sinking heart, confess
The might, the majesty of loveliness?

The Bride of Abydos. Canto i. Stanza 6.

The light of love,¹ the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,²
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole, —
And oh, that eye was in itself a soul!

Ibid.

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle. *Canto ii. Stanza 2.*

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!

Stanza 20.

He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace!³ *Ibid.*

Hark! to the hurried question of despair:
“Where is my child?” — an echo answers, “Where?”⁴
Stanza 27.

The fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse.

The Corsair. Preface.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,⁵
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limit to their sway, —
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.

The Corsair. Canto i. Stanzas 1.

Oh who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried. *Ibid.*

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife. *Stanza 3.*

¹ See Gray, page 382.

² See Lovelace, page 259. Browne, page 218.

³ Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant (They make solitude, which they call peace). — TACITUS: *Agricola*, c. 30.

⁴ I came to the place of my birth, and cried, “The friends of my youth, where are they?” And echo answered, “Where are they?” — *Arabic MS.*

⁵ See Churchill, page 413.

To all nations their empire will be dreadful, because their ships will sail wherever billows roll or winds can waft them. — DALRYMPLE: *Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 152.

Yet in my lineaments they trace
Some features of my father's face.

Parisina. Stanza 13.

Fare thee well! and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well.

Fare thee well.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred.¹

A Sketch.

In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

Stanzas to Augusta.

The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Epistle to Augusta. Stanza 3.

When all of genius which can perish dies.

Monody on the Death of Sheridan. Line 22.

Folly loves the martyrdom of fame.

Line 68.

Who track the steps of glory to the grave.

Line 74.

Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die, in moulding Sheridan.²

Line 117.

O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood.

Prisoner of Chillon. Stanza 8.

And both were young, and one was beautiful.

The Dream. Stanza 2.

And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him.

Ibid.

¹ See Congreve, page 294.

² Natura il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa (Nature made him, and then broke the mould). — ARIOSTO: *Orlando Furioso*, canto x. stanza 84.

The idea that Nature lost the perfect mould has been a favorite one with all song-writers and poets, and is found in the literature of all European nations. — *Book of English Songs*, p. 28.

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,¹
Which terminated all. *The Dream. Stanza 2.*

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. *Stanza 3.*

And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful
That God alone was to be seen in heaven. *Stanza 4.*

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes
away. *Stanzas for Music.*

I had a dream which was not all a dream. *Darkness.*

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!
To Thomas Moore.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.² *Ibid.*

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell
'Tis to thee that I would drink. *Ibid.*

So we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night. *So we'll go.*

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow. *Manfred. Act 1. Sc. 1.*

¹ She floats upon the river of his thoughts. — LONGFELLOW: *The Spanish Student, act ii. sc. 3.*

² With a heart for any fate. — LONGFELLOW: *A Psalm of Life.*

But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar.

Manfred. Act i. Sc. 2.

Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

The heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!
The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

Act iii. Sc. 4.

Which makes life itself a lie,
Flattering dust with eternity.

Sardanapalus. Act i. Sc. 2.

By all that's good and glorious.

Ibid.

I am the very slave of circumstance
And impulse, — borne away with every breath!

Act iv. Sc. 1.

The dust we tread upon was once alive.

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager.

Beppo. Stanza 27.

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto.

Stanza 32.

His heart was one of those which most enamour us, —
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.¹

Stanza 34.

Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

Stanza 39.

That soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth.

Stanza 44.

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

Stanza 45.

O Mirth and Innocence! O milk and water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days.

Stanza 80.

¹ My heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases, but enduring as marble to retain. — CERVANTES: *The Little Gypsy*.

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

Mazeppa. Stanza 10.

They never fail who die
In a great cause.

Marino Faliero. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Whose game was empires and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones.

Age of Bronze. Stanza 3.

I loved my country, and I hated him.

The Vision of Judgment. lxxxiii.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest.

The Island. Canto ii. Stanza 19.

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties — give me a cigar!

Ibid.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

On my Thirty-sixth Year.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon.¹

Don Juan. Canto i. Stanza 5.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!

Stanza 17.

But, oh ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, — have they not henpeck'd you all?

Stanza 23

¹ Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi.

HORACE: *Ode iv. 9. 25.*

Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave, —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Don Juan. Canto iii. Stanza 86. 10.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.¹

Stanza 86. 16.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,

Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

Stanza 88.

Ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns.

Stanza 108.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'T is that I may not weep.

Canto iv. Stanza 4.

The precious porcelain of human clay.²

Stanza 11.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore.³

Stanza 12.

Perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

Ibid.

And her face so fair
Stirr'd with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air.⁴

Stanza 29.

These two hated with a hate

Found only on the stage.

Stanza 93.

"Arcades ambo," — *id est*, blackguards both.

Stanza 93.

I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted: time will doubt of Rome.

Stanza 101.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 63.

² See Dryden, page 277.

³ See Wordsworth, page 479.

⁴ All her innocent thoughts
Like rose-leaves scatter'd.

JOHN WILSON: *On the Death of a Child.* (1812)

Oh "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue!"¹

As some one somewhere sings about the sky.

Don Juan. Canto iv. Stanza 110.

There 's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.

Canto v. Stanza 5.

But all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.²

Stanza 27.

And puts himself upon his good behaviour.

Stanza 47.

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul, — the dinner bell.

Stanza 49.

The women pardon'd all except her face.

Stanza 113.

Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

Canto vi. Stanza 7.

A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase
By which such things are settled nowadays.

Stanza 78.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

Canto viii. Stanza 3.

Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the despatch: I knew a man whose loss
Was printed *Grove*, although his name was Grose.

Stanza 18.

What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger
Is woman!

Canto ix. Stanza 64.

And wrinkles, the damned democrats, won't flatter.

Canto x. Stanza 24.

Oh for a forty-parson power!

Stanza 34.

¹ See Southey, page 507.

² See Robert Walpole, page 304.

When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
And proved it, — 't was no matter what he said.¹

Don Juan. Canto xi. Stanza 1.

And after all, what is a lie? 'T is but
The truth in masquerade.

Stanza 37.

'T is strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.

Stanza 59.

Of all tales 't is the saddest, — and more sad,
Because it makes us smile.

Canto xiii. Stanza 9.

Cervantes smil'd Spain's chivalry away.

Stanza 11.

Society is now one polish'd horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.

Stanza 95.

All human history attests
That happiness for man, — the hungry sinner! —
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.²

Stanza 59.

'T is strange, but true; for truth is always strange, —
Stranger than fiction.

Canto xiv. Stanza 101.

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

Canto xv. Stanza 13.

A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

Stanza 43.

Friendship is Love without his wings.

L'Amitié est l'Amour sans Ailes.

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.

Memoranda from his Life, by Moore, Chap. xiv.

¹ What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. — T. H. KEY (once Head Master of University College School). On the authority of F. J. Furnivall.

² For a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner. — PROZZI: *Anecdotes of Samuel Johnson*, p. 149.

The best of prophets of the future is the past.

Letter, Jan. 28, 1821.

What say you to such a supper with such a woman? ¹

Note to a Letter on Bowles's Strictures.



WILLIAM KNOX. 1789–1825.

Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.²

*Mortality.*³



ALFRED BUNN. 1790–1860.

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side.

Song.

The light of other days ⁴ is faded,
And all their glories past.

Song.

The heart bowed down by weight of woe
To weakest hope will cling.

Song.



FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. 1790–1867.

Strike — for your altars and your fires!
Strike — for the green graves of your sires!
God, and your native land!

Marco Bozzaris.

¹ See Lady Montagu, page 350.

² Abraham Lincoln was very fond of repeating these lines.

³ From Knox's "Songs of Israel," 1824.

⁴ See Moore, page 523.

HENRY HART MILMAN. 1791-1868.

And the cold marble leapt to life a god.

The Belvedere Apollo.

Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Ibid.



CHARLES SPRAGUE. 1791-1875.

Lo where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age.

Curiosity.

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends.

Ibid.

Behold! in Liberty's unclouded blaze
We lift our heads, a race of other days.

Centennial Ode. Stanza 22.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight.

To my Cigar.



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. 1792-1822.

Then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone.

The Revolt of Islam. Dedication, Stanza 6.

With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

Canto v. Stanza 23.

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats, tho' unseen, amongst us.

Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow.

Adonais. xxx.

A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift.

xxxii.

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

lii.

O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth. *Ode to the West Wind.*

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams
Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them.

Ibid.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon.

The Cloud. iv.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

To a Skylark. Line 86.

Kings are like stars, — they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.¹

Helios. Line 196.

¹ See Bacon, page 106.

The moon of Mahomet
 Arose, and it shall set;
 While, blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon,
 The cross leads generations on. *Hellas. Line 221.*

The world's great age begins anew,
 The golden years return,
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn. *Line 1069.*

What! alive, and so bold, O earth?
Written on hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon.

All love is sweet,
 Given or returned. Common as light is love,
 And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

They who inspire it most are fortunate,
 As I am now; but those who feel it most
 Are happier still.¹ *Prometheus Unbound. Act ii. Sc. 6.*

Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
 The work of their own hearts, and this must be
 Our chastisement or recompense. *Julian and Maddalo. Line 489.*

Most wretched men
 Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
 They learn in suffering what they teach in song.² *Line 544.*

I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne, and yet must bear.
Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples. Stanza 4.

Peter was dull; he was at first
 Dull, — oh so dull, so very dull!
 Whether he talked, wrote, or rehearsed,
 Still with this dulness was he cursed!
 Dull, — beyond all conception, dull.
Peter Bell the Third. Part vii. xi.

¹ The pleasure of love is in loving. We are much happier in the passion we feel than in that we inspire. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maxim 259.*

² See Butler, page 216.

A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty.

The Witch of Atlas. Stanza 5.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory ;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Music, when soft Voices die.

I love tranquil solitude
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good.

Rarely, rarely comest Thou.

Sing again, with your dear voice revealing
A tone

Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling

Are one. *To Jane. The keen Stars were twinkling.*

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.

One Word is too often profaned.

You lie — under a mistake,¹
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's face. I now
Say what I think.

Translation of Calderon's Magico Prodigioso. Scene i.

How wonderful is Death !
Death and his brother Sleep.

Queen Mab. 4.

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches ; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton.

iii

¹ See Swift, page 292.

Heaven's ebon vault
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
 Seems like a canopy which love has spread
 To curtain her sleeping world.

Queen Mab. in.

Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present.¹

A Defence of Poetry.

J. HOWARD PAYNE. 1792–1852.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home;²
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which sought through the world is ne'er met with else-
 where.

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain,
 Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
 The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,
 Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, Sweet Home. (From the opera of "Clari, the
 Maid of Milan.")

SEBA SMITH. 1792–1868.

The cold winds swept the mountain-height,
 And pathless was the dreary wild,
 And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
 A mother wandered with her child:
 As through the drifting snows she press'd,
 The babe was sleeping on her breast.

The Snow Storm.

¹ See Coleridge, page 504.

² Home is home, though it be never so homely. — CLARKE: *Paræmiologia*, p. 101. (1639.)

JOHN KEBLE. 1792–1866.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask. *Morning.*

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die?
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.
The Christian Year. Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

'T is sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store. *Burial of the Dead.*

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die. *Evening.*



FELICIA D. HEMANS. 1794–1835.

The stately homes of England, —
How beautiful they stand,
Amid their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land! *The Homes of England.*

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast.
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine,
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine. *Ibid.*

Ay, call it holy ground,
 'The soil where first they trod:
 They have left unstained what there they found, —
 Freedom to worship God.

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Through the laburnum's dropping gold
 Rose the light shaft of Orient mould,
 And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
 Purpled the mossbeds at its feet. *The Palm-Tree.*

They grew in beauty side by side,
 They filled one home with glee:
 Their graves are severed far and wide
 By mount and stream and sea.
The Graves of a Household.

Alas for love, if thou wert all,
 And naught beyond, O Earth! *Ibid.*

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but him had fled;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead. *Casabianca.*

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set; but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!
The Hour of Death.

Come to the sunset tree!
 The day is past and gone;
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done.
Tyroless Evening Song.

In the busy haunts of men.
Tale of the Secret Tribunal. Part i.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
 Fair spirit, rest thee now!
Siege of Valencia. Scene ix.

Oh, call my brother back to me!

I cannot play alone:

The summer comes with flower and bee, —

Where is my brother gone?

The Child's First Grief.

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,

And the larch has hung his tassels forth.

The Voice of Spring.

I had a hat. It was not all a hat, —

Part of the brim was gone:

Yet still I wore it on.

Rhine Song of the German Soldiers after Victory.



EDWARD EVERETT. 1794—1865.

When I am dead, no pageant train

Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,

Nor worthless pomp of homage vain

Stain it with hypocritic tear. *Alaric the Visigoth.*

You shall not pile, with servile toil,

Your monuments upon my breast,

Nor yet within the common soil

Lay down the wreck of power to rest,

Where man can boast that he has trod

On him that was "the scourge of God." *Ibid.*

No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam; but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine. From beneath that humble roof went forth the intrepid and unselfish warrior, the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good; to that he returned, happiest when his work was done. There he lived in noble simplicity, there he died in glory and peace. While it stands, the latest generations of the grateful children of America will make this pilgrimage

The groves were God's first temples. *A Forest Hymn.*

The stormy March has come at last,
 With winds and clouds and changing skies ;
 I hear the rushing of the blast
 That through the snowy valley flies. *March.*

But 'neath yon crimson tree
 Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
 Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
 Her blush of maiden shame. *Autumn Woods.*

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown
 and sear. *The Death of the Flowers.*

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
 more. *Ibid.*

Loveliest of lovely things are they
 On earth that soonest pass away.
 The rose that lives its little hour
 Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.

The victory of endurance born. *The Battle-Field.*

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again, —
 The eternal years of God are hers ;
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among his worshippers. *Ibid.*

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. 1795–1820.

When Freedom from her mountain-height
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there.
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldrick of the skies,

- Music's golden tongue
 Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor.
The Eve of St. Agnes Stanza 3.
- The silver snarling trumpets 'gan to chide. Stanza 4.
- Asleep in lap of legends old. Stanza 15.
- Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
 Flushing his brow. Stanza 16.
- A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing. Stanza 18.
- As though a rose should shut and be a bud again. Stanza 27.
- And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon. Stanza 30.
- He play'd an ancient ditty long since mute,
 In Provence call'd "La belle dame sans mercy."
 Stanza 33.
- That large utterance of the early gods! *Hyperion. Book i.*
- Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir. *Ibid.*
- The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled. *Book ii.*
- Dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth!
 Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene!
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stainèd mouth. *Ode to a Nightingale*
- Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oftentimes hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. *Ibid.*

The poetry of earth is never dead.

On the Grasshopper and Cricket.

Here lies one whose name was writ in water.¹



THOMAS NOON TALFOURD. 1795-1854.

So his life has flowed
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them. *Ion. Act i. Sc. 1.*

'T is a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours. *Sc. 2.*



THOMAS CARLYLE. 1795-1881.

Except by name, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter is little known out of Germany. The only thing connected with him, we think, that has reached this country is his saying, — imported by Madame de Staël, and thankfully pocketed by most newspaper critics, — “Providence has given to the French the empire of the land; to the English that of the sea; to the Germans that of — the air!”

Richter. Edinburgh Review, 1827.

Literary men are . . . a perpetual priesthood.

State of German Literature Ibid.

¹ See Chapman, page 37.

Among the many things he has requested of me to-night, this is the principal, — that on his gravestone shall be this inscription. — RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES: *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats. Letter to Severn, vol. ii. p. 91.*

Clever men are good, but they are not the best.

Goethe. Edinburgh Review, 1828.

We are firm believers in the maxim that for all right judgment of any man or thing it is useful, nay, essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad.

Ibid.

How does the poet speak to men with power, but by being still more a man than they?

Burns. Ibid.

A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility.

Ibid.

His religion at best is an anxious wish, — like that of Rabelais, a great Perhaps.

Ibid.

We have oftener than once endeavoured to attach some meaning to that aphorism, vulgarly imputed to Shaftesbury, which however we can find nowhere in his works, that “ridicule is the test of truth.”¹

Voltaire. Foreign Review, 1829.

We must repeat the often repeated saying, that it is unworthy a religious man to view an irreligious one either with alarm or aversion, or with any other feeling than regret and hope and brotherly commiseration.

Ibid.

There is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man; also it may be said, there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.

Sir Walter Scott. London and Westminster Review, 1838.

¹ How comes it to pass, then, that we appear such cowards in reasoning, and are so afraid to stand the test of ridicule? — SHAFTESBURY: *Characteristics. A Letter concerning Enthusiasm, sect. 2.*

Truth, 't is supposed, may bear all lights; and one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed in order to a thorough recognition is ridicule itself. — SHAFTESBURY: *Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour, sect. 1.*

'T was the saying of an ancient sage (Gorgias Leontinus, *apud* Aristotle's “Rhetoric,” lib. iii. c. 18), that humour was the only test of gravity, and gravity of humour. For a subject which would not bear raillery was suspicious; and a jest which would not bear a serious examination was certainly false wit. — *Ibid. sect. 5.*

Silence is deep as Eternity, speech is shallow as Time.

Sir Walter Scott. London and Westminster Review, 1838.

To the very last, he [Napoleon] had a kind of idea; that, namely, of *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, — the tools to him that can handle them.¹

Ibid.

Blessed is the healthy nature; it is the coherent, sweetly co-operative, not incoherent, self-distracting, self-destructive one!

Ibid.

The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others.

Ibid.

Literature is the Thought of thinking Souls.

Ibid.

It can be said of him, when he departed he took a Man's life with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time.

Ibid.

The eye of the intellect "sees in all objects what it brought with it the means of seeing."

Varnhagen Von Ense's Memoirs. Ibid.

Happy the people whose annals are blank in history-books.²

Life of Frederick the Great. Book xvi. Chap. i.

As the Swiss inscription says: *Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden*, — "Speech is silvern, Silence is golden;" or, as I might rather express it, Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity.

Sartor Resartus. Book iii. Chap. iii.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.³

Heroes and Hero-Worship. The Hero as a Prophet.

¹ Carlyle in his essay on Mirabeau, 1837, quotes this from a "New England book."

² MONTESQUIEU: *Aphorism.*

³ His only fault is that he has none. — PLINY THE YOUNGER: *Book ix Letter xxvi.*

In books lies the soul of the whole Past Time: the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. *Heroes and Hero-Worship. The Hero as a Man of Letters.*

The true University of these days is a Collection of Books. *Ibid.*

One life, — a little gleam of time between two Eternities. *Ibid.*

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred that will stand adversity. *Ibid.*



THOMAS C. HALIBURTON. 1796–1865.

I want you to see Peel, Stanley, Graham, Sheil, Russell, Macaulay, Old Joe, and so on. They are all upper-crust here.¹ *Sam Slick in England.*² Chap. xxiv.

Circumstances alter cases. *The Old Judge. Chap. xv.*



WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. 1797–1835.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love of life's young day. *Jeannie Morrison.*

And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies. *Ibid.*

¹ Those families, you know, are our upper-crust, — not upper ten thousand. — COOPER: *The Ways of the Hour*, chap. vi. (1850.)

At present there is no distinction among the upper ten thousand of the city. — N. P. WILLIS: *Necessity for a Promenade Drive.*

² "Sam Slick" first appeared in a weekly paper of Nova Scotia, 1835.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly-branch shone on the old oak wall.

The Mistletoe Bough.

Oh, I have roamed o'er many lands,
And many friends I've met;
Not one fair scene or kindly smile
Can this fond heart forget.

Oh, steer my Bark to Erin's Isle.



THOMAS DRUMMOND.¹ 1797-1840.

Property has its duties as well as its rights.²

Letter to the Landlords of Tipperary.



McDONALD CLARKE. 1798-1842.

Whilst twilight's curtain spreading far,
Was pinned with a single star.³

Death in Disguise. Line 227. (Boston edition, 1833.)



SAMUEL LOVER. 1797-1868.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping.

The Angel's Whisper.

Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye.⁴ *Rory O' More.*

For drames always go by *conthraries*, my dear.⁵ *Ibid.*

¹ Captain Drummond was the inventor of the Drummond light.

² DISRAELI: *Sybil*, book i. chap. xi.

³ Mrs. Child says: "He thus describes the closing day": —
Now twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with a star.

⁴ See Scott, page 482.

⁵ See Middleton, page 172.

She stood breast-high amid the corn
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

Ruth.

Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Ibid.

When he is forsaken,
Wither'd and shaken,
What can an old man do but die ?

Spring it is cheery.

And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid.

Ode to Melancholy.

There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy.¹

Ibid.

But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.

The Lady's Dream.

Oh would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now,
And have a good cry !

A Table of Errata.

Straight down the crooked lane,
And all round the square.

A Plain Direction.

For my part, getting up seems not so easy
By half as *lying*.

Morning Meditations.

A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*
Must be a spoon.

Ibid.

Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water.

Miss Kilmansegg. Her Christening.

O bed ! O bed ! delicious bed !

That heaven upon earth to the weary head !

Her Dream.

He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles.

Ibid.

¹ See Burton, page 185.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold.

Her Moral.

Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould.

Ibid.

How widely its agencies vary, —
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless, —
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.

Ibid.

Another tumble! That's his precious nose!

Parental Ode to my Infant Son.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

The Season.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags
Plying her needle and thread, —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!

The Song of the Shirt.

O men with sisters dear,
O men with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!¹

Ibid.

Sewing at once a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

Ibid.

O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Ibid.

No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief.

Ibid.

My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread.

Ibid.

¹ See Scott, page 493.

One more unfortunate
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death.

The Bridge of Sighs

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care;
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair!

Ibid

Alas for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun!

Ibid

Even God's providence
 Seeming estrang'd.

Ibid

No sun, no moon, no morn, no noon,
 No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day,

No road, no street, no t' other side the way,

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no buds.

November.

No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,
 Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious;
 Nor study in my sanctum supercilious,
 To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull.

Ode to Rae Wilson.

The Quaker loves an ample brim,
 A hat that bows to no salaam;
 And dear the beaver is to him
 As if it never made a dam.

All round my Hat



GEORGE LINLEY. 1798–1865.

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
 Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer.

Ever of Thee

Its constitution the glittering and sounding generalities¹ of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence.

Letter to the Maine Whig Committee, 1858.



THOMAS K. HERVEY. 1799–1859.

The tomb of him who would have made
The world too glad and free.

The Devil's Progress.

He stood beside a cottage lone
And listened to a lute,
One summer's eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute.

Ibid.

A love that took an early root,
And had an early doom.

Ibid.

Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore.

Ibid.

A Hebrew knelt in the dying light,
His eye was dim and cold,
The hairs on his brow were silver-white,
And his blood was thin and old.

Ibid.



THOMAS B. MACAULAY. 1800–1859.

(From his Essays.)

That is the best government which desires to make the people happy, and knows how to make them happy.

On Mitford's History of Greece. 1824.

¹ Although Mr. Choate has usually been credited with the original utterance of the words "glittering generalities," the following quotation will show that he was anticipated therein by several years:—

We fear that the glittering generalities of the speaker have left an impression more delightful than permanent. — FRANKLIN J. DICKMAN: *Review of a Lecture by Rufus Choate, Providence Journal, Dec. 14, 1849.*

Free trade, one of the greatest blessings which a government can confer on a people, is in almost every country unpopular.

On Mitford's History of Greece. 1824.

The history of nations, in the sense in which I use the word, is often best studied in works not professedly historical.

Ibid.

Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain; wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens.

Ibid.

We hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age.

On Milton. 1825.

Nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand.

Ibid.

Out of his surname they have coined an epithet for a knave, and out of his Christian name a synonym for the Devil.¹

On Machiavelli. 1825.

The English Bible, — a book which if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power.

On John Dryden. 1828.

His imagination resembled the wings of an ostrich. It enabled him to run, though not to soar.

Ibid.

A man possessed of splendid talents, which he often abused, and of a sound judgment, the admonitions of which he often neglected; a man who succeeded only in an inferior department of his art, but who in that department succeeded pre-eminently.

Ibid.

He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked.

On Moore's Life of Lord Byron. 1830

¹ See Butler, page 215.

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality.

On Moore's Life of Lord Byron. 1830.

From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, — a system in which the two great commandments were to hate your neighbour and to love your neighbour's wife.

Ibid.

That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it.

On Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. 1831.

The conformation of his mind was such that whatever was little seemed to him great, and whatever was great seemed to him little.

On Horace Walpole. 1833.

What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man! — To be regarded in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion! To receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have in general received only from posterity; to be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries!

On Boswell's Life of Johnson (Croker's ed.). 1831.

Temple was a man of the world amongst men of letters, a man of letters amongst men of the world.¹

On Sir William Temple. 1838.

She [the Roman Catholic Church] may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.²

On Ranke's History of the Popes. 1840.

¹ See Pope, page 331-332.

² The same image was employed by Macaulay in 1824 in the concluding paragraph of a review of Mitford's Greece, and he repeated it in his review of Mill's "Essay on Government" in 1829.

What cities, as great as this, have . . . promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others. . . . Here stood their cit-

The chief-justice was rich, quiet, and infamous.

On Warren Hastings. 1841.

In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall. *Ibid.*

In order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel and red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America. *On Frederic the Great. 1842.*

We hardly know an instance of the strength and weakness of human nature so striking and so grotesque as the character of this haughty, vigilant, resolute, sagacious

adel, but now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruins. — GOLDSMITH: *The Bee*, No. iv. (1759.) *A City Night Piece.*

Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations? Who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people burned and their greatness changed into an empty name? — VOLNEY: *Ruins*, chap. ii.

At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra. — HORACE WALPOLE: *Letter to Mason*, Nov. 24, 1774.

Where now is Britain?

Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE: *Time.*

In the firm expectation that when London shall be a habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh, when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some Transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges and their historians. — SHELLEY: *Dedication to Peter Bell.*

J. A. WADE. 1800–1875.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
 And then I will tell you a tale
 Must be told by the moonlight alone,
 In the grove at the end of the vale!

Meet me by Moonlight.

'T were vain to tell thee all I feel,
 Or say for thee I'd die.

'T were vain to tell.



SIR HENRY TAYLOR. 1800–18—.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Philip Van Artevelde. Part i. Act i. Sc. 5.

An unreflected light did never yet
 Dazzle the vision feminine.

Ibid.

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
 Eternity mourns that. 'T is an ill cure
 For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
 Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
 There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
 Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

Ibid.

We figure to ourselves
 The thing we like; and then we build it up,
 As chance will have it, on the rock or sand, —
 For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
 And homebound Fancy runs her bark ashore.

Ibid.

Such souls,
 Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
 Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
 A voice that in the distance far away
 Wakens the slumbering ages.

Sc. 7.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD. 1801-1872.

There is a higher law than the Constitution.

Speech, March 11, 1850.

It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces.

Speech, Oct. 25, 1858.

 W. M. PRAED. 1802-1839.

Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy at Drury's.

School and Schoolfellows.

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the speaker.

Ibid.

I remember, I remember
How my childhood fled by, —
The mirth of its December
And the warmth of its July.

I remember, I remember

 GEORGE P. MORRIS. 1802-1864.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!¹
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

Woodman, spare that Tree! 1830

A song for our banner! The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station:
"United we stand, divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation!²

¹ See Campbell, page 516.

² See Key, page 517.

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
 The union of States none can sever,
 The union of hearts, the union of hands,
 And the flag of our Union forever!
The Flag of our Union

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
 Long time ago!
Near the Lake

ALBERT G. GREENE. 1802–1868.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man
 We never shall see more;
 He used to wear a long black coat
 All buttoned down before.¹
Old Grimes.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD. 1802–1880.

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile
 with bulrushes as to fetter the step of Freedom, more
 proud and firm in this youthful land than where she
 treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches her-
 self among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland.

Supposititious Speech of James Otis. The Rebels, Chap. ix

¹ John Lee is dead, that good old man, —
 We ne'er shall see him more;
 He used to wear an old drab coat
 All buttoned down before.

To the memory of John Lee, who died May 21, 1823.

An Inscription in Matherne Churchyard

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone, —
 You'll never see him more;
 He used to wear a long brown coat
 That buttoned down before.

HALLIWELL: *Nursery Rhymes of England*, p. 60.

DOUGLAS JERROLD. 1803-1857.

He is one of those wise philanthropists who in a time of famine would vote for nothing but a supply of tooth-picks. *Douglas Jerrold's Wit.*

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling. *Ibid.*

The nobleman of the garden. *The Pineapple.*

That fellow would vulgarize the day of judgment. *A Comic Author.*

The best thing I know between France and England is the sea. *The Anglo-French Alliance.*

The life of the husbandman, — a life fed by the bounty of earth and sweetened by the airs of heaven. *The Husbandman's Life.*

Some people are so fond of ill-luck that they run half-way to meet it. *Meeting Troubles Half-way.*

Earth is here so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest. *A Land of Plenty [Australia].*

The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment. *Ugly Trades.*

A blessed companion is a book, — a book that fitly chosen is a life-long friend. *Books.*

There is something about a wedding-gown prettier than in any other gown in the world. *A Wedding-gown.*

He was so good he would pour rose-water on a toad. *A Charitable Man.*

As for the brandy, "nothing extenuate;" and the water, put nought in in malice. *Shakespeare Grog.*

Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask the number of the steps. *A Matter-of-fact Man.*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. 1803-1882.

Nor knowest thou what argument
 Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
 All are needed by each one ;
 Nothing is fair or good alone. *Each and All.*

I wiped away the weeds and foam,
 I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;
 But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
 Had left their beauty on the shore,
 With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar. *Ibid.*

Not from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought. *The Problem.*

Out from the heart of Nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old. *Ibid.*

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
 Wrought in a sad sincerity ;
 Himself from God he could not free ;
 He builded better than he knew :
 The conscious stone to beauty grew. *Ibid.*

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
 As the best gem upon her zone. *Ibid.*

Earth laughs in flowers to see her boastful boys
 Earth-proud, proud of the earth which is not theirs ;
 Who steer the plough, but cannot steer their feet
 Clear of the grave. *Hamatreya.*

Good bye, proud world ! I'm going home ;
 Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.¹ *Good Bye.*

For what are they all in their high conceit,
 When man in the bush with God may meet ? *Ibid.*

¹ See Byron, page 544.

Oh, tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire.

Ode, Concord, July 4, 1857

Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

Ibid

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can !

Voluntaries.

Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore.

Ibid.

Nor sequent centuries could hit
Orbit and sum of Shakespeare's wit.

Solution.

Born for success he seemed,
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that took all eyes.

In Memoriam.

Nor mourn the unalterable Days
That Genius goes and Folly stays.

Ibid.

Fear not, then, thou child infirm ;
There's no god dare wrong a worm.

Compensation.

He thought it happier to be dead,
To die for Beauty, than live for bread.

Beauty.

Wilt thou seal up the avenues of ill ?
Pay every debt, as if God wrote the bill !

Suum Cuique.

Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or die.

Quatrains. Nature.

Though love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply, —
" 'T is man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die."

Sacrifice.

Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the intuitions.

Essays. First Series. Compensation.

Every action is measured by the depth of the sentiment from which it proceeds.

Spiritual Laws.

All mankind love a lover.

Love.

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs ;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.

Epigraph to Friendship.

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of Nature.

Friendship.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Circles.

There is nothing settled in manners, but the laws of behaviour yield to the energy of the individual.

Essays. Second Series. Manners.

And with Cæsar to take in his hand the army, the empire, and Cleopatra, and say, "All these will I relinquish if you will show me the fountain of the Nile."

New England Reformers.

He is great who is what he is from Nature, and who never reminds us of others.

Representative Men. Uses of Great Men.

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in ?¹

Montaigne.

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it.

Shakespeare.

¹ See Davies, page 176.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.¹ *Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies, "Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life." *Ibid.*

In fact, it is as difficult to appropriate the thoughts of others as it is to invent. *Ibid.*

The passages of Shakespeare that we most prize were never quoted until within this century. *Ibid.*

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world.

Progress of Culture. Phi Beta Kappa Address, July 18, 1867.

I do not find that the age or country makes the least difference; no, nor the language the actors spoke, nor the religion which they professed, whether Arab in the desert or Frenchman in the Academy. I see that sensible men and conscientious men all over the world were of one religion.²

Lectures and Biographical Sketches. The Preacher.

RICHARD HENGEST HORNE. 1803—

'T is always morning somewhere in the world.³

Orion. Book iii. Canto ii. (1843.)

¹ There is not less wit nor less invention in applying rightly a thought one finds in a book, than in being the first author of that thought. Cardinal du Perron has been heard to say that the happy application of a verse of Virgil has deserved a talent. — BAYLE: *vol. ii. p. 779.*

Though old the thought and oft exprest,
'T is his at last who says it best.

LOWELL: *For an Autograph.*

² See Johnson, page 370.

³ 'T is always morning somewhere. — LONGFELLOW: *Wayside Inn. Birds of Killingworth, stanza 16.*

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. 1804–1879.

My country is the world; my countrymen are mankind.¹

Prospectus of the Public Liberator, 1830.

I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard!

Salutatory of the Liberator, Jan. 1, 1831.

Our country is the world; our countrymen are mankind.

Motto of the Liberator, Vol. i. No. 1, 1831.

I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice.

The Liberator, Vol. i. No. 1, 1831.

Our country is the world; our countrymen are all mankind.

Prospectus of the Liberator, Dec. 15, 1837.

The compact which exists between the North and the South is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell.²

Resolution adopted by the Antislavery Society, Jan. 27, 1843.



MARY HOWITT. 1804–1888.

Old England is our home, and Englishmen are we;
Our tongue is known in every clime, our flag in every sea.

Old England is our Home.

“Will you walk into my parlour?” said a spider to a fly;
“’Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.”

The Spider and the Fly.

¹ Socrates said he was not an Athenian or a Greek, but a citizen of the world. — PLUTARCH: *On Banishment*.

Diogenes, when asked from what country he came, replied, “I am a citizen of the world.” — DIOGENES LAERTIUS.

My country is the world, and my religion is to do good. — THOMAS PAINE: *Rights of Man, chap. v.*

² We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement. — *Isaiah xxviii. 15.*

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee ;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.

When Stars are in the quiet Skies.

Buy my flowers, — oh buy, I pray !
The blind girl comes from afar.

Buy my Flowers.

The man who smokes, thinks like a sage and acts like
a Samaritan.

Night and Morning. Chap. vi.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI (EARL BEACONSFIELD).
1805–1881.

Free trade is not a principle, it is an expedient.¹

On Import Duties, April 25, 1843.

The noble lord² is the Rupert of debate.³

Speech, April, 1844.

A conservative government is an organized hypocrisy.

Speech, March 17, 1845.

A precedent embalms a principle.

Speech, Feb. 22, 1848.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

Speech, Jan. 24, 1860.

The characteristic of the present age is craving credulity.

Speech, Nov. 25, 1864.

Assassination has never changed the history of the world.

Speech, May, 1865.

I see before me the statue of a celebrated minister,⁴ who said that confidence was a plant of slow growth. But I believe, however gradual may be the growth of confidence, that of credit requires still more time to arrive at maturity.

Speech, Nov. 9, 1867.

¹ It is a condition which confronts us, not a theory. — GROVER CLEVELAND: *Annual Message, 1887. Reference to the Tariff.*

² Lord Stanley.

³ See Bulwer, page 606.

⁴ William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

The world is a wheel, and it will all come round right.
Endymion. Chap. lxx.

“As for that,” said Waldenshare, “sensible men are all of the same religion.” “Pray, what is that?” inquired the Prince. “Sensible men never tell.”¹
Chap. lxxxi.

The sweet simplicity of the three per cents.² *Chap. xcvi.*



ROBERT MONTGOMERY. 1807–1855.

And thou, vast ocean! on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.³
The Omnipresence of the Deity. Part i.

The soul aspiring pants its source to mount,
As streams meander level with their fount.⁴ *Ibid.*

The solitary monk who shook the world
From pagan slumber, when the gospel trump
Thunder'd its challenge from his dauntless lips
In peals of truth. *Luther. Man's Need and God's Supply.*

And not from Nature up to Nature's God,⁵
But down from Nature's God look Nature through.
Ibid. A Landscape of Domestic Life.

¹ See Johnson, page 370.

An anecdote is related of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper (1621–1683), who, in speaking of religion, said, “People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters, but men of sense are really but of one religion.” To the inquiry of “What religion?” the Earl said, “Men of sense never tell it.” — BURNET: *History of my own Times*, vol. i. p. 175, note (edition 1833).

² See Stowell, page 437.

³ See Byron, page 547.

⁴ We take this to be, on the whole, the worst similitude in the world. In the first place, no stream meanders or can possibly meander level with the fount. In the next place, if streams did meander level with their founts, no two motions can be less like each other than that of meandering level and that of mounting upwards. — MACAULAY: *Review of Montgomery's Poems (Eleventh Edition)*. *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1830.

These lines were omitted in the subsequent edition of the poem.

⁵ See Bolingbroke, page 304.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. 1807-1882.

(From the edition of 1886.)

Look, then, into thine heart, and write !¹

Voices of the Night. Prelude.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,

“Life is but an empty dream !”

For the soul is dead that slumbers,

And things are not what they seem.²

A Psalm of Life.

Life is real ! life is earnest !

And the grave is not its goal ;

Dust thou art, to dust returnest,

Was not spoken of the soul.

Ibid.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,³

And our hearts, though stout and brave,

Still like muffled drums are beating

Funeral marches to the grave.⁴

Ibid.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !

Let the dead Past bury its dead !

Act, act in the living present !

Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Ibid.

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,

And departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time.

Ibid.

Let us, then, be up and doing,

With a heart for any fate ;⁵

Still achieving, still pursuing,

Learn to labour and to wait.

Ibid.

¹ See Philip Sidney, page 34.

² Things are not always what they seem. — PHÆDRUS : *Fables*, book iv Fable 2.

³ See Chaucer, page 6.

Art is long, life is short. — GOETHE : *Wilhelm Meister*, vii. 9.

⁴ Our lives are but our marches to the grave. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *The Humorous Lieutenant*, act iii. sc. 5.

⁵ See Byron, page 553.

There is a reaper whose name is Death,¹
 And with his sickle keen
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

The Reaper and the Flowers.

The star of the unconquered will.

The Light of Stars.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
 And thou shalt know ere long, —
 Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong.

Ibid.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Flowers.

The hooded clouds, like friars,
 Tell their beads in drops of rain.

Midnight Mass.

No tears
 Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

Sunrise on the Hills.

No one is so accursed by fate,
 No one so utterly desolate,
 But some heart, though unknown,
 Responds unto his own.

Endymion.

For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
 There are no birds in last year's nest!²

It is not always May.

Into each life some rain must fall,
 Some days must be dark and dreary.

The Rainy Day.

¹ There is a Reaper whose name is death. — ARNIM AND BRENTANO: *Erntelied*. (From "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," ed. 1857, vol. i. p. 59.)

² Never look for birds of this year in the nests of the last. — CERVANTES *Don Quixote*, part ii. chap. lxxiv.

The prayer of Ajax was for light.¹

The Goblet of Life.

O suffering, sad humanity !
 O ye afflicted ones, who lie
 Steeped to the lips in misery,
 Longing, yet afraid to die,
 Patient, though sorely tried !

Ibid.

Standing with reluctant feet
 Where the brook and river meet,
 Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Maidenhood.

O thou child of many prayers !
 Life hath quicksands ; life hath snares !

Ibid.

She floats upon the river of his thoughts.²

The Spanish Student. Act ii. Sc. 3.

A banner with the strange device.

Excelsior.

This is the place. Stand still, my steed, —
 Let me review the scene,
 And summon from the shadowy past
 The forms that once have been.

A Gleam of Sunshine.

The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

The Day is done.

A feeling of sadness and longing
 That is not akin to pain,
 And resembles sorrow only
 As the mist resembles the rain.

Ibid.

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

Ibid.

¹ The light of Heaven restore ;
 Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more.

POPE : *The Iliad*, book xvii. line 730.

² See Byron, page 553.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Evangeline. Part i. 1.

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Part i. 3.

And as she looked around, she saw how Death the consoler,

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.

Part ii. 5.

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting.¹

The Courtship of Miles Standish. iv.

Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a nation!²

Ibid.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,

That of our vices we can frame

A ladder, if we will but tread

Beneath our feet each deed of shame.³

The Ladder of Saint Augustine.

The heights by great men reached and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,

But they while their companions slept

Were toiling upward in the night.

Ibid.

The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

The Herons of Elmwood.

He has singed the beard of the king of Spain.⁴

The Dutch Picture.

¹ See Stoughton, page 266.

² Plymouth rock.

³ I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, i.

⁴ Sir Francis Drake entered the harbour of Cadiz, April 19, 1587, and destroyed shipping to the amount of ten thousand tons lading. To use his own expressive phrase, he had "singed the Spanish king's beard." — KNIGHT: *Pictorial History of England*, vol. iii. p. 215.

The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books. *Morituri Salutamus.*

With useless endeavour
Forever, forever,
Is Sisyphus rolling
His stone up the mountain!

The Masque of Pandora. Chorus of the Eumenides.

All things come round to him who will but wait.¹
Tales of a Wayside Inn. The Student's Tale.

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

The Golden Legend. iv.

Hospitality sitting with Gladness.
Translation from Frithiof's Saga.

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.

Motto, Hyperion. Book i.²

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love and joy and sorrow learn;
Something with passion clasp, or perish
And in itself to ashes burn.

Ibid. Book ii

Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn
out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life to
light the fires of passion with from day to day, that
man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few
in number.

Hyperion. Book iv. Chap. viii.

¹ See Emerson, page 601.

² Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
Wer nicht die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.
GOETHE: *Wilhelm Meister, book ii. chap. xiii*

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Maud Muller.

Low stir of leaves and dip of oars
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Snow Bound.

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong.

The Mantle of St. John de Matha.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

The Eternal Goodness.

SALMON P. CHASE. 1808–1873.

The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an in-
destructible Union composed of indestructible States.

Decision in Texas v. White, 7 Wallace, 725.

No more slave States; no slave Territories.

Platform of the Free Soil National Convention, 1848.

The way to resumption is to resume.

Letter to Horace Greeley, March 17, 1866

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1808—.

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

National Hymn

Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee I sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King!

National Hymn



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. 1809–1861.

There Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
 The crowns o' the world; oh, eyes sublime
 With tears and laughter for all time!

A Vision of Poets

And Chaucer, with his infantine
 Familiar clasp of things divine.

Ibid.

And Marlowe, Webster, Fletcher, Ben,
 Whose fire-hearts sowed our furrows when
 The world was worthy of such men.

Ibid.

Knowledge by suffering entereth,
 And life is perfected by death.

Ibid. Conclusion.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang
 west.

Toll slowly.

And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our
 incompleteness,

Round our restlessness His rest.

Rhyme of the Duchess

Or from Browning some "Pomegranate," which if cut
 deep down the middle

Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined human-
 ity.

Lady Geraldine's Courtship. xli

But since he had
 The genius to be loved, why let him have
 The justice to be honoured in his grave.

Crowned and buried. xxvii

Thou large-brain'd woman and large-hearted man.

To George Sand. A Desire

By thunders of white silence.

Hiram Powers's Greek Slave

And that dismal cry rose slowly

And sank slowly through the air,

Full of spirit's melancholy

And eternity's despair;

And they heard the words it said, —

“Pan is dead! great Pan is dead!

Pan, Pan is dead!”¹

The Dead Pan.

Death forerunneth Love to win

“Sweetest eyes were ever seen.”

Catarina to Camoëns. ix.

She has seen the mystery hid

Under Egypt's pyramid:

By those eyelids pale and close

Now she knows what Rhamses knows.

Little Mattie. Stanza ii.

But so fair,

She takes the breath of men away

Who gaze upon her unaware.

Bianca among the Nightingales. xii.

God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers,

And thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our face,

A gauntlet with a gift in 't.

Aurora Leigh. Book ii.

The growing drama has outgrown such toys

Of simulated stature, face, and speech:

It also peradventure may outgrow

The simulation of the painted scene,

Boards, actors, prompters, gaslight, and costume,

And take for a worthier stage the soul itself,

Its shifting fancies and celestial lights,

With all its grand orchestral silences

To keep the pauses of its rhythmic sounds.

Book v

¹ Thamus . . . uttered with a loud voice his message, “The great Pan is dead.” — PLUTARCH: *Why the Oracles cease to give Answers.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. 1809–1865.

I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. *Speech, June 16, 1858.*

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.

Address, New York City, Feb. 21, 1859.

In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free, — honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. *Second Annual Message to Congress, Dec. 1, 1862.*

That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.¹

Speech at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.²

Second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865.



CHARLES DARWIN. 1809–1882.

I have called this principle, by which each slight variation, if useful, is preserved, by the term Natural Selection. *The Origin of Species. Chap. iii.*

We will now discuss in a little more detail the Struggle for Existence.³ *Ibid.*

The expression often used by Mr. Herbert Spencer of the Survival of the Fittest is more accurate, and is sometimes equally convenient.⁴ *Ibid.*

¹ See Daniel Webster, page 532.

² See J. Q. Adams, page 458.

³ The perpetual struggle for room and food. — MALTHUS: *On Population*, chap. iii. p. 48 (1798).

⁴ This survival of the fittest which I have here sought to express in mechanical terms, is that which Mr. Darwin has called "natural selection, or the preservation of favoured races in the struggle for life." — HERBERT SPENCER: *Principles of Biology. Indirect Equilibration.*

ALFRED TENNYSON. 1809—

(From the edition of 1884.)

This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base. *To the Queen.*

And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet. *Ibid.*

Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea. *Ibid.*

For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.
Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love. *The Poet.*

Like glimpses of forgotten dreams.
The Two Voices. Stanza cxxvii.

Across the walnuts and the wine.
The Miller's Daughter.

O love! O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.¹ *Fatima. Stanza 3.*

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, —
These three alone lead life to sovereign power. *Ænone.*

Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence. *Ibid.*

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell. *The Palace of Art.*

Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Stanza 5.

¹ See Marlowe, page 41.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet!
 Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
 Sleep full of rest from head to feet;
 Lie still, dry dust, secure of change. *To J. S.*

More black than ash-buds in the front of March.
The Gardener's Daughter.

Of love that never found his earthly close,
 What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts;
 Or all the same as if he had not been? *Love and Duty.*

The long mechanic pacings to and fro,
 The set, gray life, and apathetic end. *Ibid.*

Ah, when shall all men's good
 Be each man's rule, and universal peace
 Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
 And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
 Thro' all the circle of the golden year?
The Golden Year.

I am a part of all that I have met.¹ *Ulysses.*

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use, —
 As tho' to breathe were life! *Ibid.*

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles whom we knew. *Ibid.*

Here at the quiet limit of the world. *Tithonus.*

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd
 dove;

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to
 thoughts of love. *Locksley Hall. Line 19.*

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the
 chords with might;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music
 out of sight. *Line 33.*

¹ See Byron, page 543.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent
its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his
horse. *Locksley Hall. Line 49.*

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier
things.¹ *Line 75.*

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams. *Line 79.*

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daugh-
ter's heart. *Line 94.*

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
Honour feels. *Line 105.*

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping some-
thing new. *Line 117.*

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing pur-
pose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process
of the suns. *Line 137.*

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. *Line 141.*

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky
race. *Line 168.*

I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time. *Line 178.*

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing
grooves of change. *Line 182.*

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay. *Line 184.*

I waited for the train at Coventry ;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires ; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this. *Godiva*

¹ See Longfellow, page 618.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
 And round her waist she felt it fold,
 And far across the hills they went
 In that new world which is the old.

The Day-Dream. The Departure, i.

And o'er the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
 Beyond the night, across the day,
 Thro' all the world she follow'd him.

Ibid. iv.

We are ancients of the earth,
 And in the morning of the times.

L'Envoi.

As she fled fast through sun and shade
 The happy winds upon her play'd,
 Blowing the ringlet from the braid.

Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.

For now the poet cannot die,
 Nor leave his music as of old,
 But round him ere he scarce be cold
 Begins the scandal and the cry.

To ——, after reading a Life and Letters.

But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break.

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

Ibid.

For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

The Brook.

Mastering the lawless science of our law, —
 That codeless myriad of precedent,
 That wilderness of single instances.

Aylmer's Field.

Rich in saving common-sense,
 And, as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. Stanza 4.

Oh good gray head which all men knew!

Ibid.

That tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew.
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. Stanza 4.

For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
And never lost an English gun. *Stanza 6.*

Not once or twice in our rough-island story
The path of duty was the way to glory. *Stanza 3.*

All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
The Charge of the Light Brigade. Stanza 1.

Some one had blunder'd :
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die. *Stanza 2.*

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them.

Into the jaws of death,¹
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred. *Stanza 3.*

That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of
lies ;
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought
with outright ;
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to
fight. *The Grandmother. Stanza 8.*

O Love ! what hours were thine and mine,
In lands of palm and southern pine ;
In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine !
The Daisy. Stanza 1.

¹ Jaws of death. — SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 4. DU
BARTAS: *Weekes and Workes*, day i. part 4.

So dear a life your arms enfold,
Whose crying is a cry for gold.

The Daisy. Stanza 24

Read my little fable :

He that runs may read.¹

Most can raise the flowers now,

For all have got the seed. *The Flower.*

In that fierce light which beats upon a throne.

Idylls of the King. Dedication.

It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

Ibid. Merlin and Vivien.

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Ibid. Launcelot and Elaine.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new ;
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

The Passing of Arthur.

I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt) —
To the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.

Ibid.

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

The Princess. Prologue. Line 141.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.

Part i. Line 153

¹ See Cowper, page 422.

- Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.
Maud. Part i. ii.
- That jewell'd mass of millinery,
 That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull. *vi. Stanza 6.*
- Gorgonized me from head to foot,
 With a stony British stare. *xiii. Stanza 2.*
- Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown ;
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone. *xxii. Stanza 1.*
- Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls. *Stanza 9.*
- Ah, Christ, that it were possible
 For one short hour to see
 The souls we loved, that they might tell us
 What and where they be. *Part ii. iv. Stanza 3.*
- Let knowledge grow from more to more.
In Memoriam. Prologue. Line 25.
- I held it truth, with him who sings¹
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.² *i. Stanza 1.*
- But for the unquiet heart and brain
 A use in measured language liès ;
 The sad mechanic exercise
 Like dull narcotics numbing pain. *v. Stanza 2.*
- Never morning wore
 To evening, but some heart did break. *vi. Stanza 2.*
- And topples round the dreary west
 A looming bastion fringed with fire. *xv. Stanza 5*

¹ The poet alluded to is Goethe. I know this from Lord Tennyson himself, although he could not identify the passage ; and when I submitted to him a small book of mine on his marvellous poem, he wrote, " It is Goethe's creed," on this very passage. — Rev. Dr. GERTY (vicar of Ecclesfield, Yorkshire).

² See Longfellow, page 616.

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance.

In Memoriam. lxiv. Stanza 2.

And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.

Stanza 3.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be.

lxxiii. Stanza 1.

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
And while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world, which credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been.

lxxv. Stanza 4.

O last regret, regret can die !

lxxviii. Stanza 5.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

xcvi. Stanza 3.

He seems so near, and yet so far.

xcvii. Stanza 6.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky !

cv. Stanza 1.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow !

Stanza 2.

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in !

Stanza 5.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace !

Stanza 7.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand !
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be !

Stanza 8.

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

cxi. Stanza 6.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. 1809—

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky. *Old Ironsides*

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale ! *Ibid.*

Like sentinel and nun, they keep
 Their vigil on the green.
The Cambridge Churchyard.

The mossy marbles rest
 On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom ;
 And the names he loved to hear
 Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb. *The Last Leaf.*

I know it is a sin
 For me to sit and grin
 At him here ;
 But the old three-cornered hat,
 And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer ! *Ibid.*

Thou say'st an undisputed thing
 In such a solemn way. *To an Insect.*

Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
 Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.
The Music-Grinders.

You think they are crusaders sent
 From some infernal clime,
 To pluck the eyes of sentiment
 And dock the tail of Rhyme,
 To crack the voice of Melody
 And break the legs of Time. *Ibid.*

His home ! the Western giant smiles,
 And twirls the spotty globe to find it ;
 This little speck, the British Isles ?
 'T is but a freckle, — never mind it.

A Good Time going

But Memory blushes at the sneer,
 And Honor turns with frown defiant,
 And Freedom, leaning on her spear,
 Laughs louder than the laughing giant. *Ibid.*

You hear that boy laughing ? — you think he 's all fun ;
 But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done ;
 The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
 And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.

The Boys.

Good to the heels the well-worn slipper feels
 When the tired player shuffles off the buskin ;
 A page of Hood may do a fellow good
 After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin.

How not to settle it.

A thought is often original, though you have uttered
 it a hundred times. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. i.*

People that make puns are like wanton boys that put
 coppers on the railroad tracks. *Ibid.*

Everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a
 great deal better to be made in that way than not to be
 made at all. *Ibid.*

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits
 them all. *Ibid. vi.*

There is that glorious epicurean paradox uttered by
 my friend the historian,¹ in one of his flashing moments :
 "Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with
 its necessaries." To this must certainly be added that

¹ John Lothrop Motley.

Said Scopas of Thessaly, "We rich men count our felicity and happiness to lie in these superfluities, and not in those necessary things." — PLUTARCH: *On the Love of Wealth.*

The poor must be wisely visited and liberally cared for, so that mendicity shall not be tempted into mendacity, nor want exasperated into crime.

Yorktown Oration in 1881.

Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half completed, while millions of freemen with votes in their hands are left without education. Justice to them, the welfare of the States in which they live, the safety of the whole Republic, the dignity of the elective franchise, — all alike demand that the still remaining bonds of ignorance shall be unloosed and broken, and the minds as well as the bodies of the emancipated go free.

Ibid.



JAMES ALDRICH. 1810–1856.

Her suffering ended with the day,
 Yet lived she at its close,
 And breathed the long, long night away
 In statue-like repose.

A Death-Bed.

But when the sun in all his state
 Illumed the eastern skies,
 She passed through Glory's morning-gate,
 And walked in Paradise.

Ibid.



THEODORE PARKER. 1810–1860.

There is what I call the American idea . . . This idea demands, as the proximate organization thereof, a democracy, — that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people; of course, a government of the principles of eternal justice, the unchanging law of God. For shortness' sake I will call it the idea of Freedom.¹

Speech at the N. E. Antislavery Convention, Boston, May 29, 1850.

¹ See Daniel Webster, page 532.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. 1811-1884.

Revolutions are not made ; they come.

Speech, Jan. 28, 1852.

What the Puritans gave the world was not thought,
but action.

Speech, Dec. 21, 1855.

One on God's side is a majority.

Speech, Nov. 1, 1859.

Every man meets his Waterloo at last.

Ibid.

Revolutions never go backward.

Speech, Feb. 12, 1861.



FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 1811-——.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear :
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

*Lines addressed to the Young Gentlemen leaving the Lenox
Academy, Mass.*

Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Faith.



BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

Ho ! stand to your glasses steady !
'T is all we have left to prize.
A cup to the dead already, —
Hurrah for the next that dies !¹

Revelry in India.

¹ This quatrain appears with variations in several stanzas. "The poem," says Mr. Rossiter Johnson in "Famous Single and Fugitive Poems," "is persistently attributed to Alfred Domett; but in a letter to me, Feb. 6, 1879, he says: 'I did not write that poem, and was never in India in my life. I am as ignorant of the authorship as you can be.'"

ROBERT BROWNING. 1812-1890.

Any nose
May ravage with impunity a rose.

Sordello. Book vi.

That we devote ourselves to God, is seen
In living just as though no God there were.

Paracelsus. Part i.

Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart.

Ibid.

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive, — what time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In his good time.

Ibid.

Are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver, —
One, when a beggar he prepares to plunge;
One, when a prince he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge.

Ibid.

God is the perfect poet,
Who in his person acts his own creations.

Part ii.

The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
To their first fault, and withered in their pride.

Part iv.

I give the fight up: let there be an end,
A privacy, an obscure nook for me.
I want to be forgotten even by God.

Part v.

Progress is
The law of life: man is not Man as yet.

Ibid.

Say not "a small event!" Why "small"?
Costs it more pain that this ye call

When is man strong until he feels alone ?

Colombe's Birthday. Act iii.

When the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something.

Men and Women. Bishop Blougram's Apology.

The sprinkled isles,
Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea.

Cleon.

And I have written three books on the soul,
Proving absurd all written hitherto,
And putting us to ignorance again.

Ibid.

Sappho survives, because we sing her songs ;
And Æschylus, because we read his plays !

Ibid.

Rafael made a century of sonnets.

One Word More. ii.

Other heights in other lives, God willing.

xii.

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, — one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her !

xvii.

Oh their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
Oh their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song — and in my brain I sing it ;
Drew one angel — borne, see, on my bosom !

xix.

The lie was dead
And damned, and truth stood up instead.

Count Gismond. xiii.

Over my head his arm he flung
Against the world.

xix.

Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed !
So, I was afraid !

Instans Tyrannus. vii

Oh never star
Was lost here but it rose afar.

Waring. ii

That great brow
And the spirit-small hand propping it.

By the Fireside. xxiii.

If two lives join, there is oft a scar.

They are one and one, with a shadowy third ;
One near one is too far.

xlvi.

Only I discern
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

Two in the Campagna. xli.

Round and round, like a dance of snow
In a dazzling drift, as its guardians, go
Floating the women faded for ages,
Sculptured in stone on the poet's pages.

Women and Roses.

How he lies in his rights of a man !
Death has done all death can.

And absorbed in the new life he leads,
He recks not, he heeds

Nor his wrong nor my vengeance ; both strike
On his senses alike,

And are lost in the solemn and strange
Surprise of the change.

After.

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again ?
How strange it seems, and new !

Memorabilia. i.

He who did well in war just earns the right
To begin doing well in peace.

Luria. Act ii

And inasmuch as feeling, the East's gift,
Is quick and transient, — comes, and lo ! is gone,
While Northern thought is slow and durable.

Act v.

A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one ;
And those who live as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all.

Ibid.

For I say this is death and the sole death, —
 When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,
 Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,
 And lack of love from love made manifest.

A Death in the Desert

Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
 Not God's, and not the beasts : God is, they are ;
 Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be.

Ibid.

The ultimate, angels' law,
 Indulging every instinct of the soul
 There where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing !

Ibid.

How sad and bad and mad it was !

But then, how it was sweet ! *Confessions. ix.*

So may a glory from defect arise. *Deaf and Dumb.*

This could but have happened once, —

And we missed it, lost it forever.

Youth and Art. xvii.

Fear death ? — to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face.

No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old ;

Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold.

Prospice.

It's wiser being good than bad ;

It's safer being meek than fierce ;

It's fitter being sane than mad.

My own hope is, a sun will pierce

The thickest cloud earth ever stretched ;

That after Last returns the First,

Though a wide compass round be fetched ;

That what began best can't end worst,

Nor what God blessed once prove accurst.

Apparent Failures. vii.

In the great right of an excessive wrong.

The Ring and the Book. The other Half-Rome. Line 1055

Was never evening yet
But seemed far beautifuller than its day.

The Ring and the Book. Pompilia. Line 357.

The curious crime, the fine -
Felicity and flower of wickedness.

Ibid. The Pope. Line 590.

Of what I call God,
And fools call Nature.

Line 1073

Why comes temptation, but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestaled in triumph?

Line 1185.

White shall not neutralize the black, nor good
Compensate bad in man, absolve him so:
Life's business being just the terrible choice.

Line 1236.

It is the glory and good of Art
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth, — to mouths like mine, at least.

Ibid. The Book and the Ring. Line 842.

Thy¹ rare gold ring of verse (the poet praised)
Linking our England to his Italy.

Line 873.

But how carve way i' the life that lies before,
If bent on groaning ever for the past?

Balaustion's Adventure.

Better have failed in the high aim, as I,
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed, —
As, God be thanked! I do not.

The Inn Album. 12.

Have you found your life distasteful?
My life did, and does, smack sweet.
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
Mine I saved and hold complete.
Do your joys with age diminish?
When mine fail me, I'll complain.
Must in death your daylight finish?
My sun sets to rise again.

At the "Mermaid." Stanza 10.

¹ Mrs. Browning.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH. 1813—

Thought is deeper than all speech,
 Feeling deeper than all thought;
 Souls to souls can never teach
 What unto themselves was taught. *Stanzas*

We are spirits clad in veils;
 Man by man was never seen;
 All our deep communing fails
 To remove the shadowy screen. *Ibid.*

F. W. FABER. 1814–1863.

For right is right, since God is God,¹
 And right the day must win;
 To doubt would be disloyalty,
 To falter would be sin. *The Right must win.*

Labour itself is but a sorrowful song,
 The protest of the weak against the strong.
The Sorrowful World.

CHARLES MACKAY. 1814—

Cleon hath a million acres, — ne'er a one have I;
 Cleon dwelleth in a palace, — in a cottage I. *Cleon and I.*

But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
 As round and round we run;
 And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
 And justice shall be done. *Eternal Justice. Stanza 4.*

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
 Aid it, hopes of honest men! *Clear the Way.*

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam,
 Where the shrill winds whistle free. *Some love to roam.*

There's a good time coming, boys!
 A good time coming. *The Good Time coming*

¹ See Crabbe, page 444.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when earth was young. *Tubal Cain.*



ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER. 1816–1841.

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly;
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A truth and noonday light to thee. *Life a Duty.*



PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. 1816—

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end; that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, — God.
Festus. Scene, A Country Town.

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love.
Scene, Another and a Better World.

America! half-brother of the world!
With something good and bad of every land.
Scene, The Surface.



ELIZA COOK. 1817—

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
The Old Arm-Chair.

How cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
When memory plays an old tune on the heart! *Old Dobbin.*

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS. 1817-1867.

At present there is no distinction among the upper ten thousand of the city.¹ *Necessity for a Promenade Drive.*

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice
And the light of a pleasant eye.

Saturday Afternoon.

It is the month of June,
The month of leaves and roses,
When pleasant sights salute the eyes,
And pleasant scents the noses.

The Month of June.

Let us weep in our darkness, but weep not for him!
Not for him who, departing, leaves millions in tears!
Not for him who has died full of honor and years!
Not for him who ascended Fame's ladder so high
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky.

The Death of Harrison.



WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. 1817-—

I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me;
If my bark sinks, 't is to another sea.

A Poet's Hope.

I sing New England, as she lights her fire
In every Prairie's midst; and where the bright
Enchanting stars shine pure through Southern night,
She still is there, the guardian on the tower,
To open for the world a purer hour.

New England.

Most joyful let the Poet be;
It is through him that all men see.

The Poet of the Old and New Times

¹ See Haliburton, page 580.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. 1819-1891.

Earth's noblest thing, — a woman perfected. *Irene.*

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own. *Sonnet iv.*

Great truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great souls are portions of eternity. *Sonnet vi.*

To win the secret of a weed's plain heart. *Sonnet xxv.*

Two meanings have our lightest fantasies, —
One of the flesh, and of the spirit one.
Sonnet xxxiv. (Ed. 1844.)

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul.
An Incident in a Railroad Car.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century. *Ibid.*

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him. There is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.
A Glance behind the Curtain.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak.

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three. *Stanzas on Freedom.*

Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts.
Columbus.

One day with life and heart
Is more than time enough to find a world. *Ibid.*

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur.¹
The Biglow Papers. First Series. No. ii.

Gineral C. is a drefle smart man ;
 He 's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf ;
 But consistency still wuz a part of his plan, —
 He 's ben true to *one* party, an' thet is himself.

Ibid.

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage.
No. iii.

But John P.
 Robinson, he

Sez they did n't know everythin' down in Judee. *Ibid.*

I *don't* believe in princerples,
 But oh I *du* in interest. *No. vi.*

Of my merit
 On thet pint you yourself may jedge ;
 All is, I never drink no sperit,
 Nor I haint never signed no pledge.

No. vii.

Ez to my princerples, I glory
 In hevin' nothin' o' the sort. *Ibid.*

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

Second Series. The Courtin'.

The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm from floor to ceilin'. *Ibid.*

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
 On sech a blessed cretur. *Ibid.*

His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity-Zekle. *Ibid.*

All kin' o' smily round the lips,
 An' teary round the lashes. *Ibid.*

¹ See Moore, page 519.

Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The Biglow Papers. Second Series. The Courtin'.

Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with hardihood.

No. vi

Soft-heartedness, in times like these,
Shows sof'ness in the upper story.

No. vii

Earth's biggest country's gut her soul,
An' risen up earth's greatest nation.

Ibid.

Under the yaller pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west-wind purr contented.

No. x

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
On war's red techstone rang true metal;
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?

Ibid.

From lower to the higher next,
Not to the top, is Nature's text;
And embryo Good, to reach full stature,
Absorbs the Evil in its nature.

Festina Lente. Moral

Though old the thought and oft exprest,
'T is his at last who says it best.¹

For an Autograph.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote.

Ode at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865.

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.

Ibid.

¹ See Emerson, page 604.

Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past. *The Cathedral.*

The one thing finished in this hasty world. *Ibid.*

These pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were bred,
Each softly lucent as a rounded moon;
The diver Omar plucked them from their bed,
Fitzgerald strung them on an English thread.

In a copy of Omar Khayyam.

The clear, sweet singer with the crown of snow
Not whiter than the thoughts that housed below.

To George William Curtis.

But life is sweet, though all that makes it sweet
Lessen like sound of friends' departing feet;
And Death is beautiful as feet of friend
Coming with welcome at our journey's end.
For me Fate gave, whate'er she else denied,
A nature sloping to the southern side;
I thank her for it, though when clouds arise
Such natures double-darken gloomy skies. *Ibid.*

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained: know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me"? *Epigram*

In vain we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The Ten Commandments will not budge,
And stealing will continue stealing.

*Motto of the American Copyright League
(written Nov. 20, 1885).*

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is
wholesome for the character.

Among my Books. First Series. Dryden.

A wise scepticism is the first attribute of a good critic.
Shakespeare Once More.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness
of warning. *Ibid.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY. 1819–1875.

O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee! *The Sands of Dee.*

Men must work, and women must weep.
The Three Fishers.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
 And so make life, death, and that vast forever
 One grand sweet song. *A Farewell.*

The world goes up and the world goes down,
 And the sunshine follows the rain;
 And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
 Can never come over again.
Dolcino to Margaret.

 ULYSSES S. GRANT. 1822–1885.

No other terms than unconditional and immediate
 surrender. I propose to move immediately upon your
 works. *To Gen. S. B. Buckner, Fort Donelson, Feb. 16, 1862.*

I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all
 summer. *Despatch to Washington. Before Spottsylvania Court House,
 May 11, 1864.*

Let us have peace.
Accepting a Nomination for the Presidency, May 29, 1868.

I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or ob-
 noxious laws so effectual as their strict construction.
From the Inaugural Address, March 4, 1869.

Let no guilty man escape, if it can be avoided. No
 personal considerations should stand in the way of per-
 forming a duty.
Indorsement of a Letter relating to the Whiskey Ring, July 29, 1875

MATTHEW ARNOLD. 1822–1888.

Others abide our question. 'Thou art free.
We ask and ask. 'Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge.

Shakespeare

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too!

Requiescat

To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man.

Growing Old.

Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?

Memorial Verses.

Wandering between two worlds, — one dead,
The other powerless to be born.

Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse,

The kings of modern thought are dumb.

Ibid.

Philistine must have originally meant, in the mind
of those who invented the nickname, a strong, dogged,
unenlightened opponent of the children of the light.

Essays in Criticism. Heinrich Heine.

There is no better motto which it [culture] can have
than these words of Bishop Wilson, "To make reason
and the will of God prevail."

Culture and Anarchy. P. 8.

 RUTHERFORD B. HAYES. 1822— .

He serves his party best who serves the country best.¹
Inaugural Address, March 5, 1877

¹ See Pope, page 339.

LEONARD HEATH.

On a lone barren isle, where the wild roaring billows
 Assail the stern rock, and the loud tempests rave,
 The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willows,
 Like fond weeping mourners, lean over his grave.
 The lightnings may flash and the loud thunders rattle;
 He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain;
 He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle;
 No sound can awake him to glory again!¹
The Grave of Bonaparte.

Yet spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,
 But like thine own eagle that soars to the sun
 Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind thee
 A name which before thee no mortal hath won.
 Tho' nations may combat, and war's thunders rattle,
 No more on thy steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain:
 Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last
 battle,
 No sound can awake thee to glory again. *Ibid.*

BAYARD TAYLOR. 1825-1878.

Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.
Bedouin Song.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
 Forgot was Britain's glory;
 Each heart recall'd a different name,
 But all sang Annie Lawrie.
The Song of the Camp.

The bravest are the tenderest, —
 The loving are the daring. *Ibid.*

¹ This song was composed and set to music, about 1842, by Leonard Heath, of Nashua, who died a few years ago. — BELA CHAPIN: *The Poets of New Hampshire, 1883, p. 760.*

DINAH M. MULOCK. 1826—

Two hands upon the breast,
 And labour's done;¹
 Two pale feet crossed in rest,
 The race is won. *Now and Afterwards.*



ALEXANDER SMITH. 1830—1867.

Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire.
A Life Drama. Sc. II

In winter, when the dismal rain
 Comes down in slanting lines,
 And Wind, that grand old harper, smote
 His thunder-harp of pines. *Ibid.*

A poem round and perfect as a star. *Ibid.*



H. F. CHORLEY. 1831—1872.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who hath ruled in the greenwood long!
The Brave Old Oak.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who stands in his pride alone!
 And still flourish he a hale green tree
 When a hundred years are gone! *Ibid.*

¹ Two hands upon the breast, and labour is past. — *Russian Proverb.*

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN. 1832—

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight !
Make me a child again, just for to-night !

Rock me to sleep

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years !
I am so weary of toil and of tears, —
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain !
Take them, and give me my childhood again !

Ibid.



BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER. 1835—

We have exchanged the Washingtonian dignity for the Jeffersonian simplicity, which was in truth only another name for the Jacksonian vulgarity.

*Address at the Washington Centennial Service in
St. Paul's Chapel, New York, April 30, 1889.*

If there be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of ascent, — a character in them that bear rule so fine and high and pure that as men come within the circle of its influence they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one pre-eminent distinction, the royalty of virtue.

Ibid.



FRANCIS M. FINCH.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.¹

The Blue and the Gray

¹ This poem first appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly."

GROVER CLEVELAND. 1837—

After an existence of nearly twenty years of almost innocuous desuetude these laws are brought forth.

Message, March 1, 1886.

It is a condition which confronts us — not a theory.¹

Annual Message, 1887.

I have considered the pension list of the republic a roll of honor.

Veto of Dependent Pension Bill, July 5, 1888.

Party honesty is party expediency.

Interview in New York Commercial Advertiser, Sept. 19, 1889.



FRANCIS BRET HARTE. 1839—

Which I wish to remark, —
And my language is plain, —
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.

Plain Language from Truthful James.

Ah Sin was his name.

Ibid.

With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Ibid.



FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON. 1852—

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one ;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one ;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

Light.

¹ See Disraeli, page 607.

A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky. **CHARLES WESLEY: *Christian Fidelity***

Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down. *Divine Love.*

Of right and wrong he taught
 Truths as refined as ever Athens heard;
 And (strange to tell!) he practised what he preached.
 JOHN ARMSTRONG (1709-1779): *The Art of Preserving*
 Health. Book iv. Line 301.

Gentle shepherd, tell me where. **SAMUEL HOWARD (1710-1782).**

Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your
 tongue!

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
 Remember, when the judgment's weak the prejudice is
 strong. **KANE O'HARA (—-1782): *Midas. Act i. Sc. 4.***

Where passion leads or prudence points the way.
 ROBERT LOWTH (1710-1787): *Choice of Hercules, i.*

And he that will this health deny,
 Down among the dead men let him lie.
 — **DYER (published in the early part of the reign of George I.).**

Each cursed his fate that thus their project crossed;
 How hard their lot who neither won nor lost!
 RICHARD GRAVES (1715-1804): *The Festoon (1767).*

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!
 List, ye landsmen all, to me;
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea.
 GEORGE A. STEVENS (1720-1784): *The Storm.*

That man may last, but never lives,
 Who much receives, but nothing gives;
 Whom none can love, whom none can thank, —
 Creation's blot, creation's blank.
 THOMAS GIBBONS (1720-1785): *When Jesus dwelt.*

In this awfully stupendous manner, at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded, was the grace of God to man at length manifested.

RICHARD HURD (1720-1808): *Sermons*. Vol. ii. p. 287.

There is such a choice of difficulties that I am myself at a loss how to determine.

JAMES WOLFE (1726-1759): *Despatch to Pitt, Sept. 2, 1759*.

Kathleen mavourneen! the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill.

ANNE CRAWFORD (1784-1801): *Kathleen Mavourneen*.

Who can refute a sneer?

WILLIAM PALRY (1743-1805): *Moral Philosophy*. Vol. ii. Book v. Chap. 9.

Why should the Devil have all the good tunes?

ROWLAND HILL (1744-1833).

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Grey?
And why does thy nose look so blue?

THOMAS HOLCROFT (1745-1800): *Gaffer Grey*.

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY (1746-1825), — when Ambassador to the French Republic, 1796.

And ye sall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye 'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE (1747-1794): *The Siller Crown*.

A glass is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we 're all good fellows together.

JOHN O'KEEFE (1747-1833): *Sprigs of Laurel*. Act ii. Sc. 1

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree.

JOHN LOWE (1750- —): *Mary's Dream*.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and child of the skies !
Thy genius commands thee ; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752-1817): *Columbia*

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope, and comfort from above ;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

ROBERT HAWKER (1753-1827): *Benediction*.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch ?

ANNE GRANT (1755-1838): *Roy's Wife*.

Bounding billows, cease your motion,
Bear me not so swiftly o'er.

MARY ROBINSON (1758-1799): *Bounding Billows*.

While Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS (1762-1827): *Trust in Providence*.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES (1762-1837): *Sonnet on the
Death of Sir Walter Scott*.

Oh swiftly glides the bonnie boat,
Just parted from the shore,
And to the fisher's chorus-note
Soft moves the dipping oar.

JOANNA BAILLIE (1762-1857): *Oh swiftly glides the Bonnie Boat*.

'T was whisper'd in heaven, 't was mutter'd in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell ;
On the confines of earth 't was permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd.

CATHERINE M. FANSHAW (1764-1834): *Enigma. The letter H*.

Oh, it's a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island.

THOMAS DIBDIN (1771-1841): *The snug little Island.*

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE (1772-1811): *Adams and Liberty.*

They [the blacks] had no rights which the white man
was bound to respect.

ROGER B. TANEY (1777-1864): *The Dred Scott Case* (Howard,
Rep. 19, p. 407).

To make a mountain of a mole-hill.

HENRY ELLIS (1777-1869): *Original Letters. Second
Series, p. 312.*

March to the battle-field,
The foe is now before us;
Each heart is Freedom's shield,
And heaven is shining o'er us.

B. E. O'MEARA (1778-1836): *March to the Battle-Field.*

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations
may she always be in the right; but our country, right
or wrong.

STEPHEN DECATUR (1779-1820): *Toast given at Norfolk,
April, 1816.*

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unaw'd by influence and unbrib'd by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledg'd to Religion, Liberty, and Law.

JOSEPH STORY (1779-1845): *Motto of the "Salem Register."*
(Life of Story, Vol. i. p. 127.)

Let there be no inscription upon my tomb; let no man
write my epitaph: no man can write my epitaph.

ROBERT EMMET (1780-1803): *Speech on his Trial and Conviction
for High Treason, September, 1803.*

Imitation is the sincerest flattery.

C. C. COLTON (1780-1832): *The Lacon-*

Behold how brightly breaks the morning!
 Though bleak our lot, our hearts are warm.

JAMES KENNEY (1780-1849): *Behold how brightly breaks*

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
 I laugh'd and danc'd and talk'd and sung.

PRINCESS AMELIA (1783-1810).

A sound so fine, there's nothing lives
 'Twixt it and silence.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES (1784-1862): *Virginius, Act v. Sc. 2.*

We have met the enemy, and they are ours.

OLIVER H. PERRY (1785-1820): *Letter to General Harrison*
 (dated "United States Brig Niagara. Off the Western
 Sisters. Sept. 10, 1813, 4 P. M.").

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
 Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
 She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
 Last at his cross and earliest at his grave.

EATON S. BARRETT (1785-1820): *Woman, Part i. (ed. 1822).*

They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors
 belong the spoils of the enemy.

WILLIAM L. MARCY (1786-1857): *Speech in the United States
 Senate, January, 1832.*

Say to the seceded States, "Wayward sisters, depart
 in peace."

WINFIELD SCOTT (1786-1861): *Letter to W. H. Seward,*
March 3, 1861.

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
 I lay me down in peace to sleep.

EMMA WILLARD (1787-1870): *The Cradle of the Deep.*

Right as a trivet.

R. H. BARHAM (1788-1845) *The Ingoldsby Legends. Auto-da-fe.*

I would not live alway : I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG (1796-1877): *I would not live alway.*

Oh, leave the gay and festive scenes,
The halls of dazzling light.

H. S. VANDYK (1798-1828); *The Light Guitar.*

If any one attempts to haul down the American flag,
shoot him on the spot.

JOHN A. DIX (1798-1879): *An Official Despatch, Jan. 29, 1861.*

I envy them, those monks of old ;
Their books they read, and their beads they told.

G. P. R. JAMES (1801-1860): *The Monks of Old*

A place in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim ;
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name.

GERALD GRIFFIN (1803-1840): *A Place in thy Memory.*

Sparkling and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in ;
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN (1806-1884): *Sparkling and Bright.*

The very mudsills of society. . . . We call them slaves.
. . . . But I will not characterize that class at the North
with that term ; but you have it. It is there, it is every-
where ; it is eternal.

JAMES H. HAMMOND (1807-1864): *Speech in the U. S. Senate,
March, 1858.*

It would be superfluous in me to point out to your
Lordship that this is war.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS (1807-1886): *Despatch to Earl Russell,
Sept. 5, 1863.*

We are swinging round the circle.

ANDREW JOHNSON (1808-1875): *On the Presidential Reconstruction
Tour, August, 1866.*

What are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long,
That ever amid our playing
I hear but their low, lone song?

JOSEPH E. CARPENTER (1813- —): *What are the wild
Waves saying?*

Well, General, we have not had many dead cavalry-
men lying about lately.

JOSEPH HOOKER (1813-1879): *A remark to General Averill,
November, 1862.*

Come in the evening, or come in the morning;
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning.

THOMAS O. DAVIS (1814-1845): *The Welcome*

But whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man!

MICHAEL J. BARRY (Circa 1815): *The Dublin Nation,
Sept. 28, 1844, Vol. ii. p. 809.*

Oh the heart is a free and a fetterless thing, —
A wave of the ocean, a bird on the wing!

JULIA PARDOE (1816-1862): *The Captive Greek Girl.*

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

LORD JOHN MANNERS (1818- —): *England's Trust. Part iii.
Line 227.*

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off, unattain'd, and dim,
While the beautiful all round thee lying
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

HARRIET W. SEWALL (1819-1889): *Why thus longing!*

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown;
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
• And trembl'd with fear at your frown!

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH (1819- —): *Ben Bolt*

A mugwump is a person educated beyond his intellect.

HORACE PORTER (1837- —), — a *bon-mot* in the Cleveland-Blaine campaign of 1884.

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

RICHARD RUMBOLD, *on the scaffold, 1685. History of England (Macaulay), Chap. v.*

The last link is broken
That bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken
Have render'd me free.

FANNY STEERS: *Song.*

Old Simon the cellarer keeps a rare store
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie.

G. W. BELLAMY: *Simon the Cellarer.*

Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins.¹

SCROPE DAVIES: *Letter to Thomas Raikes, May 25, 1835.*

She's all my fancy painted her;
She's lovely, she's divine.

WILLIAM MEE: *Alice Gray.*

Stately and tall he moves in the hall,
The chief of a thousand for grace.

KATE FRANKLIN: *Life at Olympus, Lady's Book, Vol. xxiii. p. 33.*

When the sun's last rays are fading
Into twilight soft and dim.

THEODORE L. BARKER: *Thou wilt think of me again.*

Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee
And cherish'd thine image for years;
Thou hast taught me at last to forget thee,
In secret, in silence, and tears.

MRS. (DAVID) PORTER: *Thou hast wounded the Spirit.*

¹ Babylon in ruins is not so melancholy a spectacle (as a distracted person). ADDISON: *Spectator, No. 421.*

Rattle his bones over the stones!
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

THOMAS NOEL: *The Pauper's Ride*.

In the days when we went gypsying
 A long time ago;
 The lads and lassies in their best
 Were dress'd from top to toe.

EDWIN RANSFORD: *In the Days when we went Gypsying*.

Speak gently! 't is a little thing
 Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
 The good, the joy, that it may bring
 Eternity shall tell.

G. W. LANGFORD: *Speak gently*.

Hope tells a flattering tale,¹
 Delusive, vain, and hollow.
 Ah! let not hope prevail,
 Lest disappointment follow.

MISS — WROTHER: *The Universal Songster*. Vol. ii. p. 86.

Nose, nose, nose, nose!
 And who gave thee that jolly red nose?
 Sinament and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves,
 And that gave me my jolly red nose.

RAVENSCROFT: *Deuteromela*, Song No. 7.² (1609.)

The mother said to her daughter, "Daughter, bid thy
 daughter tell her daughter that her daughter's daughter
 hath a daughter."

GEORGE HAKEWILL: *Apologie*. Book iii. Chap. v. Sect. 9.³

¹ Hope told a flattering tale,
 That Joy would soon return;
 Ah! naught my sighs avail.
 For Love is doomed to mourn.

ANONYMOUS (air by Giovanni Paisiello, 1741–
 1816): *Universal Songster*, vol. i. p. 320.

² BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act i.
 sc. 3.

³ Hakewill translated this from the "Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ," vol. iii

Now noisy, noxious numbers notice nought,
 Of outward obstacles o'ercoming ought ;
 Poor patriots perish, persecution's pest !
 Quite quiet Quakers "Quarter, quarter" quest ;
 Reason returns, religion, right, redounds,
 Suwarrow stop such sanguinary sounds !
 Truce to thee, Turkey, terror to thy train !
 Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine !
 Vanish vile vengeance, vanish victory vain !
 Why wish we warfare ? wherefore welcome won
 Xerxes, Xantippus, Xavier, Xenophon ?
 Yield, ye young Yaghier yeomen, yield your yell !
 Zimmerman's, Zoroaster's, Zeno's zeal
 Again attract ; arts against arms appeal.
 All, all ambitious aims, avaunt, away !
 Et cætera, et cætera, et cæterâ.

Alliteration, or the Siege of Belgrade: a Rondeau.¹

But were it to my fancy given
 To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven ;
 For though a mortal made of clay,
 Angels must love Ann Hathaway ;
 She hath a way so to control,
 To rapture the imprisoned soul,
 And sweetest heaven on earth display,
 That to be heaven Ann hath a way ;
 She hath a way,
 Ann Hathaway, —
 To be heaven's self Ann hath a way.

Attributed to Shakespeare.²

¹ These lines having been incorrectly printed in a London publication, we have been favoured by the author with an authentic copy of them. — *Wheeler's Magazine*, vol. i. p. 244. (Winchester, England, 1828)

² This poem entire may be found in Rossiter Johnson's "Famous Single and Fugitive Poems."

[These selections from the most famous gnomic sayings of the great tragic writers of Greece — Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides — are chiefly from the fragments and not from their complete plays. The numbers of the fragments refer to the edition of Nauck. They are selected and translated by M. H. Morgan, Ph. D., of Harvard University.]

ÆSCHYLUS. 525–456 B. C.

I would far rather be ignorant than wise in the foreboding of evil.¹ *Suppliants, 453.*

“Honour thy father and thy mother” stands written among the three laws of most revered righteousness.² *707.*

Words are the physicians of a mind diseased.³ *Prometheus, 378.*

Time as he grows old teaches many lessons. *981.*

God’s mouth knows not to utter falsehood, but he will perform each word.⁴ *1032.*

Learning is ever in the freshness of its youth, even for the old.⁵ *Agamemnon, 584.*

Few men have the natural strength to honour a friend’s success without envy. . . . I well know that mirror of friendship, shadow of a shade. *832.*

Exiles feed on hope. *1668.*

Success is man’s god. *Choephoræ, 59.*

¹ See Gray, page 382.

² The three great laws ascribed to Triptolemus are referred to, — namely, to honour parents; to worship the gods with the fruits of the earth; to hurt no living creature. The first two laws are also ascribed to the centaur Cheiron.

³ Apt words have power to suage
The tumours of a troubl’d mind.

MILTON: *Samson Agonistes.*

⁴ God is not a man that he should lie; . . . hath he said, and shall he not do it? — *Numbers xxiii. 19.*

⁵ See Shakespeare, page 64.

There are vicissitudes in all things.

Eunuchus. Act ii. Sc. 2, 45. (276.)

The very flower of youth.

Sc. 3, 28. (319.)

I did not care one straw.

Act iii. Sc. 1, 21. (411.)

Jupiter, now assuredly is the time when I could readily consent to be slain,¹ lest life should sully this ecstasy with some disaster.

Sc. 5, 2. (550.)

This and a great deal more like it I have had to put up with.

Act iv. Sc. 6, 8. (746.)

Take care and say this with presence of mind.²

Sc. 6, 31. (769.)

It behooves a prudent person to make trial of everything before arms.

Sc. 7, 19. (789.)

I know the disposition of women: when you will, they won't; when you won't, they set their hearts upon you of their own inclination.

42. (812.)

I took to my heels as fast as I could.

Act v. Sc. 2, 5. (844.)

Many a time, . . . from a bad beginning great friendships have sprung up.

34. (873.)

I only wish I may see your head stroked down with a slipper.³

Sc. 7, 4. (1028.)

I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me.⁴

Heautontimoroumenos. Act i. Sc. 1, 25. (77.)

This is a wise maxim, "to take warning from others of what may be to your own advantage."

Sc. 2, 36. (210.)

¹ If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy.

SHAKESPEARE: *Othello, act ii. sc. 1.*

² Literally, "with a present mind," — equivalent to Cæsar's *præsentia animi* (*De Bello Gallico*, v. 43, 4).

³ According to Lucian, there was a story that Omphale used to beat Hercules with her slipper or sandal.

⁴ Cicero quotes this passage in *De Officiis*, i. 80.

As the saying is, I have got a wolf by the ears.¹

Phormio. Act iii. Sc. 2, 21. (506.)

I bid him look into the lives of men as though into a mirror, and from others to take an example for himself.

Adelphoe. Act iii. Sc. 3, 61. (415.)

According as the man is, so must you humour him.

77. (431.)

It is a maxim of old that among themselves all things are common to friends.²

Act v. Sc. 3, 18. (803.)

What comes from this quarter, set it down as so much gain.

30. (816.)

It is the common vice of all, in old age, to be too intent upon our interests.³

Sc 8, 30. (953.)



CICERO. 106–43 B. C.

For as lack of adornment is said to become some women, so this subtle oration, though without embellishment, gives delight.⁴

De Oratore. 78.

Thus in the beginning the world was so made that certain signs come before certain events.⁵

De Divinatione. i. 118.

He is never less at leisure than when at leisure.⁶

De Officiis. iii. 1.

While the sick man has life there is hope.⁷

Epistolarum ad Atticum. ix. 10, 4.

¹ A proverbial expression, which, according to Suetonius, was frequently in the mouth of Tiberius Cæsar.

² All things are in common among friends. — **DIOGENES LAERTIUS**: *Diogenes, vi.*

³ Cicero quotes this passage (Tusculan Questions, book iii.), and the maxim was a favourite one with the Stoic philosophers.

⁴ See Thomson, page 356.

⁵ See Coleridge, page 504.

⁶ See Rogers, page 455.

⁷ See Gay, page 349.

OVID. 43 B. C.—18 A. D.

They come to see; they come that they themselves
may be seen.¹ *The Art of Love. i. 99.*

Nothing is stronger than custom. *ii. 345.*

Then the omnipotent Father with his thunder made
Olympus tremble, and from Ossa hurled Pelion.²

Metamorphoses. i.

It is the mind that makes the man, and our vigour is
in our immortal soul.³ *xiii.*

The mind, conscious of rectitude, laughed to scorn the
falsehood of report.⁴ *Fasti. iv. 311.*



OF UNKNOWN AUTHORSHIP.

Love thyself, and many will hate thee. *Frag. 146.*

Practice in time becomes second nature.⁵ *Frag. 227.*

When God is planning ruin for a man, He first deprives
him of his reason.⁶ *Frag. 379.*

When I am dead let fire destroy the world;
It matters not to me, for I am safe. *Frag. 430.*

Toil does not come to help the id'le. *Frag. 440.*

¹ See Chaucer, page 3.

² See Pope, page 344.

I would have you call to mind the strength of the ancient giants, that undertook to lay the high mountain Pelion on the top of Ossa, and set among those the shady Olympus. — RABELAIS: *Works, book iv. chap. xxxviii.*

³ See Watts, page 303.

⁴ And the mind conscious of virtue may bring to thee suitable rewards. — VIRGIL: *Æneid, i. 604.*

⁵ Custom is almost a second nature. — PLUTARCH: *Rules for the Preservation of Health, 18.*

⁶ See Dryden, page 269.

This may have been the original of the well known (but probably post-classical) line, "Quem Jupiter vult perdere, dementat prius." Publius Syrus has, "Stultum facit fortuna quem vult perdere."

It is easy for men to talk one thing and think another. -
Maxim 322.

When two do the same thing, it is not the same thing
after all. *Maxim 338.*

A cock has great influence on his own dunghill.¹
Maxim 357.

Any one can hold the helm when the sea is calm.²
Maxim 358.

No tears are shed when an enemy dies. *Maxim 376.*

The bow too tensely strung is easily broken.
Maxim 388.

Treat your friend as if he might become an enemy.
Maxim 401.

No pleasure endures unseasoned by variety.³
Maxim 406.

The judge is condemned when the criminal is ac-
quitted.⁴ *Maxim 407.*

Practice is the best of all instructors.⁵ *Maxim 439.*

He who is bent on doing evil can never want occasion.
Maxim 459.

One man's wickedness may easily become all men's
curse. *Maxim 463.*

Never find your delight in another's misfortune.
Maxim 467.

It is a bad plan that admits of no modification.
Maxim 469.

It is better to have a little than nothing. *Maxim 484.*

It is an unhappy lot which finds no enemies.
Maxim 499.

¹ See Heywood, page 14.

² The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast.

SHAKESPEARE : *Troilus and Cressida*, act i. sc. 3.

³ See Cowper, page 419.

⁴ *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*, — the motto adopted for the
"Edinburgh Review."

⁵ Practice makes perfect. — *Proverb.*

He bids fair to grow wise who has discovered that he is not so. *Maxim 598.*

A guilty conscience never feels secure.¹ *Maxim 617.*

Every day should be passed as if it were to be our last.² *Maxim 633.*

Familiarity breeds contempt.³ *Maxim 640.*

Money alone sets all the world in motion. *Maxim 656.*

He who has plenty of pepper will pepper his cabbage. *Maxim 673.*

You should go to a pear-tree for pears, not to an elm.⁴ *Maxim 674.*

It is a very hard undertaking to seek to please everybody. *Maxim 675.*

We should provide in peace what we need in war.⁵ *Maxim 709.*

Look for a tough wedge for a tough log. • *Maxim 723.*

How happy the life unembarrassed by the cares of business! *Maxim 725.*

They who plough the sea do not carry the winds in their hands.⁶ *Maxim 759.*

He gets through too late who goes too fast. *Maxim 767.*

In every enterprise consider where you would come out.⁷ *Maxim 777.*

¹ See Shakespeare, page 136.

² Thou wilt find rest from vain fancies if thou doest every act in life as though it were thy last. — MARCUS AURELIUS : *Meditations*, ii. 5.

³ See Shakespeare, page 45.

⁴ You may as well expect pears from an elm. — CERVANTES : *Don Quixote*, part ii. book ii. chap. xl.

⁵ See Washington, page 425.

⁶ The pilot cannot mitigate the billows or calm the winds. — PLUTARCH : *Of the Tranquillity of the Mind*.

⁷ In every affair consider what precedes and what follows, and then undertake it. — EPICTETUS : *That everything is to be undertaken with circumspection*, chap. xv.

Successful and fortunate crime is called virtue.¹

Hercules Furens. 255.

A good man possesses a kingdom.²

Thyestes. 380.

I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man.³

On a Happy Life. 2. (*L'Estrange's Abstract, Chap. i.*)



PHÆDRUS. 8 A. D.

(*Translation by H. T. Riley, B. A.*⁴)

Submit to the present evil, lest a greater one befall you.

Book i. Fable 2, 31.

He who covets what belongs to another deservedly loses his own.

Fable 4, 1.

That it is unwise to be heedless ourselves while we are giving advice to others, I will show in a few lines.

Fable 9, 1.

Whoever has even once become notorious by base fraud, even if he speaks the truth, gains no belief.

Fable 10, 1.

By this story [The Fox and the Raven] it is shown how much ingenuity avails, and how wisdom is always an overmatch for strength.

Fable 13, 13.

No one returns with good-will to the place which has done him a mischief.

Fable 18, 1.

It has been related that dogs drink at the river Nile running along, that they may not be seized by the crocodiles.⁵

Fable 25, 3.

¹ See Harrington, page 89.

² See Dyer, page 22.

³ See Watts, page 303.

⁴ Bohn's Classical Library.

⁵ Pliny in his "Natural History," book viii, sect. 148, and Ælian in his "Various Histories" relate the same fact as to the dogs drinking from the Nile. "To treat a thing as the dogs do the Nile" was a common proverb with the ancients, signifying to do it superficially.

The world, and whatever that be which we call the heavens, by the vault of which all things are enclosed, we must conceive to be a deity, to be eternal, without bounds, neither created nor subject at any time to destruction. To inquire what is beyond it is no concern of man; nor can the human mind form any conjecture concerning it.

Natural History. Book ii. Sect. 1.

It is ridiculous to suppose that the great head of things, whatever it be, pays any regard to human affairs.

Sect. 20.

Everything is soothed by oil, and this is the reason why divers send out small quantities of it from their mouths, because it smooths every part which is rough.¹

Sect. 234.

It is far from easy to determine whether she [Nature] has proved to him a kind parent or a merciless step-mother.²

Book vii. Sect. 1.

Man alone at the very moment of his birth, cast naked upon the naked earth, does she abandon to cries and lamentations.³

Sect. 2.

¹ Why does pouring oil on the sea make it clear and calm? Is it for that the winds, slipping the smooth oil, have no force, nor cause any waves? — PLUTARCH: *Natural Questions*, ix.

The venerable Bede relates that Bishop Adain (A. D. 651) gave to a company about to take a journey by sea "some holy oil, saying, 'I know that when you go abroad you will meet with a storm and contrary wind; but do you remember to cast this oil I give you into the sea, and the wind shall cease immediately.'" — *Ecclesiastical History*, book iii. chap. xiv.

In Sparks's edition of Franklin's Works, vol. vi. p. 354, there are letters between Franklin, Brownrigg, and Parish on the stilling of waves by means of oil.

² To man the earth seems altogether

No more a mother, but a step-dame rather.

DU BARTAS: *Divine Weekes and Workes*, first week, third day.

³ He is born naked, and falls a whining at the first. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part i. sect. 2, mem. 3, subsect. 10.

And when I was born I drew in the common air, and fell upon the earth, which is of like nature; and the first voice which I uttered was crying, as all others do. — *The Wisdom of Solomon*, vii. 3.

It was the custom among the ancients to place the new-born child upon the ground immediately after its birth.

To laugh, if but for an instant only, has never been granted to man before the fortieth day from his birth, and then it is looked upon as a miracle of precocity.¹

Natural History. Book vii. Sect. 2.

Man is the only one that knows nothing, that can learn nothing without being taught. He can neither speak nor walk nor eat, and in short he can do nothing at the prompting of nature only, but weep.²

Sect. 4.

With man, most of his misfortunes are occasioned by man.³

Sect. 5.

Indeed, what is there that does not appear marvellous when it comes to our knowledge for the first time? ⁴ How many things, too, are looked upon as quite impossible until they have been actually effected? *Sect. 6.*

The human features and countenance, although composed of but some ten parts or little more, are so fashioned that among so many thousands of men there are no two in existence who cannot be distinguished from one another.⁵

Sect. 8.

All men possess in their bodies a poison which acts upon serpents; and the human saliva, it is said, makes them take to flight, as though they had been touched with boiling water. The same substance, it is said, destroys them the moment it enters their throat.⁶ *Sect. 15.*

¹ This term of forty days is mentioned by Aristotle in his *Natural History*, as also by some modern physiologists.

² See Tennyson, page 632.

³ See Burns, page 446.

⁴ *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* (Everything that is unknown is taken to be grand). — TACITUS: *Agricola*, 30.

⁵ See Sir Thomas Browne, page 218.

⁶ Madame d'Abrantes relates that when Bonaparte was in Cairo he sent for a serpent-detector (*Psylli*) to remove two serpents that had been seen in his house. He having enticed one of them from his hiding-place, caught it in one hand, just below the jaw-bone, in such a manner as to oblige the mouth to open, when spitting into it, the effect was like magic: the reptile appeared struck with instant death. — *Memoirs*, vol. i. chap. lix.

It has been observed that the height of a man from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot is equal to the distance between the tips of the middle fingers of the two hands when extended in a straight line.

Natural History. Book vii. Sect. 77.

When a building is about to fall down, all the mice desert it.¹

Book viii. Sect. 103.

Bears when first born are shapeless masses of white flesh a little larger than mice, their claws alone being prominent. The mother then licks them gradually into proper shape.²

Sect. 126.

It is asserted that the dogs keep running when they drink at the Nile, for fear of becoming a prey to the voracity of the crocodile.³

Sect. 148.

It has become quite a common proverb that in wine there is truth.⁴

Book xiv. Sect. 141.

Cincinnatus was ploughing his four jugera of land upon the Vaticanian Hill, — the same that are still known as the Quintian Meadows, — when the messenger brought him the dictatorship, finding him, the tradition says, stripped to the work.

Book xviii. Sect. 20.

The agricultural population, says Cato, produces the bravest men, the most valiant soldiers, and a class of citizens the least given of all to evil designs. . . . A bad bargain is always a ground for repentance.

Sect. 26.

¹ This is alluded to by Cicero in his letters to Atticus, and is mentioned by Ælian (*Animated Nature*, book vi. chap. 41). It is like our proverb, "Rats leave a sinking ship."

² See Barton, page 186.

Not unlike the bear which bringeth forth
In the end of thirty dayes a shapeless birth ;
But after licking, it in shape she drawes,
And by degrees she fashions out the pawes,
The head, and neck, and finally doth bring
To a perfect beast that first deformed thing.

DU BARTAS : *Divine Weekes and Workes*, first week,
first day.

³ See Phædrus, page 715.

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 152.

The best plan is, as the common proverb has it, to profit by the folly of others.¹

Natural History. Book xviii. Sect. 31.

Always act in such a way as to secure the love of your neighbour.²

Sect. 44.

It is a maxim universally agreed upon in agriculture, that nothing must be done too late; and again, that everything must be done at its proper season; while there is a third precept which reminds us that opportunities lost can never be regained.

Ibid.

The bird of passage known to us as the cuckoo.

Sect. 249.

Let not things, because they are common, enjoy for that the less share of our consideration. *Book xix. Sect. 59.*

Why is it that we entertain the belief that for every purpose odd numbers are the most effectual?³

Book xxviii. Sect. 23.

It was a custom with Apelles, to which he most tenaciously adhered, never to let any day pass, however busy he might be, without exercising himself by tracing some outline or other, — a practice which has now passed into a proverb.⁴ It was also a practice with him, when he had completed a work, to exhibit it to the view of the passers-by in his studio, while he himself, concealed behind the picture, would listen to the criticisms. . . . Under these circumstances, they say that he was censured by a shoemaker for having represented the shoes with one latchet too few. The next day, the shoemaker, quite proud at seeing the former error corrected, thanks

¹ See Publius Syrus, page 708.

² A maxim of Cato.

³ See Shakespeare, page 46. Also Lover, page 583.

Numero deus impari gaudet (The god delights in odd numbers). — VIRGIL: *Eclogæ*, 8, 75.

⁴ Nulla dies abeat, quin linea ducta supersit. — ERASMUS.

The form generally quoted, "Nulla dies sine linea" (No day without a line), is not attested.

to his advice, began to criticise the leg; upon which Apelles, full of indignation, popped his head out and reminded him that a shoemaker should give no opinion beyond the shoes,¹ — a piece of advice which has equally passed into a proverbial saying.

Natural History. Book xxxv. Sect. 84.



QUINTILIAN. 42–118 A. D.

We give to necessity the praise of virtue.²

Institutiones Oratoriæ. i. 8, 14.

A liar should have a good memory.³

iv. 2, 91.

Vain hopes are often like the dreams of those who wake.⁴

vi. 2, 30.

Those who wish to appear wise among fools, among the wise seem foolish.⁵

x. 7, 21.



JUVENAL. 47–138 A. D.

No man ever became extremely wicked all at once.⁶

Satire ii. 83.

Grammarian, orator, geometrician; painter, gymnastic teacher, physician; fortune-teller, rope-dancer, conjuror, — he knew everything.⁷

iii. 76.

Nobility is the one only virtue.⁸

viii. 20.

¹ Ne supra crepidam sutor judicaret (Let not a shoemaker judge above his shoe).

² See Chaucer, page 3.

³ See Sidney, page 264.

⁴ See Prior, page 288.

⁵ See Pope, page 332.

⁶ See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 197.

⁷ See Dryden, page 268.

⁸ See Percy, page 406.

MARTIAL. 40–102 A. D.

I do not love thee, Sabidius, nor can I say why; this only I can say, I do not love thee.¹ *Epigram i. 32.*

The good man prolongs his life; to be able to enjoy one's past life is to live twice.² *x. 23, 7.*

The bee enclosed and through the amber shown
Seems buried in the juice which was his own.³

Book iv. 32

Neither fear, nor wish for, your last day.⁴ *x. 47, 13.*



PLUTARCH. 46 (?)–120 (?) A. D.

(From Dryden's translation of Plutarch's Lives, corrected and revised by A. H. Clough.)

As geographers, Sosius, crowd into the edges of their maps parts of the world which they do not know about, adding notes in the margin to the effect that beyond this lies nothing but sandy deserts full of wild beasts, and unapproachable bogs.⁵ *Life of Theseus.*

From Themistocles began the saying, "He is a second Hercules." *Ibid.*

The most perfect soul, says Heraclitus, is a dry light, which flies out of the body as lightning breaks from a cloud. *Life of Romulus.*

Anacharsis coming to Athens, knocked at Solon's door, and told him that he, being a stranger, was come to be his guest, and contract a friendship with him; and Solon replying, "It is better to make friends at home," Anacharsis replied, "Then you that are at home make friendship with me." *Life of Solon.*

¹ See Brown, page 286.

³ See Bacon, page 168.

² See Pope, page 336.

⁴ See Milton, page 240.

⁵ See Swift, page 289.

Themistocles said that he certainly could not make use of any stringed instrument; could only, were a small and obscure city put into his hands, make it great and glorious.

Life of Themistocles.

Eurybiades lifting up his staff as if he were going to strike, Themistocles said, "Strike, if you will; but hear."¹

Ibid.

Themistocles said to Antiphales, "Time, young man, has taught us both a lesson."

Ibid.

Laughing at his own son, who got his mother, and by his mother's means his father also, to indulge him, he told him that he had the most power of any one in Greece: "For the Athenians command the rest of Greece, I command the Athenians, your mother commands me, and you command your mother."²

Ibid.

"You speak truth," said Themistocles; "I should never have been famous if I had been of Seriphus;³ nor you, had you been of Athens."

Ibid.

Themistocles said that a man's discourse was like to a rich Persian carpet, the beautiful figures and patterns of which can be shown only by spreading and extending it out; when it is contracted and folded up, they are obscured and lost.⁴

Ibid.

¹ "Strike," said he, "but hear me." — *Apophegms of Kings and Great Commanders. (Themistocles.)*

² Diophantus, the young son of Themistocles, made his boast often and in many companies, that whatsoever pleased him pleased also all Athens; for whatever he liked, his mother liked; and whatever his mother liked, Themistocles liked; and whatever Themistocles liked, all the Athenians liked. — *Of the Training of Children.*

When the son of Themistocles was a little saucy toward his mother, he said that this boy had more power than all the Grecians; for the Athenians governed Greece, he the Athenians, his wife him, and his son his wife. — *Apophegms of Kings and Great Commanders. (Themistocles.)*

³ An obscure island.

⁴ Themistocles said speech was like to tapestry; and like it, when it was spread it showed its figures, but when it was folded up, hid and spoiled them. — *Apophegms of Kings and Great Commanders. (Themistocles.)*

When he was in great prosperity, and courted by many, seeing himself splendidly served at his table, he turned to his children and said: "Children, we had been undone, if we had not been undone." *Life of Themistocles.*

Moral good is a practical stimulus; it is no sooner seen than it inspires an impulse to practise. *Life of Pericles.*

For ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty.¹ *Ibid.*

So very difficult a matter is it to trace and find out the truth of anything by history. *Ibid.*

Be ruled by time, the wisest counsellor of all. *Ibid.*

To conduct great matters and never commit a fault is above the force of human nature. *Life of Fabius.*

Menenius Agrippa concluded at length with the celebrated fable: "It once happened that all the other members of a man mutinied against the stomach, which they accused as the only idle, uncontributing part in the whole body, while the rest were put to hardships and the expense of much labour to supply and minister to its appetites." *Life of Coriolanus.*

Knowledge of divine things for the most part, as Heraclitus says, is lost to us by incredulity. *Ibid.*

A Roman divorced from his wife, being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded, "Was she not chaste? Was she not fair? Was she not fruitful?" holding out his shoe, asked them whether it was not new and well made. "Yet," added he, "none of you can tell where it pinches me." *Life of Æmilius Paulus.*

The saying of old Antigonus, who when he was to fight at Andros, and one told him, "The enemy's ships

¹ See Chaucer, page 3.

It is no great wonder if in long process of time, while fortune takes her course hither and thither, numerous coincidences should spontaneously occur. If the number and variety of subjects to be wrought upon be infinite, it is all the more easy for fortune, with such an abundance of material, to effect this similarity of results.¹

Life of Sertorius.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence; and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together, yield themselves up when taken little by little.

Ibid.

Agesilaus being invited once to hear a man who admirably imitated the nightingale, he declined, saying he had heard the nightingale itself.²

Life of Agesilaus II.

It is circumstance and proper measure that give an action its character, and make it either good or bad.

Ibid.

The old proverb was now made good, "the mountain had brought forth a mouse."³

Ibid.

Pompey bade Sylla recollect that more worshipped the rising than the setting sun.⁴

Life of Pompey.

¹ 'Tis one and the same Nature that rolls on her course, and whoever has sufficiently considered the present state of things might certainly conclude as to both the future and the past. — MONTAIGNE: *Essays, book ii. chap. xii. Apology for Raimond Sebond.*

I shall be content if those shall pronounce my History useful who desire to give a view of events as they did really happen, and as they are very likely, in accordance with human nature, to repeat themselves at some future time, — if not exactly the same, yet very similar. — THUCYDIDES: *Historia, i. 2, 2.*

What is this day supported by precedents will hereafter become a precedent. — *Ibid., Annals, xi. 24.*

² Agesilaus being exhorted to hear one that imitated the voice of a nightingale, "I have often," said he, "heard nightingales themselves." — *Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders. (Agesilaus.)*

³ See Horace, page 706.

⁴ See Garrick, page 387.

He [Tiberius] upbraided Macro in no obscure and indirect terms "with forsaking the setting sun and turning to the rising." — TACITUS: *Annals, book iv c. 47, 20.*

Scilurus on his death-bed, being about to leave four-score sons surviving, offered a bundle of darts to each of them, and bade them break them. When all refused, drawing out one by one, he easily broke them, — thus teaching them that if they held together, they would continue strong; but if they fell out and were divided, they would become weak.

*Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders.*¹ *Scilurus.*

Dionysius the Elder, being asked whether he was at leisure, he replied, "God forbid that it should ever befall me!"

Dionysius.

A prating barber asked Archelaus how he would be trimmed. He answered, "In silence."

Archelaus.

When Philip had news brought him of divers and eminent successes in one day, "O Fortune!" said he, "for all these so great kindnesses do me some small mischief."

Philip.

There were two brothers called Both and Either; perceiving Either was a good, understanding, busy fellow, and Both a silly fellow and good for little, Philip said, "Either is both, and Both is neither."

Ibid.

Philip being arbitrator betwixt two wicked persons, he commanded one to fly out of Macedonia and the other to pursue him.

Ibid.

Being about to pitch his camp in a likely place, and hearing there was no hay to be had for the cattle, "What a life," said he, "is ours, since we must live according to the convenience of asses!"

Ibid.

"These Macedonians," said he, "are a rude and clownish people, that call a spade a spade."²

Ibid.

¹ Rejected by some critics as not a genuine work of Plutarch. — EMERSON.

² Τὰ σῦκα σῦκα, τὴν σκάφην δὲ σκάφην ὀνομάζων. — ARISTOPHANES, as quoted in Lucian, Quom. Hist. sit conscrib. 41.

Brought up like a rude Macedon, and taught to call a spade a spade. — GOSSON : *Ephemerides of Phialo* (1579).

He made one of Antipater's recommendation a judge; and perceiving afterwards that his hair and beard were coloured, he removed him, saying, "I could not think one that was faithless in his hair could be trusty in his deeds." *Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders. Philip.*

Being nimble and light-footed, his father encouraged him to run in the Olympic race. "Yes," said he, "if there were any kings there to run with me." *Alexander.*

When Darius offered him ten thousand talents, and to divide Asia equally with him, "I would accept it," said Parmenio, "were I Alexander." "And so truly would I," said Alexander, "if I were Parmenio." But he answered Darius that the earth could not bear two suns, nor Asia two kings. *Ibid.*

When he was wounded with an arrow in the ankle, and many ran to him that were wont to call him a god, he said smiling, "That is blood, as you see, and not, as Homer saith, 'such humour as distils from blessed gods.'" *Ibid.*

Aristodemus, a friend of Antigonus, supposed to be a cook's son, advised him to moderate his gifts and expenses. "Thy words," said he, "Aristodemus, smell of the apron." *Antigonus I.*

Thrasyllus the Cynic begged a drachm of Antigonus. "That," said he, "is too little for a king to give." "Why, then," said the other, "give me a talent." "And that," said he, "is too much for a Cynic (or, for a dog) to receive." *Ibid.*

Antagoras the poet was boiling a conger, and Antigonus, coming behind him as he was stirring his skillet, said, "Do you think, Antagoras, that Homer boiled congers when he wrote the deeds of Agamemnon?" Antagoras replied, "Do you think, O king, that Agamemnon, when he did such exploits, was a peeping in his army to see who boiled congers?" *Ibid.*

Pyrrhus said, "If I should overcome the Romans in another fight, I were undone."

Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders. Pyrrhus.

Themistocles being asked whether he would rather be Achilles or Homer, said, "Which would you rather be, — a conqueror in the Olympic games, or the crier that proclaims who are conquerors?"

Themistocles.

He preferred an honest man that wooed his daughter, before a rich man. "I would rather," said Themistocles, "have a man that wants money than money that wants a man."

Ibid.

Alcibiades had a very handsome dog, that cost him seven thousand drachmas; and he cut off his tail, "that," said he, "the Athenians may have this story to tell of me, and may concern themselves no further with me."

Alcibiades.

Being summoned by the Athenians out of Sicily to plead for his life, Alcibiades absconded, saying that that criminal was a fool who studied a defence when he might fly for it.

Ibid.

Lamachus chid a captain for a fault; and when he had said he would do so no more, "Sir," said he, "in war there is no room for a second miscarriage." Said one to Iphicrates, "What are ye afraid of?" "Of all speeches," said he, "none is so dishonourable for a general as 'I should not have thought of it.'"

Iphicrates.

To Harmodius, descended from the ancient Harmodius, when he reviled Iphicrates [a shoemaker's son] for his mean birth, "My nobility," said he, "begins in me, but yours ends in you."¹

Ibid.

Once when Phocion had delivered an opinion which pleased the people, . . . he turned to his friend and said, "Have I not unawares spoken some mischievous thing or other?"

Phocion.

¹ I am my own ancestor. — JUNOT, DUC D'ABRANTES (when asked as to his sucestry).

Phocion compared the speeches of Leosthenes to cypress-trees. "They are tall," said he, "and comely, but bear no fruit."

Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders. Phocion.

Lycurgus the Lacedæmonian brought long hair into fashion among his countrymen, saying that it rendered those that were handsome more beautiful, and those that were deformed more terrible. To one that advised him to set up a democracy in Sparta, "Pray," said Lycurgus, "do you first set up a democracy in your own house."

Lycurgus.

King Agis said, "The Lacedæmonians are not wont to ask how many, but where the enemy are."

Agis.

Lysander said, "Where the lion's skin will not reach, it must be pieced with the fox's."¹

Lysander.

To one that promised to give him hardy cocks that would die fighting, "Prithee," said Cleomenes, "give me cocks that will kill fighting."

Cleomenes.

When Eudæmonidas heard a philosopher arguing that only a wise man can be a good general, "This is a wonderful speech," said he; "but he that saith it never heard the sound of trumpets."

Eudæmonidas.

A soldier told Pelopidas, "We are fallen among the enemies." Said he, "How are we fallen among them more than they among us?"

Pelopidas.

Cato the elder wondered how that city was preserved wherein a fish was sold for more than an ox.

Roman Apophthegms. Cato the Elder.

Cato instigated the magistrates to punish all offenders, saying that they that did not prevent crimes when they might, encouraged them.² Of young men, he liked them that blushed better than those who looked pale. *Ibid.*

¹ Lysander said, "When the lion's skin cannot prevail, a little of the fox's must be used." — *Laconic Apophthegms. (Lysander.)*

² Pardon one offence, and you encourage the commission of many. — *PUBLIUS SYRUS: Maxim 750.*

Cato requested old men not to add the disgrace of wickedness to old age, which was accompanied with many other evils. *Roman Apophthegms. Cato the Elder.*

He said they that were serious in ridiculous matters would be ridiculous in serious affairs. *Ibid.*

Cicero said loud-bawling orators were driven by their weakness to noise, as lame men to take horse. *Cicero.*

After the battle in Pharsalia, when Pompey was fled, one Nonius said they had seven eagles left still, and advised to try what they would do. "Your advice," said Cicero, "were good if we were to fight jackdaws." *Ibid.*

After he routed Pharnaces Ponticus at the first assault, he wrote thus to his friends: "I came, I saw, I conquered."¹ *Cæsar.*

As Cæsar was at supper the discourse was of death, — which sort was the best. "That," said he, "which is unexpected." *Ibid.*

As Athenodorus was taking his leave of Cæsar, "Remember," said he, "Cæsar, whenever you are angry, to say or do nothing before you have repeated the four-and-twenty letters to yourself." *Cæsar Augustus.*

"Young men," said Cæsar, "hear an old man to whom old men hearkened when he was young." *Ibid.*

Remember what Simonides said, — that he never repented that he had held his tongue, but often that he had spoken.² *Rules for the Preservation of Health. 7.*

Custom is almost a second nature.³ *18.*

Epaminondas is reported wittily to have said of a good man that died about the time of the battle of Leuctra, "How came he to have so much leisure as to die, when there was so much stirring?" *25.*

¹ Veni, vidi, vici.

² See Publius Syrus, page 714.

³ See "Of Unknown Authorship" page 707. Also Publius Syrus, page 709.

Said Periander, "Hesiod might as well have kept his breath to cool his pottage."¹

The Banquet of the Seven Wise Men. 14.

Socrates said, "Bad men live that they may eat and drink, whereas good men eat and drink that they may live."²

How a Young Man ought to hear Poems. 4.

And Archimedes, as he was washing, thought of a manner of computing the proportion of gold in King Hiero's crown by seeing the water flowing over the bathing-stool. He leaped up as one possessed or inspired, crying, "I have found it! Eureka!"

Pleasure not attainable according to Epicurus. 11.

Said Scopas of Thessaly, "We rich men count our felicity and happiness to lie in these superfluities, and not in those necessary things."³

Of the Love of Wealth.

That proverbial saying, "Ill news goes quick and far."

Of Inquisitiveness.

A traveller at Sparta, standing long upon one leg, said to a Lacedæmonian, "I do not believe you can do as much." "True," said he, "but every goose can."

Remarkable Speeches.

Spintharus, speaking in commendation of Epaminondas, says he scarce ever met with any man who knew more and spoke less.

Of Hearing. 6.

It is a thing of no great difficulty to raise objections against another man's oration, — nay, it is a very easy matter; but to produce a better in its place is a work extremely troublesome.

Ibid.

Antiphanes said merrily, that in a certain city the cold was so intense that words were congealed as soon

¹ Spare your breath to cool your porridge. — RABELAIS: *Works*, book v. chap. xxviii.

² See Fielding, page 363.

He used to say that other men lived to eat, but that he ate to live. — DIOGENES LAËRTIUS: *Socrates*, xiv.

³ See Holmes, page 637.

Let us not wonder if something happens which never was before, or if something doth not appear among us with which the ancients were acquainted.

Symposiacs. Book viii. Question ix.

Why does pouring oil on the sea make it clear and calm? Is it for that the winds, slipping the smooth oil, have no force, nor cause any waves?¹

The great god Pan is dead.²

Why the Oracles cease to give Answers.

I am whatever was, or is, or will be; and my veil no mortal ever took up.³

Of Isis and Osiris.

When Hermodotus in his poems described Antigonus as the son of Helios, "My valet-de-chambre," said he, "is not aware of this."⁴

Ibid.

There is no debt with so much prejudice put off as that of justice.

Of those whom God is slow to punish.

It is a difficult thing for a man to resist the natural necessity of mortal passions.

Ibid.

He is a fool who lets slip a bird in the hand for a bird in the bush.⁵

Of Garrulity.

¹ See Pliny, page 717.

² See Mrs. Browning, page 621.

Plutarch relates (Isis and Osiris) that a ship well laden with passengers drove with the tide near the Isles of Paxi, when a loud voice was heard by most of the passengers calling unto one Thanus. The voice then said aloud to him, "When you are arrived at Palodea, take care to make it known that the great god Pan is dead."

³ I am the things that are, and those that are to be, and those that have been. No one ever lifted my skirts; the fruit which I bore was the sun. — PROCLUS: *On Plato's Timæus*, p. 30 D. (Inscription in the temple of Neith at Sais, in Egypt.)

⁴ No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre. — MARSHAL CATINAT (1637-1712).

Few men have been admired by their domestics. — MONTAIGNE: *Essays*, book iii. chap. 2.

This phrase, "No man is a hero to his valet," is commonly attributed to Madame de Sévigné, but on the authority of Madame Aissé (Letters, edited by Jules Ravenal, 1853) it really belongs to Madame Cornuel.

⁵ See Heywood, page 15.

Both Empedocles and Heraclitus held it for a truth that man could not be altogether cleared from injustice in dealing with beasts as he now does.

Which are the most crafty, Water or Land Animals? 7.

For to err in opinion, though it be not the part of wise men, is at least human.¹

Against Colotes.

Simonides calls painting silent poetry, and poetry speaking painting.

Whether the Athenians were more Warlike or Learned. 3.

As Meander says, "For our mind is God;" and as Heraclitus, "Man's genius is a deity."

Platonic Questions. i.

Pythagoras, when he was asked what time was, answered that it was the soul of this world.

viii. 4.



EPICTETUS. *Circa 60 A. D.*

(The translation used here is that of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, based on that of Elizabeth Carter (1866).)

To a reasonable creature, that alone is insupportable which is unreasonable; but everything reasonable may be supported.

Discourses. Chap. ii.

Yet God hath not only granted these faculties, by which we may bear every event without being depressed or broken by it, but like a good prince and a true father, hath placed their exercise above restraint, compulsion, or hindrance, and wholly without our own control.

Chap. vi.

In a word, neither death, nor exile, nor pain, nor anything of this kind is the real cause of our doing or not doing any action, but our inward opinions and principles.

Chap. xi

¹ See Pope, page 325.

Be not hurried away by excitement, but say, "Semblance, wait for me a little. Let me see what you are and what you represent. Let me try you."

How the Semblances of Things are to be combated. Chap. xviii.

Things true and evident must of necessity be recognized by those who would contradict them.

Concerning the Epicureans. Chap. xx.

There are some things which men confess with ease, and others with difficulty.

Of Inconsistency. Chap. xxi.

Who is there whom bright and agreeable children do not attract to play and creep and prattle with them?

Concerning a Person whom he treated with Disregard. Chap. xxiv.

Two rules we should always have ready, — that there is nothing good or evil save in the will; and that we are not to lead events, but to follow them.

In what Manner we ought to bear Sickness. Book iii. Chap. x.

In every affair consider what precedes and what follows, and then undertake it.¹

That Everything is to be undertaken with Circumspection. Chap. xv.

There is a fine circumstance connected with the character of a Cynic, — that he must be beaten like an ass, and yet when beaten must love those who beat him, as the father, as the brother of all.

Of the Cynic Philosophy. Chap. xxii.

First say to yourself what you would be; and then do what you have to do.

Concerning such as read and dispute ostentatiously. Chap. xxiii.

Let not another's disobedience to Nature become an ill to you; for you were not born to be depressed and unhappy with others, but to be happy with them. And if any is unhappy, remember that he is so for himself; for God made all men to enjoy felicity and peace.

That we ought not to be affected by Things not in our own Power. Chap. xxiv.

Everything has two handles, — one by which it may be borne; another by which it cannot. *Enchiridion. xliii.*

¹ See Publus Syrus, page 712.

TACITUS. 54-119 A. D.

(*The Oxford Translation. Bohn's Classical Library.*)

The images of twenty of the most illustrious families — the Manlii, the Quinctii, and other names of equal splendour — were carried before it [the bier of Junia]. Those of Brutus and Cassius were not displayed; but for that very reason they shone with pre-eminent lustre.¹

Annales. iii. 76. 11.

He had talents equal to business, and aspired no higher.²

vi. 39, 17.

He [Tiberius] upbraided Macro, in no obscure and indirect terms, “with forsaking the setting sun and turning to the rising.”³

52 (46).

He possessed a peculiar talent of producing effect in whatever he said or did.⁴

Historias. ii. 80.

Some might consider him as too fond of fame; for the desire of glory clings even to the best men longer than any other passion.⁵

iv. 6.

The gods looked with favour on superior courage.⁶

17.

They make solitude, which they call peace.⁷

Agricola. 30.

Think of your ancestors and your posterity.⁸

32.

It belongs to human nature to hate those you have injured.⁹

42.

¹ Lord John Russell, alluding to an expression used by him (“Conspicuous by his absence”) in his address to the electors of the city of London, said, “It is not an original expression of mine, but is taken from one of the greatest historians of antiquity.”

² See Mathew Henry, page 284.

⁴ See Chesterfield, page 353.

⁶ See Gibbon, page 430.

⁸ See John Quincy Adams, page 458.

³ See Plutarch, page 726.

⁵ See Milton, page 247.

⁷ See Byron, page 550.

⁹ See Seneca, page 714

PLINY THE YOUNGER. 61-105 A. D.

(Translation by William Melmoth. Bohn's Classical Library.)

Modestus said of Regulus that he was "the biggest rascal that walks upon two legs."

*Letters.*¹ *Book i. Letter v. 14.*

There is nothing to write about, you say. Well, then, write and let me know just this, — that there *is* nothing to write about; or tell me in the good old style if you are well. That's right. I am quite well.² *Letter xi. 1.*

Never do a thing concerning the rectitude of which you are in doubt. *Letter xviii. 5.*

The living voice is that which sways the soul.

Book ii. Letter iii. 9.

An object in possession seldom retains the same charm that it had in pursuit.³ *Letter xv. 1.*

He [Pliny the Elder] used to say that "no book was so bad but some good might be got out of it."⁴

Book iii. Letter v. 10.

This expression of ours, "Father of a family."

Book v. Letter xix. 2.

That indolent but agreeable condition of doing nothing.⁵

Book viii. Letter ix. 3.

Objects which are usually the motives of our travels by land and by sea are often overlooked and neglected if they lie under our eye. . . . We put off from time to time going and seeing what we know we have an opportunity of seeing when we please. *Letter xx. 1.*

His only fault is that he has no fault.⁶

Book ix. Letter xxvi. 1.

¹ Book vi. Letter xvi. contains the description of the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, as witnessed by Pliny the Elder.

² This comes to inform you that I am in a perfect state of health, hoping you are in the same. Ay, that's the old beginning. — COLMAN: *The Heir at Law*, act iii. sc. 2.

³ See Goldsmith, page 402.

⁴ "There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "but something good may be found in it." — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote*, part ii. chap. iii.

⁵ *Il dolce far niente* (The sweet do nothing). — A well known Italian proverb.

⁶ See Carlyle, page 579.

changes to accord with what can be done and what is given it to do. *Meditations. iv. 1.*

Let no act be done at haphazard, nor otherwise than according to the finished rules that govern its kind. *2.*

By a tranquil mind I mean nothing else than a mind well ordered. *3.*

Think on this doctrine, — that reasoning beings were created for one another's sake; that to be patient is a branch of justice, and that men sin without intending it. *Ibid.*

The universe is change; our life is what our thoughts make it. *3.*

Nothing can come out of nothing, any more than a thing can go back to nothing. *4.*

Death, like generation, is a secret of Nature. *5.*

That which makes the man no worse than he was makes his life no worse: it has no power to harm, without or within. *8.*

Whatever happens at all happens as it should; thou wilt find this true, if thou shouldst watch narrowly. *10.*

Many the lumps of frankincense on the same altar; one falls there early and another late, but it makes no difference. *15.*

Be not as one that hath ten thousand years to live; death is nigh at hand: while thou livest, while thou hast time, be good. *17.*

How much time he gains who does not look to see what his neighbour says or does or thinks, but only at what he does himself, to make it just and holy. *18.*

Whatever is in any way beautiful hath its source of beauty in itself, and is complete in itself; praise forms no part of it. So it is none the worse nor the better for being praised. *20.*

Mark how fleeting and paltry is the estate of man, — yesterday in embryo, to-morrow a mummy or ashes. So for the hair's-breadth of time assigned to thee live rationally, and part with life cheerfully, as drops the ripe olive, extolling the season that bore it and the tree that matured it. *Meditations. iv. 48.*

Deem not life a thing of consequence. For look at the yawning void of the future, and at that other limitless space, the past. *50.*

Always take the short cut; and that is the rational one. Therefore say and do everything according to soundest reason. *51.*

In the morning, when thou art sluggish at rousing thee, let this thought be present; "I am rising to a man's work." *v. 1.*

A man makes no noise over a good deed, but passes on to another as a vine to bear grapes again in season. *6.*

Flinch not, neither give up nor despair, if the achieving of every act in accordance with right principle is not always continuous with thee. *9.*

Nothing happens to anybody which he is not fitted by nature to bear. *18.*

Prize that which is best in the universe; and this is that which useth everything and ordereth everything. *21.*

Live with the gods. *27.*

Look beneath the surface; let not the several quality of a thing nor its worth escape thee. *vi. 3.*

The controlling Intelligence understands its own nature, and what it does, and whereon it works. *5.*

Do not think that what is hard for thee to master is impossible for man; but if a thing is possible and proper to man, deem it attainable by thee. *19.*

Look to the essence of a thing, whether it be a point of doctrine, of practice, or of interpretation.

Meditations. riii. 22.

A man's happiness, — to do the things proper to man. 26.

Be not careless in deeds, nor confused in words, nor rambling in thought. 51.

He that knows not what the world is, knows not where he is himself. He that knows not for what he was made, knows not what he is nor what the world is. 52.

The nature of the universe is the nature of things that are. Now, things that are have kinship with things that are from the beginning. Further, this nature is styled Truth; and it is the first cause of all that is true. ix. 1.

He would be the finer gentleman that should leave the world without having tasted of lying or pretence of any sort, or of wantonness or conceit. 2.

Think not disdainfully of death, but look on it with favour; for even death is one of the things that Nature wills. 3.

A wrong-doer is often a man that has left something undone, not always he that has done something. 5.

Blot out vain pomp; check impulse; quench appetite; keep reason under its own control. 7.

Things that have a common quality ever quickly seek their kind. 9.

All things are the same, — familiar in enterprise, momentary in endurance, coarse in substance. All things now are as they were in the day of those whom we have buried. 14.

The happiness and unhappiness of the rational, social animal depends not on what he feels but on what he does; just as his virtue and vice consist not in feeling but in doing. 16.

When he was praised by some wicked men, he said, "I am sadly afraid that I must have done some wicked thing."¹ *Antisthenes. iv.*

When asked what learning was the most necessary, he said, "Not to unlearn what you have learned." *Ibid.*

Diogenes would frequently praise those who were about to marry, and yet did not marry. *Diogenes. iv.*

"Bury me on my face," said Diogenes; and when he was asked why, he replied, "Because in a little while everything will be turned upside down." *vi.*

One of the sayings of Diogenes was that most men were within a finger's breadth of being mad; for if a man walked with his middle finger pointing out, folks would think him mad, but not so if it were his forefinger. *Ibid.*

All things are in common among friends.² *Ibid.*

"Be of good cheer," said Diogenes; "I see land." *Ibid.*

Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, Diogenes plucked a cock and brought it into the Academy, and said, "This is Plato's man." On which account this addition was made to the definition, — "With broad flat nails." *Ibid.*

A man once asked Diogenes what was the proper time for supper, and he made answer, "If you are a rich man, whenever you please; and if you are a poor man, whenever you can."³ *Ibid.*

Diogenes lighted a candle in the daytime, and went round saying, "I am looking for a man."⁴ *Ibid.*

¹ See Plutarch, page 733.

² See Terence, page 705. Also, page 761.

³ The rich when he is hungry, the poor when he has anything to eat. — RABELAIS : book iv. chap. lxxv.

⁴ The same is told of Æsop.

Every investigation which is guided by principles of Nature fixes its ultimate aim entirely on gratifying the stomach.¹

The Deipnosophists. vii. 11.

Dorion, ridiculing the description of a tempest in the "Nautilus" of Timotheus, said that he had seen a more formidable storm in a boiling saucepan.²

viii. 19.

On one occasion some one put a very little wine into a wine-cooler, and said that it was sixteen years old. "It is very small for its age," said Gnathæna.

xiii. 47.

Goodness does not consist in greatness, but greatness in goodness.³

xiv. 46.



SAINT AUGUSTINE. 354-430.

When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday.⁴

Epistle 36. To Casulanus.

The spiritual virtue of a sacrament is like light, — although it passes among the impure, it is not polluted.⁵

Works. Vol. iii. In Johannis Evangelium, c. tr. 5, Sect. 15.



ALI BEN ABI TALEB.⁶ — — — 660.

Believe me, a thousand friends suffice thee not;
In a single enemy thou hast more than enough.⁷

¹ See Johnson, page 371.

² Tempest in a teapot. — *Proverb.*

³ See Chapman, page 37.

⁴ See Burton, page 193.

⁵ See Bacon, page 169.

⁶ Ali Ben Abi Taleb, son-in-law of Mahomet, and fourth caliph, who was for his courage called "The Lion of God," was murdered A. D. 660. He was the author of a "Hundred Sayings."

⁷ Translated by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and wrongly called by him a translation from Omar Khayyám.

Found in Dr. Hermann Tolowicz's "Polyglotte der Orientalischen Poesie."

Translated by James Russell Lowell thus:—

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.

OMAR KHAYYÁM. — — — -1123.

(Translated by Edward Fitzgerald.)

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled ;
 That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
 Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

Rubáiyát. Stanza xix.

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
 Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste —
 And, Lo ! the phantom Caravan has reach'd
 The NOTHING it set out from. Oh, make haste !

Stanza xlviii.

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
 And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire. *Stanza lxxvii.*

The Moving Finger writes ; and having writ,
 Moves on ; nor all your Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it. *Stanza lxxxi.*

And this I know : whether the one True Light
 Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
 One Flash of It within the Tavern caught
 Better than in the Temple lost outright. *Stanza lxxviii.*

And when like her, O Sáki, you shall pass
 Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
 And in your blissful errand reach the spot
 Where I made One — turn down an empty Glass. *Stanza ci.*



ALPHONSO THE WISE. 1221-1284.

Had I been present at the creation, I would have given
 some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe.¹

¹ Carlyle says, in his "History of Frederick the Great," book ii. chap. vii. that this saying of Alphonso about Ptolemy's astronomy, "that it seemed a crank machine; that it was pity the Creator had not taken advice," is still remembered by mankind, — this and no other of his many sayings.

DANTE. 1265–1321.

(*Cary's Translation.*)

All hope abandon, ye who enter here.

Hell. Canto iii. Line 9.

The wretched souls of those who lived
Without or praise or blame.

Line 34.

No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy when misery is at hand.¹

Canto v. Line 121.



FRANÇOIS VILLON. *Circa* 1430–1484.

Where are the snows of last year?²

Des Dames du Temps jadis. t.

I know everything except myself. *Autre Ballade. i.*

Good talkers are only found in Paris.

Des Femmes de Paris. tt.



MICHELANGELO. 1474–1564.

(*Translation by Mrs. Henry Roscoe.*)

As when, O lady mine!
With chiselled touch
The stone unhewn and cold
Becomes a living mould.
The more the marble wastes,
The more the statue grows.

Sonnet.

¹ See Longfellow, page 618.

² But where is last year's snow? This was the greatest care that Villon, the Parisian poet, took. — RABELAIS : *book ii. chap. xiv.*

Some impose upon the world that they believe that which they do not; others, more in number, make themselves believe that they believe, not being able to penetrate into what it is to believe.

Book ii. Chap. xii. Apology for Raimond Sebond.

When I play with my cat, who knows whether I do not make her more sport than she makes me? *Ibid.*

'T is one and the same Nature that rolls on her course, and whoever has sufficiently considered the present state of things might certainly conclude as to both the future and the past.¹ *Ibid.*

The souls of emperors and cobblers are cast in the same mould. . . . The same reason that makes us wrangle with a neighbour causes a war betwixt princes. *Ibid.*

Man is certainly stark mad; he cannot make a worm, and yet he will be making gods by dozens. *Ibid.*

Why may not a goose say thus: "All the parts of the universe I have an interest in: the earth serves me to walk upon, the sun to light me; the stars have their influence upon me; I have such an advantage by the winds and such by the waters; there is nothing that yon heavenly roof looks upon so favourably as me. I am the darling of Nature! Is it not man that keeps and serves me?"² *Ibid.*

Arts and sciences are not cast in a mould, but are formed and perfected by degrees, by often handling and polishing, as bears leisurely lick their cubs into form.³ *Ibid.*

He that I am reading seems always to have the most force. *Ibid.*

¹ See Plutarch, page 726.

² See Pope, page 318.

³ See Burton, page 186.

For truth itself has not the privilege to be spoken at all times and in all sorts. *Book iii. Chap. xiii. Of Experience.*

The diversity of physical arguments and opinions embraces all sorts of methods. *Ibid.*

Let us a little permit Nature to take her own way; she better understands her own affairs than we. *Ibid.*

I have ever loved to repose myself, whether sitting or lying, with my heels as high or higher than my head. *Ibid.*

I, who have so much and so universally adored this ἀριστον μέτρον, "excellent mediocrity,"¹ of ancient times, and who have concluded the most moderate measure the most perfect, shall I pretend to an unreasonable and prodigious old age? *Ibid.*



DU BARTAS. 1544–1590.

(*From his "Divine Weekes and Workes," translated by J. Sylvester.*)

The world's a stage² where God's omnipotence,
His justice, knowledge, love, and providence
Do act the parts. *First Week, First Day.*

And reads, though running,³ all these needful motions. *Ibid.*

Mercy and justice, marching cheek by joule. *Ibid.*

Not unlike the bear which bringeth forth
In the end of thirty dayes a shapeless birth;
But after licking, it in shape she drawes,
And by degrees she fashions out the pawes,
The head, and neck, and finally doth bring
To a perfect beast that first deformed thing.⁴ *Ibid.*

¹ See Cowper, page 424.

³ See Cowper, page 422.

² See Shakespeare, page 69.

⁴ See Burton, page 186.

What is well done is done soon enough.

First Week, First Day.

And swans seem whiter if swart crowes be by. *Ibid.*

Night's black mantle covers all alike.¹ *Ibid.*

Hot and cold, and moist and dry.² *Second Day.*

Much like the French (or like ourselves, their apes),
Who with strange habit do disguise their shapes;
Who loving novels, full of affectation,
Receive the manners of each other nation.³ *Ibid.*

With tooth and nail. *Ibid.*

From the foure corners of the worlde doe haste.⁴ *Ibid.*

Oft seen in forehead of the frowning skies.⁵ *Ibid.*

From north to south, from east to west.⁶ *Ibid.*

Bright-flaming, heat-full fire,
The source of motion.⁷ *Ibid.*

Not that the earth doth yield
In hill or dale, in forest or in field,
A rarer plant.⁸ *Third Day.*

'T is what you will, — or will be what you would. *Ibid.*

Or savage beasts upon a thousand hils.⁹ *Ibid.*

¹ Come, civil night, . . . with thy black mantle. — SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 2.

² See Milton, page 229.

³ Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.

SHAKESPEARE: *Richard II.* act ii. sc. 1.

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 80.

⁵ See Milton, page 248.

⁶ From north to south, from east to west. — SHAKESPEARE: *Winter's Tale*, act i. sc. 2.

⁷ Heat considered as a Mode of Motion (title of a treatise, 1863). — JOHN TYNDALL.

⁸ See Marlowe, page 40.

⁹ The cattle upon a thousand hills. — *Psalm i. 10.*

To man the earth seems altogether
No more a mother, but a step-dame rather.¹

First Week, Third Day.

For where's the state beneath the firmament
That doth excel the bees for government?²

Fifth Day, Part i.

A good turn at need,
At first or last, shall be assur'd of need.

Sixth Day.

There is no theam more plentiful to scan
Than is the glorious goodly frame of man.³

Ibid.

'These lovely lamps, these windows of the soul.⁴

Ibid.

Or almost like a spider, who, confin'd
In her web's centre, shakt with every winde,
Moves in an instant if the buzzing flie
Stir but a string of her lawn canapie.⁵

Ibid.

Even as a surgeon, minding off to cut
Some cureless limb, — before in ure he put
His violent engins on the vicious member,
Bringeth his patient in a senseless slumber,
And grief-less then (guided by use and art),
To save the whole, sawes off th' infested part.

Ibid.

Two souls in one, two hearts into one heart.⁶

Ibid.

Which serves for cynosure⁷
To all that sail upon the sea obscure.

Seventh Day.

¹ See Pliny, page 717.

² So work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

SHAKESPEARE: *Henry V. act i. sc. 3.*

³ See Pope, page 314.

⁴ Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes. — SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III act v. sc. 3.*

⁵ See Davies, page 176.

⁶ See Pope, page 340.

⁷ See Milton, page 248.

Yielding more wholesome food than all the messes
That now taste-curious wanton plenty dresses.¹

Second Week, First Day, Part i.

Turning our seed-wheat-kennel tares,
To burn-grain thistle, and to vaporie darnel,
Cockle, wild oats, rough burs, corn-cumbring
Tares.²

Part iii.

In every hedge and ditch both day and night
We fear our death, of every leafe affright.³

Ibid.

Dog, ounce, bear, and bull,
Wolfe, lion, horse.⁴

Ibid.

Apoplexie and lethargie,
As forlorn hope, assault the enemy.

Ibid.

Living from hand to mouth.

Part iv.

In the jaws of death.⁵

Ibid.

Did thrust as now in others' corn his sickle.⁶

Second Day, Part ii.

Will change the pebbles of our puddly thought
To orient pearls.⁷

Third Day, Part i.

Soft carpet-knights, all scenting musk and amber.⁸ *Ibid.*

The will for deed I doe accept.⁹

Part ii.

¹ See Milton, page 248.

² Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.

SHAKESPEARE: *Lear*, act iv. sc. 4.

³ See Shakespeare, page 48.

⁴ Lion, bear, or wolf, or bull. — SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 1.

⁵ See Shakespeare, page 77.

⁶ See Publius Syrus, page 711.

⁷ See Milton, page 234.

Orient pearls. — SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iv sc. 1.

⁸ See Burton, page 187.

⁹ See Swift, page 292.

- Only that he may conform
To tyrant custom.¹ *Second Week, Third Day, Part ii.*
- Sweet grave aspect.² *Fourth Day, Book i.*
- Who breaks his faith, no faith is held with him. *Book ii.*
- Who well lives, long lives; for this age of ours
Should not be numbered by years, daies, and hours.³ *Ibid.*
- My lovely living boy,
My hope, my hap, my love, my life, my joy.⁴ *Ibid.*
- Out of the book of Natur's learned brest.⁵ *Ibid.*
- Flesh of thy flesh, nor yet bone of thy bone. *Ibid.*
- Through thick and thin, both over hill and plain.⁶ *Book ii.*
- Weakened and wasted to skin and bone.⁷ *Ibid.*
- I take the world to be but as a stage,
Where net-maskt men do play their personage.⁸ *Dialogue between Heraclitus and Democritus.*
- Made no more bones. *The Maiden Blush.*



MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. 1547–1616.

Don Quixote. (Lockhart's Translation.)

- I was so free with him as not to mince the matter.
Don Quixote. The Author's Preface.
- They can expect nothing but their labour for their
pains.⁹ *Ibid.*

¹ See Shakespeare, page 151.

² See Shakespeare, page 99. Also Milton, page 227.

³ See Sheridan, page 443.

⁴ My fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world.

SHAKESPEARE: *King John, act iii. sc. 4.*

⁵ The book of Nature is that which the physician must read; and to do so he must walk over the leaves. — PARACELSUS, 1490–1541. (From the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, ninth edition, vol. xviii. p. 234.)

⁶ See Spenser, page 28.

⁷ See Rymon, page 351.

⁸ See Shakespeare, page 69.

⁹ See Shakespeare, page 101.

As ill-luck would have it.¹ *Part i. Book i. Chap. ii.*

The brave man carves out his fortune, and every man
is the son of his own works.² *Chap. iv.*

Which I have earned with the sweat of my brows. *Ibid.*

Can we ever have too much of a good thing?³ *Chap. vi.*

The charging of his enemy was but the work of a
moment. *Chap. viii.*

And had a face like a blessing.⁴ *Book ii. Chap. iv.*

It is a true saying that a man must eat a peck of salt
with his friend before he knows him. *Book iii. Chap. i.*

Fortune leaves always some door open to come at a
remedy. *Ibid.*

Fair and softly goes far. *Chap. ii.*

Plain as the nose on a man's face.⁵ *Chap. iv.*

Let me leap out of the frying-pan into the fire;⁶ or,
out of God's blessing into the warm sun.⁷ *Ibid.*

You are taking the wrong sow by the ear.⁸ *Ibid.*

Bell, book, and candle. *Ibid.*

Let the worst come to the worst.⁹ *Chap. v.*

You are come off now with a whole skin. *Ibid.*

Fear is sharp-sighted, and can see things under ground,
and much more in the skies. *Chap. vi.*

Ill-luck, you know, seldom comes alone.¹⁰ *Ibid.*

¹ See Shakespeare, page 46.

² See Bacon, page 167.

³ See Shakespeare, page 71.

⁴ He had a face like a benediction. — *Jarvis's translation.*

⁵ See Shakespeare, page 44.

⁶ See Heywood, page 18.

⁷ See Heywood, page 17.

⁸ See Heywood, page 19.

⁹ See Middleton, page 172.

¹⁰ See Shakespeare, page 143.

Why do you lead me a wild-goose chase ?

Part i. Book iii. Chap. vi.

I find my familiarity with thee has bred contempt.¹

Ibid.

The more thou stir it, the worse it will be.

Ibid.

Now had Aurora displayed her mantle over the blushing skies, and dark night withdrawn her sable veil.

Ibid.

I tell thee, that is Mambrino's helmet.

Chap. vii.

Give me but that, and let the world rub; there I'll stick.

Ibid.

Sure as a gun.²

Ibid.

Sing away sorrow, cast away care.

Chap. viii.

Thank you for nothing.

Ibid.

After meat comes mustard; or, like money to a starving man at sea, when there are no victuals to be bought with it.

Ibid.

Of good natural parts and of a liberal education.

Ibid.

Would puzzle a convocation of casuists to resolve their degrees of consanguinity.

Ibid.

Let every man mind his own business.

Ibid.

Murder will out.³

Ibid.

Thou art a cat, and a rat, and a coward.

Ibid.

It is the part of a wise man to keep himself to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all his eggs in one basket.

Chap. ix.

I know what's what, and have always taken care of the main chance.⁴

Ibid.

The ease of my burdens, the staff of my life.

Ibid.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 45.

³ See Chaucer, page 5.

² See Butler, page 211.

⁴ See Lyly, page 33.

I am almost frightened out of my seven senses.¹

Part i. Book iii. Chap. ix.

Within a stone's throw of it.

Ibid.

Let us make hay while the sun shines.²

Chap. xi.

I never thrust my nose into other men's porridge. It is no bread and butter of mine; every man for himself, and God for us all.³

Ibid.

Little said is soonest mended.⁴

Ibid.

A close mouth catches no flies.

Ibid.

She may guess what I should perform in the wet, if I do so much in the dry.

Ibid.

You are a devil at everything, and there is no kind of thing in the 'versal world but what you can turn your hand to.

Ibid.

It will grieve me so to the heart, that I shall cry my eyes out.

Ibid.

Delay always breeds danger.⁵

Book iv. Chap. ii.

They must needs go whom the Devil drives.⁶

Chap. iv.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.⁷

Ibid.

More knave than fool.⁸

Ibid.

I can tell where my own shoe pinches me; and you must not think, sir, to catch old birds with chaff.

Chap. v.

I never saw a more dreadful battle in my born days.

Chap. viii.

Here is the devil-and-all to pay.

Chap. x.

I begin to smell a rat.⁹

Ibid.

¹ See Scott, page 493.

² See Heywood, page 20.

³ See Shakespeare, page 93.

⁴ See Heywood, page 15. Also Plutarch, page 740.

⁵ See Marlowe, page 41.

⁶ See Heywood, page 10.

⁷ See Wither, page 200.

⁸ See Heywood, page 18.

⁹ See Middleton, page 172.

I will take my corporal oath on it.

Part i. Book iv. Chap. x

It is past all controversy that what costs dearest is, and ought to be, most valued.

Chap. xi.

I would have nobody to control me; I would be absolute: and who but I? Now, he that is absolute can do what he likes; he that can do what he likes can take his pleasure; he that can take his pleasure can be content; and he that can be content has no more to desire. So the matter's over; and come what will come, I am satisfied.¹

Chap. xxiii.

When the head aches, all the members partake of the pain.²

Part ii. Chap. ii.

He has done like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who, being asked what he painted, answered, "As it may hit;" and when he had scrawled out a misshapen cock, was forced to write underneath, in Gothic letters, "This is a cock."³

Chap. iii.

There are men that will make you books, and turn them loose into the world, with as much dispatch as they would do a dish of fritters.

Ibid.

"There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "but something good may be found in it."⁴

Ibid.

Every man is as Heaven made him, and sometimes a great deal worse.

Chap. iv.

¹ I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it. — *Jarvis's translation.*

² For let our finger ache, and it endues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain. — *Othello, act iii. sc. 4.*

³ The painter Orbaneja of Ubeda, if he chanced to draw a cock, he wrote under it, "This is a cock," lest the people should take it for a fox. — *Jarvis's translation.*

⁴ See Pliny the Younger, page 748.

Spare your breath to cool your porridge.¹

Part ii. Chap. v.

A little in one's own pocket is better than much in another man's purse. *Chap. vii.*

Remember the old saying, "Faint heart never won fair lady."² *Chap. x.*

There is a remedy for all things but death, which will be sure to lay us out flat some time or other. *Ibid.*

Are we to mark this day with a white or a black stone? *Ibid.*

Let every man look before he leaps.³ *Chap. xiv.*

The pen is the tongue of the mind. *Chap. xvi.*

There were but two families in the world, Have-much and Have-little. *Chap. xx.*

He has an oar in every man's boat, and a finger in every pie. *Chap. xxii.*

Patience, and shuffle the cards. *Chap. xxiii.*

Comparisons are odious.⁴ *Ibid.*

Tell me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art. *Chap. xxiii.*

The proof of the pudding is the eating. *Chap. xxiv.*
il gris de los muertos lo pende *h. 1, 11 37*

He is as like one, as one egg is like another.⁵ *Chap. xxvii.*

You can see farther into a millstone than he.⁶ *Chap. xxviii.*

¹ See Rabelais, page 773.

² SPENSER: *Britain's Ida*, canto v. stanza 1. ELLERTON: *George a Greene* (a Ballad). WHETSTONE: *Rocke of Regard*. BURNS: *To Dr. Blucklock*. COLMAN: *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, act i.

³ See Heywood, page 9.

⁴ See Fortescue, page 7.

⁵ See Rabelais, page 773. Also Shakespeare, page 77.

⁶ See Heywood, page 13.

Sancho Panza by name, is my own self, if I was not changed in my cradle. *Part ii. Chap. xxx.*

“Sit there, clod-pate!” cried he; “for let me sit wherever I will, that will still be the upper end, and the place of worship to thee.”¹ *Chap. xxxi.*

Building castles in the air,² and making yourself a laughing-stock. *Ibid.*

It is good to live and learn. *Chap. xxxii.*

He is as mad as a March hare.³ *Chap. xxxiii.*

I must follow him through thick and thin.⁴ *Ibid.*

There is no love lost between us.⁵ *Ibid.*

In the night all cats are gray.⁶ *Ibid.*

All is not gold that glisters.⁷ *Ibid.*

I can look sharp as well as another, and let me alone to keep the cobwebs out of my eyes. *Ibid.*

Honesty is the best policy. *Ibid.*

Time ripens all things. No man is born wise. *Ibid.*

A good name is better than riches.⁸ *Ibid.*

I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion. *Ibid.*

An honest man's word is as good as his bond. *Ibid.*

Heaven's help is better than early rising. *Chap. xxxiv.*

I have other fish to fry.⁹ *Chap. xxxv.*

¹ Sit thee down, chaff-threshing churl! for let me sit where I will, that is the upper end to thee. — *Jarvis's translation.*

This is generally placed in the mouth of Macgregor: “Where Macgregor sits, there is the head of the table.” Emerson quotes it, in his “American Scholar,” as the saying of Macdonald, and Theodore Parker as the saying of the Highlander.

² See Burton, page 187.

⁴ See Spenser, page 28.

⁶ See Heywood, page 11.

⁸ See Publius Syrus, page 708.

³ See Heywood, page 18.

⁵ See Middleton, page 172.

⁷ See Chaucer, page 5.

⁹ See Rabelais, page 772.

There is a time for some things, and a time for all things; a time for great things, and a time for small things.¹

Part ii. Chap. xxxv.

But all in good time.

Chap. xxxvi.

Matters will go swimmingly.

Ibid.

Many go out for wool, and come home shorn themselves.

Chap. xxxvii.

They had best not stir the rice, though it sticks to the pot.

Ibid.

Good wits jump;² a word to the wise is enough.

Ibid.

You may as well expect pears from an elm.³

Chap. xl.

Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world.⁴

Chap. xlii.

You cannot eat your cake and have your cake;⁵ and store's no sore.⁶

Chap. xliii.

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.

Ibid.

What a man has, so much he is sure of.

Ibid.

When a man says, "Get out of my house! what would you have with my wife?" there is no answer to be made.

Ibid.

The pot calls the kettle black.

Ibid.

This peck of troubles.

Chap. liii.

When thou art at Rome, do as they do at Rome.⁷

Chap. liv.

Many count their chickens before they are hatched; and where they expect bacon, meet with broken bones.

Chap. lv.

¹ To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose. — *Ecclesiastes iii. 1.*

² See Sterne, page 378.

⁴ See Chaucer, page 4.

⁶ See Heywood, page 11.

³ See Publius Syrus, page 712.

⁵ See Heywood, page 20.

⁷ See Burton, page 193.

My thoughts ran a wool-gathering; and I did like the countryman who looked for his ass while he was mounted on his back.

Part ii. Chap. lxi.

Liberty . . . is one of the most valuable blessings that Heaven has bestowed upon mankind.

Chap. lxiii.

As they use to say, spick and span new.¹

Ibid.

I think it a very happy accident.²

Ibid.

I shall be as secret as the grave.

Chap. lxii.

Now, blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap, and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even.³

Chap. lxviii.

Rome was not built in a day.⁴

Chap. lxxi.

The ass will carry his load, but not a double load; ride not a free horse to death.

Ibid.

Never look for birds of this year in the nests of the last.⁵

Chap. lxxiv.

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted.

The Little Gypsy (La Gitanilla).

My heart is wax moulded as she pleases, but enduring as marble to retain.⁶

Ibid.

¹ See Middleton, page 172.

² See Middleton, page 174.

³ Blessing on him who invented sleep, — the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise. — *Jarvis's translation.*

⁴ See Heywood, page 15.

⁵ See Longfellow, page 613.

⁶ See Byron, page 554.

BARTHOLOMEW SCHIDONI. 1560-1616.

I, too, was born in Arcadia.¹



JOHN SIRMOND. 1589 (?) -1649.

If on my theme I rightly think,
 There are five reasons why men drink, —
 Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
 Or lest I should be by and by,
 Or any other reason why.² *Causæ Bibendi.*



FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU. 1604-1655.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind
 exceeding small;³

Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness
 grinds He all. *Retribution. (Sinngedichte.)*

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
 Fiend-like is it to dwell therein;
 Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
 God-like is it all sin to leave. *Sin. (Ibid.)*

¹ Goethe adopted this motto for his "Travels in Italy."

² These lines are a translation of a Latin epigram (erroneously ascribed to Henry Aldrich in the "Biographia Britannica," second edition, vol. i. p. 131), which Menage and De la Monnoye attribute to Père Sirmont:

Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi:
 Hospitis adventus; præsens sitis atque futura;
 Et vini bonitas, et quælibet altera causa.

Menagiana, vol. i. p. 172.

³ See Herbert, page 206.

'Οψὲ θεοῦ μύλοι ἀλέουσι τὸ λεπτὸν ἄλευρον. — *Oracula Sibylliana, liber viii. line 14.*

'Οψὲ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά. — LEUTSCH AND SCHNEIDWIN: *Corpus Pseudepigraphorum Græcorum, vol. i. p. 444.*

Sextus Empiricus is the first writer who has presented the whole of the adage cited by Plutarch in his treatise "Concerning such whom God is slow to punish."

ISAAC DE BENSERADE. 1612–1691.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry ;
 And, born in bed, in bed we die.
 The near approach a bed may show
 Of human bliss to human woe.¹



FRANCIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.
 1613–1680.

(*Reflections, or Sentences and Moral Maxims.*)

Our virtues are most frequently but vices disguised.²

We have all sufficient strength to endure the misfortunes of others. *Maxim 19.*

Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and future evils; but present evils triumph over it.³ *Maxim 22.*

We need greater virtues to sustain good than evil fortune. *Maxim 25.*

Neither the sun nor death can be looked at with a steady eye. *Maxim 26.*

Interest speaks all sorts of tongues, and plays all sorts of parts, even that of disinterestedness. *Maxim 39.*

We are never so happy or so unhappy as we suppose. *Maxim 49.*

There are few people who would not be ashamed of being loved when they love no longer. *Maxim 71.*

¹ Translated by Samuel Johnson.

² This epigraph, which is the key to the system of La Rochefoucauld, is found in another form as No. 179 of the *Maxims* of the first edition, 1665; it is omitted from the second and third, and reappears for the first time in the fourth edition at the head of the *Reflections*. — AIME MARTIN.

³ See Goldsmith, page 401.

' We always like those who admire us ; we do not always like those whom we admire. *Maxim 294.*

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits.¹ *Maxim 298.*

Lovers are never tired of each other, though they always speak of themselves. *Maxim 312.*

• We pardon in the degree that we love. *Maxim 330.*

We hardly find any persons of good sense save those who agree with us.² *Maxim 347.*

The greatest fault of a penetrating wit is to go beyond the mark. *Maxim 377.*

We may give advice, but we cannot inspire the conduct. *Maxim 378.*

The veracity which increases with old age is not far from folly. *Maxim 416.*

In their first passion women love their lovers, in all the others they love love.³ *Maxim 471.*

Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on one side. *Maxim 496.*

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not exactly displeasing.⁴

¹ See Walpole, page 304.

² "That was excellently observed," say I when I read a passage in another where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, then I pronounce him to be mistaken. — SWIFT : *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

³ See Byron, page 557.

⁴ This reflection, No. 99 in the edition of 1665, the author suppressed in the third edition.

In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends ;
While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.

DEAN SWIFT : *A Paraphrase of Rochefoucauld's Maxim.*

The real Amphitryon is the Amphitryon who gives dinners.¹

Amphitryon. Act iii. Sc. 5.

Ah that I — You would have it so, you would have it so; George Dandin, you would have it so! This suits you very nicely, and you are served right; you have precisely what you deserve.

George Dandin. Act i. Sc. 19.

Tell me to whom you are addressing yourself when you say that.

I am addressing myself — I am addressing myself to my cap.

L'Avare. Act i. Sc. 3.

The beautiful eyes of my cash-box.

Act v. Sc. 3.

You are speaking before a man to whom all Naples is known.

Sc. 5.

My fair one, let us swear an eternal friendship.²

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. Act iv. Sc. 1.

I will maintain it before the whole world.

Sc. 5.

What the devil did he want in that galley?³

Les Fourberies de Scapin. Act ii. Sc. 11.

Grammar, which knows how to control even kings.⁴

Les Femmes savantes. Act ii. Sc. 6.

Ah, there are no longer any children!

Le Malade Imaginaire. Act ii. Sc. 11.



BLAISE PASCAL. 1623–1662.

(Translated by O. W. Wight.)

Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed.

Thoughts. Chap. ii. 10.

It is not permitted to the most equitable of men to be a judge in his own cause.

Chap. iv. 1.

¹ See Dryden, page 277.

² See Frere, page 462.

³ Borrowed from Cyrano de Bergerac's "Pédant joué," act ii. sc. 4.

⁴ Sigismund I. at the Council of Constance, 1414, said to a prelate who had objected to his Majesty's grammar, "Ego sum rex Romanus, et supra grammaticam" (I am the Roman emperor, and am above grammar).

Every age has its pleasures, its style of wit, and its own ways. *The Art of Poetry. Canto iii. Line 374.*

He [Molière] pleases all the world, but cannot please himself. *Satire 2.*

“There, take,” says Justice, “take ye each a shell;
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you.
’T was a fat oyster! live in peace, — adieu.”¹ *Eptre ii.*

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE. 1668–1747.

It may be said that his wit shines at the expense of his memory.² *Gil Blas. Book iii. Chap. xi.*

I wish you all sorts of prosperity with a little more taste. *Book vii. Chap. iv.*

Isocrates was in the right to insinuate, in his elegant Greek expression, that what is got over the Devil’s back is spent under his belly.³ *Book viii. Chap. ix.*

Facts are stubborn things.⁴ *Book x. Chap. i.*

Plain as a pike-staff.⁵ *Book xii. Chap. viii.*

FRANCIS M. VOLTAIRE. 1694–1778.

If there were no God, it would be necessary to invent him.⁶ *Eptre à l’Auteur du Livre des Trois Imposteurs. cxi.*

The king [Frederic] has sent me some of his dirty linen to wash; I will wash yours another time.⁷ *Reply to General Manstein.*

Men use thought only as authority for their injustice, and employ speech only to conceal their thoughts.⁸ *Dialogue xiv. Le Chapon et la Poularde (1763).*

¹ See Pope, page 334.

² See Rabelais, page 773.

³ See Middleton, page 172.

⁴ See Sheridan, page 443.

⁵ See Smollett, page 392.

⁶ See Tillotson, page 266.

⁷ Voltaire writes to his niece Dennis, July 24, 1752, “Voilà le roi qui m’envoie son linge à blanchir.”

⁸ See Young, page 310.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. 1712–1778.

Days of absence, sad and dreary,
 Clothed in sorrow's dark array, —
 Days of absence, I am weary :
 She I love is far away.

Days of Absence.

 GESTA ROMANORUM.¹

We read of a certain Roman emperor who built a magnificent palace. In digging the foundation, the workmen discovered a golden sarcophagus ornamented with three circlets, on which were inscribed, "I have expended ; I have given ; I have kept ; I have possessed ; I do possess ; I have lost ; I am punished. What I formerly expended, I have ; what I gave away, I have."²

Tale xxi.

See how the world rewards its votaries.³

Tale xxxvi.

If the end be well, all is well.⁴

Tale lxxii.

Whatever you do, do wisely, and think of the consequences.

Tale ciii.

¹ The "Gesta Romanorum" is a collection of one hundred and eighty-one stories, first printed about 1473. The first English version appeared in 1824, translated by the Rev. C. Swan. (Bohn's Standard Library.)

² Richard Gough, in the "Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain," gives this epitaph of Robert Byrkes, which is to be found in Doncaster Church, "new cut" upon his tomb in Roman capitals : —

Howe : Howe : who is heare :
 I, Robin of Doncaster, and Margaret my feare.
 That I spent, that I had ;
 That I gave, that I have ;
 That I left, that I lost.

A. D. 1579.

The following is the epitaph of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, according to Cleaveland's "Genealogical History of the Family of Courtenay," p. 142 : —

What we gave, we have ;
 What we spent, we had ;
 What we left, we lost.

³ Ecce quomodo mundus suis servitoribus reddit mercedem (See how the world its veterans rewards. — POPE : *Moral Essays*, epistle 1, line 243.)

⁴ Si finis bonus est, totum bonum erit. — Probably the origin of the proverb, "All's well that ends well."

MADAME ROLAND. 1754–1793.

O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed
in thy name!¹



BERTRAND BARÈRE. 1755–1841.

The tree of liberty only grows when watered by the
blood of tyrants. *Speech in the Convention Nationale, 1792.*

It is only the dead who do not return. *Speech, 1794.*



SCHILLER. 1759–1805.

Against stupidity the very gods
Themselves contend in vain.

The Maid of Orleans. Act iii. Sc. 6.

The richest monarch in the Christian world;
The sun in my own dominions never sets.²

Don Carlos. Act i. Sc. 6.



JOSEPH ROUGET DE L'ISLE. 1760—

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!

The Marseilles Hymn.

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
'The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Ibid.

¹ MACAULAY: *Essay on Mirabeau.*

² See Scott, page 495.

A. F. F. VON KOTZEBUE. 1761–1819.

There is another and a better world.¹

The Stranger. Act i. Sc. 1.



J. G. VON SALIS. 1762–1834.

Into the silent land !
Ah, who shall lead us thither ?

The Silent Land.

Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the silent land !

Ibid.



JOSEPH FOUCHÉ. 1763–1820.

“It is more than a crime ; it is a political fault,”² —
words which I record, because they have been repeated
and attributed to others.

Memoirs of Fouché.

Death is an eternal sleep.

*Inscription placed by his orders on the Gates
of the Cemeteries in 1794.*



J. M. USTERI. 1763–1827.

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flow'ret pluck ere it close ;
Why are we fond of toil and care ?
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear ?

Life let us cherish.

¹ Translated by N. Schink, London, 1799.

² Commonly quoted, “It is worse than a crime, — it is a blunder,” and attributed to Talleyrand.

H. B. CONSTANT. 1767–1830.

I am not the rose, but I have lived near the rose.¹



JUNOT, DUC D'ABRANTES. 1771–1813.

I know nothing about it; I am my own ancestor.²
(When asked as to his ancestry.)



JOHANN L. UHLAND. 1787–1862.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee, —
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.
The Passage. Edinburgh Review, October, 1832.



VON MÜNCH BELLINGHAUSEN. 1806–1871.

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.³
Ingomar the Barbarian.⁴ Act ii.

¹ This saying, "Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu avec elle," is assigned to Constant by A. Hayward in his Introduction to the "Autobiography and Letters" of Mrs. Piozzi.

² See Plutarch, page 733.

Curtius Rufus seems to me to be descended from himself. (A saying of Tiberius). — TACITUS: *Annals, book xi. c. xxi. 16.*

³ See Pope, page 340.

Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke,
Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag.

⁴ Translated by Maria Lovell.

MISCELLANEOUS TRANSLATIONS.

Absolutism tempered by assassination.¹

A Cadmean victory.²

After us the deluge.³

All is lost save honour.⁴

Appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.⁵

Architecture is frozen music.⁶

¹ Count Münster, Hanoverian envoy at St. Petersburg, discovered that Russian civilization is "merely artificial," and first published to Europe the short description of the Russian Constitution, — that it is "absolutism tempered by assassination."

² A Greek proverb. A Cadmean victory was one in which the victors suffered as much as their enemies.

Συμμογόντων δὲ τῆ ναυμαχίᾳ, Καδμείη τις νίκη τοῖσι Φωκαεῦσι ἐγένετο. — HERODOTUS: i. 166.

Where two discourse, if the one's anger rise,
The man who lets the contest fall is wise.

EURIPIDES: *Fragment 656. Protesilaus.*

³ On the authority of Madame de Hausset ("Mémoires," p. 19), this phrase is ascribed to Madame de Pompadour. Larousse ("Fleurs Historiques") attributes it to Louis XV.

⁴ It was from the imperial camp near Pavia that Francis I., before leaving for Pizzighetone, wrote to his mother the memorable letter which, thanks to tradition, has become altered to the form of this sublime laconism: "Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur."

The true expression is, "Madame, pour vous faire savoir comme se porte le reste de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauvé." — MARTIN: *Histoire de France, tome viii.*

The correction of this expression was first made by Sismondi, vol. xvi. pp. 241, 242. The letter itself is printed entire in Dulaure's "Histoire de Paris": "Pour vous avertir comment se porte le ressort de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie, — qui est sauvé."

⁵ Inserit se tantis viris mulier alienigeni sanguinis: quæ a Philippo rege temulento immerenter damnata, Provocarem ad Philippum, inquit, sed sobrium. — VALERIUS MAXIMUS: *Lib. vi. c. 2.*

⁶ Since it [architecture] is music in space, as it were a frozen music. . . . If architecture in general is frozen music. — SCHELLING: *Philosophie der Kunst, pp. 576, 593.*

La vue d'un tel monument est comme une musique continuelle et fixée. — MADAME DE STAËL: *Corinne, livre iv. chap. 3.*

Beginning of the end.¹

Boldness, again boldness, and ever boldness.²

Dead on the field of honour.³

Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies.⁴

Extremes meet.⁵

Hell is full of good intentions.⁶

History repeats itself.⁷

I am here : I shall remain here.⁸

I am the state.⁹

It is magnificent, but it is not war.¹⁰

¹ Fournier asserts, on the written authority of Talleyrand's brother, that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was "L'Improvisateur Français," a compilation of anecdotes and *bon-mots*, in twenty-one duodecimo volumes. Whenever a good thing was wandering about in search of a parent, he adopted it; amongst others, "C'est le commencement de la fin."

See Shakespeare, page 59.

² De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace — DANTON : *Speech in the Legislative Assembly, 1792.*

See Spenser, page 28.

³ This was the answer given in the roll-call of La Tour d'Auvergne's regiment after his death.

⁴ See Canning, page 464.

⁵ Les extrêmes se touchent. — MERCIER : *Tableaux de Paris (1782), vol. iv. title of chap. 348.*

⁶ See Johnson, page 372.

⁷ See Plutarch, page 726.

⁸ The reply of Marshal MacMahon, in the trenches before the Malakoff, in the siege of Sebastopol, September, 1855, to the commander-in-chief, who had sent him word to beware of an explosion which might follow the retreat of the Russians.

⁹ Dulaure (*History of Paris, 1863, p. 387*) asserts that Louis XIV. interrupted a judge who used the expression, "The king and the state," by saying, "I am the state."

¹⁰ Said by General Pierre Bosquet of the charge of the Light Brigade at the battle of Balaklava.

Leave no stone unturned.¹

Let it be. Let it pass.²

Medicine for the soul.³

Nothing is changed in France; there is only one Frenchman more.⁴

Order reigns in Warsaw.⁵

Ossa on Pelion.⁶

¹ EURIPIDES: *Heracleidas*, 1002.

This may be traced to a response of the Delphic oracle given to Polycrates, as the best means of finding a treasure buried by Xerxes' general, Mardonius, on the field of Platæa. The oracle replied, Πάντα λίθον κίνει, "Turn every stone." — LEUTSCH AND SCHNEIDEWIN: *Corpus Pæramiographorum Græcorum*, vol. i. p. 146.

² This phrase, "Laissez faire, laissez passer!" is attributed to Gournay, Minister of Commerce at Paris, 1751; also to Quesnay, the writer on political economy. It is quoted by Adam Smith in the "Wealth of Nations."

³ Inscription over the door of the Library at Thebes. — DIODORUS SICULUS: i. 49, 3.

⁴ According to the "Contemporary Review," February, 1854, this phrase formed the opening of an address composed in the name of Comte d'Artois by Count Beugnot, and published in the "Moniteur," April 12, 1814.

⁵ General Sebastiani announced the fall of Warsaw in the Chamber of Deputies, Sept. 16, 1831: "Des lettres que je reçois de Pologne m'annoncent que la tranquillité règne à Varsovie." — DUMAS: *Mémoires, Second Series*, vol. iv. chap. iii.

⁶ See Ovid, page 707.

They were setting on
Ossa upon Olympus, and upon
Steep Ossa leavy Pelius.

CHAPMAN: *Homer's Odyssey*, book xi. 426.

Heav'd on Olympus tott'ring Ossa stood;
On Ossa Pelion nods with all his wood.

POPK: *Odyssey*, book xi. 387.

Ossa on Olympus heave, on Ossa roll
Pelion with all his woods; so scale the starry pole.

SOTHEBY: *Odyssey*, book xi. 315.

To the Olympian summit they essay'd
To heave up Ossa, and to Ossa's crown
Branch-waving Pelion.

COWPER: *Odyssey*, book xi. 379.

They on Olympus Ossa fain would roll;
On Ossa Pelion's leaf-quivering hill.

WORSLEY: *Odyssey*, book xi. 414

To fling

Ossa upon Olympus, and to pile

Scylla and Charybdis.¹

Sinews of war.²

Talk of nothing but business, and despatch that business quickly.³

The empire is peace.⁴

The guard dies, but never surrenders.⁵

The king reigns, but does not govern.⁶

Pelion with all its growth of leafy woods
On Ossa.

BRYANT: *Odyssey*, book xi. 390.

Ossa they pressed down with Pelion's weight,
And on them both impos'd Olympus' hill.

FITZ-GEFFREY: *The Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake*, stanza 99 (1596).

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam. — VIRGIL: *Georgica*, i. 281.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 64.

² See Rabelais, page 771.

Æschines (Adv. Ctesiphon, c. 53) ascribes to Demosthenes the expression *ὑποτέμνεται τὰ νεῦρα τῶν πραγμάτων*, "The sinews of affairs are cut." Diogenes Laertius, in his Life of Bion (lib. iv. c. 7, sect. 3), represents that philosopher as saying, *τὸν πλοῦτον εἶναι νεῦρα πραγμάτων*, — "Riches were the sinews of business," or, as the phrase may mean, "of the state." Referring perhaps to this maxim of Bion, Plutarch says in his Life of Cleomenes (c. 27), "He who first called money the sinews of the state seems to have said this with special reference to war." Accordingly we find money called expressly *τὰ νεῦρα τοῦ πολέμου*, "the sinews of war," in Libanius, Orat. xlvi. (vol. ii. p. 477, ed. Reiske), and by the scholiast on Pindar, Olymp. i. 4 (compare Photius, *Lex. s. v. Μεγάνορος πλοῦτου*). So Cicero, Philipp. v. 2, "nervos belli, infinitam pecuniam."

³ A placard of Aldus on the door of his printing-office. — DIBDIN: *Introduction*, vol. i. p. 436.

⁴ This saying occurs in Louis Napoleon's speech to the Chamber of Commerce in Bordeaux, Oct. 9, 1852.

⁵ Words engraved upon the monument erected to Cambronne at Nantes.

This phrase, attributed to Cambronne, who was made prisoner at Waterloo, was vehemently denied by him. It was invented by Rougemont, a prolific author of *mots*, two days after the battle, in the "Indépendant." — FOURNIER: *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*.

⁶ A motto adopted by Thiers for the "Nationale," July 1, 1803. In the beginning of the seventeenth century Jan Zamoyski in the Polish parliament said, "The king reigns, but does not govern."

The style is the man himself.¹

“There is no other royal path which leads to geometry,” said Euclid to Ptolemy I.²

There is nothing new except what is forgotten.³

They have learned nothing and forgotten nothing.⁴

We are dancing on a volcano.⁵

Who does not love wine, women, and song
Remains a fool his whole life long.⁶

God is on the side of the strongest battalions.⁷

Terrible he rode alone,
With his Yemen sword for aid;
Ornament it carried none
But the notches on the blade.

*The Death Feud. An Arab War-song.*⁸

¹ BUFFON : *Discours de Reception* (Recueil de l'Académie, 1753).
See Burton, page 188.

² PROCLUS : *Commentary on Euclid's Elements, book ii. chap. iv.*

³ Attributed to Mademoiselle Bertin, milliner to Marie Antoinette.

“There is nothing new except that which has become antiquated,” — motto of the “Revue Rétrospective.”

⁴ This saying is attributed to Talleyrand. In a letter of the Chevalier de Panat to Mallet du Pan, January, 1796, it occurs almost literally, — “No one is right ; no one could forget anything, nor learn anything.”

⁵ Words uttered by Comte de Salvandy (1796-1856) at a fete given by the Duke of Orleans to the King of Naples, 1830.

⁶ Attributed to Luther, but more probably a saying of J. H. Voss (1751-1826), according to Redlich, “Die poetischen Beiträge zum Waudsbecker Bothen,” Hamburg, 1871, p. 67. — KING : *Classical and Foreign Quotations* (1887).

⁷ See Gibbon, page 430.

Napoleon said, “Providence is always on the side of the last reserve.”

⁸ Anonymous translation from “Tait's Magazine,” July, 1850. The poem is of an age earlier than that of Mahomet.

THE BIBLE.

OLD TESTAMENT.

- And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.
Genesis i. 3.
- It is not good that the man should be alone. *ii. 18.*
- Bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh. *23.*
- They sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves
aprons. *iii. 7.*
- In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. *19.*
- For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.
Ibid.
- The mother of all living. *20.*
- Am I my brother's keeper? *iv. 9.*
- My punishment is greater than I can bear. *13.*
- There were giants in the earth in those days. *vi. 4.*
- And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty
nights. *vii. 12.*
- The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot. *viii. 9.*
- Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood
be shed. *ix. 6.*
- Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and
me. *xiii. 8.*
- In a good old age. *xv. 15.*
- His hand will be against every man, and every man's
hand against him. *xvi. 12.*

- Old and well stricken in age. *Genesis xviii. 11.*
- His wife looked back from behind him, and she became
a pillar of salt. *xix. 26.*
- The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands
of Esau. *xxvii. 22.*
- They stript Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many
colours. *xxxvii. 23.*
- Bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. *xlii. 38.*
- Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel. *xlix. 4.*
- I have been a stranger in a strange land. *Exodus ii. 22.*
- A land flowing with milk and honey. *iii. 8; Jeremiah xxxii. 22.*
- Darkness which may be felt. *x. 21.*
- The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a
cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of
fire. *xiii. 21.*
- When we sat by the fleshpots. *xxi. 3.*
- Love thy neighbour as thyself. *Leviticus xix. 18.*
- The Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said
unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee, that thou
hast smitten me these three times? *Numbers xxii. 28.*
- Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last
end be like his! *xxiii. 10.*
- How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy taberna-
cles, O Israel! *xxiv. 5.*
- Man doth not live by bread only. *Deuteronomy viii. 3.*
- The wife of thy bosom. *xiii. 6.*
- Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for
foot. *xix. 21.*

- Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store. *Deuteronomy xxxiii. 5.*
- The secret things belong unto the Lord. *xxxix. 29.*
- He kept him as the apple of his eye. *xxxii. 10.*
- Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked. *15.*
- As thy days, so shall thy strength be. *xxxiii. 25.*
- His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. *xxxiv. 7.*
- I am going the way of all the earth. *Joshua xxiii. 14.*
- I arose a mother in Israel. *Judges v. 7.*
- The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. *20.*
- She brought forth butter in a lordly dish. *25.*
- At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead. *27.*
- Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer? *viii. 2.*
- He smote them hip and thigh. *xx. 8.*
- The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. *xvi. 9.*
- From Dan even to Beer-sheba. *xx. 1.*
- The people arose as one man. *xx. 8.*
- Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. *Ruth i. 16.*
- Quit yourselves like men. *1 Samuel iv. 9.*
- Is Saul also among the prophets? *x. 11.*
- A man after his own heart. *xiii. 14.*
- David therefore departed thence and escaped to the cave Adullam. *xxii. 1.*
- Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon. *2 Samuel i. 20.*

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

2 Samuel i. 23.

How are the mighty fallen!

26.

Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

26.

Abner . . . smote him under the fifth rib.

ii. 23.

Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown.

x. 5.

Thou art the man.

xii. 7.

As water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again.

xiv. 14.

They were wont to speak in old time, saying, They shall surely ask counsel at Abel: and so they ended the matter.

xx. 18.

The sweet psalmist of Israel.

xxiii. 1.

So that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.¹

1 Kings vi. 7.

A proverb and a byword.

ix. 7.

I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee.

xvii. 9.

An handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse.

12.

And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail.

16.

How long halt ye between two opinions?

xviii. 21.

There ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand.

44.

A still, small voice.

xix. 12.

¹ See Cowper, page 421.

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself
as he that putteth it off. *1 Kings xx. 11.*

Death in the pot. *2 Kings iv. 40.*

Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great
thing? *iii. 13.*

Like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi: for he
driveth furiously. *ix. 20.*

One that feared God and eschewed evil. *Job i. 1.*

Satan came also. *6.*

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed
be the name of the Lord. *21.*

All that a man hath will he give for his life. *ii. 4.*

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the
weary be at rest. *iii. 17.*

Night, when deep sleep falleth on men. *iv. 13; xxxiii. 15.*

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.
v. 7.

He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. *13.*

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a
shock of corn cometh in in his season. *26.*

How forcible are right words! *vi. 25.*

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. *vii. 6.*

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his
place know him any more.¹ *vii. 10; cf. xvi. 22.*

I would not live alway. *16.*

The land of darkness and the shadow of death. *x. 21.*

Clearer than the noonday. *xi. 17.*

Wisdom shall die with you. *xii. 2.*

¹ The place thereof shall know it no more. — *Psalms ciii. 16.*

Usually quoted, "The place that has known him shall know him no more."

Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee. *Job xii. 8.*

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. *xvi. 1.*

Miserable comforters are ye all. *xvi. 2.*

The king of terrors. *xviii. 14.*

I am escaped with the skin of my teeth. *xix. 20.*

Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! *23.*

Seeing the root of the matter is found in me. *28.*

Though wickedness be sweet in his mouth, though he hide it under his tongue. *xx. 12.*

The land of the living. *xxviii. 13.*

The price of wisdom is above rubies. *18.*

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. *xxix. 11.*

I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. *13.*

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. *15.*

The house appointed for all living. *xxx. 23.*

My desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book. *xxxi. 35.*

Great men are not always wise. *xxxii. 9.*

He multiplieth words without knowledge. *xxxv. 16.*

Fair weather cometh out of the north. *xxxvii. 22.*

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? *xxxviii. 2.*

The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. *xxxviii. 7.*

Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. *11.*

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. *Psalm xix. 1.*

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.¹ 2.

And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. 6.

Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. 10.

I may tell all my bones. *xxii. 17.*

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.² *xxiii. 2.*

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.³ 4.

My cup runneth over.⁴ 5.

From the strife of tongues. *xxxi. 20.*

He fashioneth their hearts alike.⁵ *xxxiii. 15.*

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. *xxxiv. 13.*

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen⁶ the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. *xxxvii. 25.*

Spreading⁷ himself like a green bay-tree. 35.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright. 37.

While I was musing the fire burned.⁸ *xxxix. 3.*

¹ One day telleth another; and one night certifieth another. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

² He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort. — *Ibid.*

³ Thy rod and thy staff comfort me. — *Ibid.*

⁴ My cup shall be full. — *Ibid.*

⁵ He fashioneth all the hearts of them. — *Ibid.*

⁶ And yet saw I never . . . begging their bread. — *Ibid.*

⁷ Flourishing. — *Ibid.*

⁸ While I was thus musing the fire kindled. — *Ibid.*

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is ; that I may know how frail I am.¹

Psalm xxxix. 4

Every man at his best state is altogether vanity.² 5.

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not³ who shall gather them. 6.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor. *xl. 1.*

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks.⁴ *xlii. 1.*

Deep calleth unto deep.⁵ 7.

My tongue is the pen of a ready writer. *xlv. 1.*

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.⁶ *xlvi. 1.*

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion,⁷ . . . the city of the great King. *xlviii. 2.*

Man being in honour abideth not ; he is like the beasts that perish.⁸ *xliz. 12, 20.*

The cattle upon a thousand hills. *i. 10.*

Oh that I had wings like a dove ! *lv. 6.*

We took sweet counsel together. *lxiv. 14.*

But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.⁹ *lxv. 15.*

¹ Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

² Every man living is altogether vanity. — *Ibid.*

³ And cannot tell. — *Ibid.*

⁴ As the hart desireth the water-brooks. — *Ibid.*

⁵ One deep calleth another. — *Ibid.*

⁶ God is our hope and strength. — *Ibid.*

⁷ The hill of Sion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth. — *Ibid.*

⁸ Nevertheless, man will not abide in honour, seeing he may be compared unto the beasts that perish. — *Ibid.*

⁹ But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. — *Ibid.*

The words of his mouth were smoother than butter,
but war was in his heart.¹ *Psalm lv. 21.*

My heart is fixed. *lvii. 7.*

They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear;
which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charm-
ing never so wisely.² *lviii. 4, 5.*

Vain is the help of man. *lx. 11 ; cvlii. 12.*

Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high
degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance they are alto-
gether lighter than vanity.³ *lvii. 9.*

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass.⁴
lxxii. 6.

His enemies shall lick the dust. *9.*

As a dream when one awaketh. *lxxiii. 20.*

Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the
west, nor from⁵ the south. *lxxv. 6.*

He putteth down one and setteth up another. *7.*

They go from strength to strength. *lxxxiv. 7.*

A day⁶ in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had
rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to
dwell in the tents of wickedness.⁷ *lxxxiv. 10.*

Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and
peace have kissed each other. *lxxxv. 10.*

¹ The words of his mouth were softer than butter, having war in his heart. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

² Like the deaf adder, that stoppeth her ears; which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. — *Ibid.*

³ As for the children of men, they are but vanity: the children of men are deceitful upon the weights; they are altogether lighter than vanity itself. — *Ibid.*

⁴ He shall come down like the rain into a fleece of wool. — *Ibid.*

⁵ Nor yet. — *Ibid.*

⁶ One day in thy courts. — *Ibid.*

⁷ Ungodliness. — *Ibid.*

Length of days is in her right hand ; and in her left hand riches and honour. *Proverbs iii. 16.*

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. *17.*

Wisdom is the principal thing ; therefore get wisdom ; and with all thy getting get understanding. *iv. 7.*

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. *18.*

Go to the ant, thou sluggard ; consider her ways, and be wise. *vi. 6.*

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. *vi. 10 ; xxiv. 33.*

So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man. *vi. 11.*

Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned ? *27.*

As an ox goeth to the slaughter. *vii. 22 ; Jeremiah xi. 19.*

Wisdom is better than rubies. *viii. 11.*

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. *ix. 17.*

He knoweth not that the dead are there ; and that her guests are in the depths of hell. *18.*

A wise son maketh a glad father. *x. 1.*

The memory of the just is blessed. *7.*

The destruction of the poor is their poverty. *15.*

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety. *xi. 14 ; xxiv. 6*

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it. *16*

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion. *Proverbs xi. 22.*

The liberal soul shall be made fat. *25.*

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. *xiii. 10.*

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. *xiii. 12.*

The way of transgressors is hard. *15.*

He that spareth his rod hateth his son. *24.*

Fools make a mock at sin. *xix. 9.*

The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy. *10.*

The prudent man looketh well to his going. *15.*

The talk of the lips tendeth only to penury. *23.*

The righteous hath hope in his death. *32.*

Righteousness exalteth a nation. *34.*

A soft answer turneth away wrath. *xx. 1.*

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance. *13.*

He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast. *15.*

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. *17.*

A word spoken in due season, how good is it! *23.*

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. *xvi. 9.*

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. *18.*

The hoary head is a crown of glory. *31.*

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.
Proverbs xvi. 32.

The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing
thereof is of the Lord. *33.*

A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that
hath it. *xvii. 8.*

He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends. *9.*

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. *22.*

The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth. *24.*

He that hath knowledge spareth his words. *27.*

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted
wise. *28.*

A wounded spirit who can bear? *xviii. 14.*

Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing. *22.*

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly;
and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.
24.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the
Lord. *xix. 17.*

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. *xx. 1.*

Every fool will be meddling. *3.*

The hearing ear and the seeing eye. *12.*

It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when
he is gone his way, then he boasteth. *14.*

It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop than
with a brawling woman in a wide house. *xxi. 9.*

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.
xxii. 1.

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when
he is old he will not depart from it. *6.*

Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein. *Proverbs xxvi. 27.*

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. *xxvii. 1.*

Open rebuke is better than secret love. *5.*

Faithful are the wounds of a friend. *6.*

A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike. *15.*

Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. *17.*

Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. *22.*

The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion. *xxviii. 1.*

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent. *20.*

Where there is no vision, the people perish. *xxix. 18.*

Give me neither poverty nor riches. *xxx. 8.*

The horseleech hath two daughters, crying, Give, give. *15.*

In her tongue is the law of kindness. *xxxi. 26.*

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. *27.*

Her children arise up and call her blessed. *28.*

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. *29.*

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain. *30.*

Vanity of vanities, . . . all is vanity.

Ecclesiastes i. 2; xii. 8.

God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions. *Ecclesiastes vii. 29.*

There is no discharge in that war. *viii. 8*

To eat, and to drink, and to be merry. *viii. 15; Luke xii. 19.*

A living dog is better than a dead lion. *ix. 4.*

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. *10.*

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. *11.*

A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter. *20.*

Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days. *xi. 1.*

In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be. *3.*

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. *4.*

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand. *6.*

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. *7.*

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth. *9.*

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. *xii. 1.*

The grinders cease because they are few. *3.*

The grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. *5.*

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. *6.*

- Fasten him as a nail in a sure place. *Isaiah xxiii. 23*
- Whose merchants are princes. *xxiii. 8*
- A feast of fat things. *xxv. 6.*
- For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little. *xxviii. 10.*
- We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement. *15.*
- Their strength is to sit still. *xxx. 7.*
- Now go, write it before them in a table, and note it in a book. *8.*
- The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. *xxxv. 1.*
- Thou trustest in the staff of this broken reed. *xxxvi. 6.*
- Set thine house in order. *xxxviii. 1.*
- All flesh is grass. *xl. 6.*
- The nations are as a drop of a bucket. *15.*
- A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench. *xlvi. 3.*
- There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked. *xlviii. 22.*
- He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter. *liii. 7.*
- Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts. *lv. 7.*
- A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. *lx. 22.*
- Give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. *lxi. 3.*
- I have trodden the wine-press alone. *lxviii. 3*

Be of good cheer : it is I ; be not afraid.

Matthew xiv. 27.

If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.

xv. 14.

The dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table.

27.

When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather : for the sky is red.

xvi. 2.

The signs of the times.

3.

Get thee behind me, Satan.

23.

What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ?

26.

It is good for us to be here.

xvii. 4.

What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.

xix. 6.

Love thy neighbour as thyself.

19.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

24.

Borne the burden and heat of the day.

xx. 12.

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own ?

15.

For many are called, but few are chosen.

xxii. 14.

They made light of it.

5.

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.

21.

Woe unto you, . . . for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin.

xxiii. 23.

Blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.

24.

Whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones.

Matthew xxiii. 27.

As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings. 37.

Wars and rumours of wars. *xxiv. 6.*

The end is not yet. *Ibid.*

Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. 28.

Abomination of desolation. *15; Mark xiii. 14.*

Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. *xxv. 29.*

The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. *xxvi. 41.*

The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. *Mark ii. 27.*

If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand. *iii. 25.*

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. *iv. 9.*

My name is Legion. *v. 9.*

My little daughter lieth at the point of death. 23.

Clothed, and in his right mind. *15; Luke viii. 35.*

Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. *ix. 44.*

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. *Luke ii. 14.*

The axe is laid unto the root of the trees. *iii. 9.*

Physician, heal thyself. *iv. 23.*

Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! *vi. 26.*

Nothing is secret which shall not be made manifest.
Luke viii. 17.

Peace be to this house. *x. 5.*

The labourer is worthy of his hire. *7; 1 Timothy v. 18.*

Go, and do thou likewise. *37.*

But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her. *42.*

He that is not with me is against me. *xi. 23.*

Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. *xii. 19.*

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning. *35.*

Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it. *xiv. 28.*

The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. *xvi. 8.*

It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea. *xvii. 2.*

Remember Lot's wife. *32.*

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee. *xix. 22.*

If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? *xxiii. 31.*

He was a good man, and a just. *50.*

Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us? *xxiv. 32.*

The true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. *John i. 9.*

Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? *46.*

The wind bloweth where it listeth. *iii. 8.*

- He was a burning and a shining light. *John v. 35.*
- Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. *vi. 12.*
- Judge not according to the appearance. *vii. 24.*
- The truth shall make you free. *viii. 32.*
- There is no truth in him. *44.*
- The night cometh when no man can work. *ix. 4.*
- The poor always ye have with you. *xii. 8.*
- Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you. *35.*
- Let not your heart be troubled. *xiv. 1.*
- In my Father's house are many mansions. *2.*
- Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. *xv. 13.*
- Thy money perish with thee. *Acts viii. 20.*
- It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. *ix. 5.*
- Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. *36.*
- Lewd fellows of the baser sort. *xvii. 5.*
- Great is Diana of the Ephesians. *xix. 28.*
- The law is open. *38.*
- It is more blessed to give than to receive. *xx. 35.*
- Brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel. *xxii. 3.*
- When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee. *xxiv. 25.*
- I appeal unto Cæsar. *xxv. 11.*
- Words of truth and soberness. *xxvi. 25.*

- For this thing was not done in a corner. *Acts xxvi. 26.*
- Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian *28.*
- There is no respect of persons with God. *Romans ii. 11.*
- Fear of God before their eyes. *18.*
- God forbid. *31.*
- Who against hope believed in hope. *iv. 18.*
- Speak after the manner of men. *vi. 19.*
- The wages of sin is death. *23.*
- For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. *ciii. 19.*
- All things work together for good to them that love God. *28.*
- Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour? *ix. 21.*
- A zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. *x. 2.*
- Given to hospitality. *xxi. 13.*
- Be not wise in your own conceits. *16.*
- Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. *17.*
- If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. *18.*
- If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. *20.*
- Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. *21.*
- The powers that be are ordained of God. *ciii. 1.*
- Render therefore to all their dues. *7.*
- Owe no man anything, but to love one another. *8.*

Let all things be done decently and in order.	<i>1 Corinthians xiv. 40.</i>
Evil communications corrupt good manners. ¹	<i>xv. 33.</i>
The first man is of the earth, earthy.	<i>47.</i>
In the twinkling of an eye.	<i>52.</i>
O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?	<i>55.</i>
Not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.	<i>2 Corinthians iii. 6.</i>
We have such hope, we use great plainness of speech.	<i>12.</i>
We walk by faith, not by sight.	<i>v. 7.</i>
Now is the accepted time.	<i>vi. 2.</i>
By evil report and good report.	<i>8.</i>
As having nothing, and yet possessing all things.	<i>10.</i>
Though I be rude in speech.	<i>xi. 6.</i>
Forty stripes save one.	<i>24.</i>
A thorn in the flesh.	<i>xii. 7.</i>
Strength is made perfect in weakness.	<i>9.</i>
The right hands of fellowship.	<i>Galatians ii. 9.</i>
Weak and beggarly elements.	<i>iv. 9.</i>
It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing.	<i>18.</i>
Ye are fallen from grace.	<i>v. 4.</i>
A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.	<i>9.</i>
Every man shall bear his own burden.	<i>vi. 8.</i>

¹ φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρῆσθ' ὀμίλιαι κακάι. — MENANDER (341 B. C.). (Dübner's edition of his "Fragments," appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bibliotheca Græca*, p. 102, line 10L.)

Busybodies, speaking things which they ought not.

1 Timothy v. 13.

Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake. • 23.

The love of money is the root of all evil. vi. 10.

Fight the good fight. 12.

Rich in good works. 18.

Science falsely so called. 20.

A workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

2 Timothy ii. 15.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. iv. 7.

Unto the pure all things are pure. Titus i. 15.

Such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat. Hebrews v. 12.

Every one that useth milk is unskilful in the word of righteousness : for he is a babe. 13.

Strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age. 14.

If God be for us, who can be against us. viii. 31.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. xi. 1.

Of whom the world was not worthy. 38.

A cloud of witnesses. xii. 1.

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. 6.

The spirits of just men made perfect. 23.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. xiii. 2.

Yesterday, and to-day, and forever. 8.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation ; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life.

James i. 12.

- Be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.
James i. 19.
- How great a matter a little fire kindleth! *iii. 5.*
- The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil.¹
8.
- Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you. *iv. 7.*
- Hope to the end. *1 Peter i. 13.*
- Fear God. Honour the king. *ii. 17.*
- Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. *iii. 4.*
- Giving honour unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel. *7.*
- Be ye all of one mind. *8.*
- Charity shall cover the multitude of sins. *iv. 8.*
- Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. *v. 8.*
- And the day star arise in your hearts. *2 Peter i. 19.*
- The dog is turned to his own vomit again. *ii. 22.*
- Bowels of compassion. *1 John iii. 17.*
- There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear. *iv. 18.*
- Be thou faithful unto death. *Revelation ii. 10.*
- He shall rule them with a rod of iron. *27.*
- All nations and kindreds and tongues. *vii. 9.*
- I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. *xxii. 13.*

¹ Usually quoted, "The tongue is an unruly member."

To love, cherish, and to obey.

Solemnization of Matrimony.

With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow.¹

Ibid.

In the midst of life we are in death.²

The Burial Service.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection.

Ibid.

Whose service is perfect freedom.

Collect for Peace.

Show thy servant the light of thy countenance.

The Psalter. Psalm xxxi. 18.

But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend.

lv. 14.

Men to be of one mind in an house.

lxxviii. 6.

The iron entered into his soul.

cv. 18.

The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.

cx. 3.



TATE AND BRADY.³

Untimely grave.

Psalm vii.

And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

xv. 5.

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

cxii. 6.

¹ With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow. — *Book of Common Prayer, according to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America.*

² This is derived from a Latin antiphon, said to have been composed by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911, while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrücke, in peril of their lives. It forms the groundwork of Luther's antiphon "De Morte."

³ Nahum Tate, 1652-1715; Nicholas Brady, 1659-1726.

Drive a coach and six through an Act of Parliament.

Macaulay ("History of England," chap. xii.) gives a saying "often in the mouth of Stephen Rice [afterward Chief Baron of the Exchequer], 'I will drive a coach and six through the Act of Settlement.'"

During good behaviour.

That after the said limitation shall take effect, . . . judge's commissions be made *quando se bene gesserit*. — *Statutes 12 and 13 William III. c. 2, sect. 3.*

Eclipse first, the rest nowhere.

Declared by Captain O'Kelley at Epsom, May 3, 1760. — *Annals of Sporting, vol. ii. p. 271.*

Emerald Isle.

Dr. William Drennan (1754–1820) says this expression was first used in a party song called "Erin, to her own Tune," written in 1795. The song appears to have been anonymous.

Era of good feeling.

The title of an article in the "Boston Centinel," July 12, 1817.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

It is the common fate of the indolent to see their rights become a prey to the active. The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance; which condition if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt. — JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN: *Speech upon the Right of Election, 1790. (Speeches. Dublin, 1808.)*

There is one safeguard known generally to the wise, which is an advantage and security to all, but especially to democracies as against despots. What is it? Distrust. — DEMOSTHENES: *Philippic 2, sect. 24.*

Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.

WILLIAM WATSON: *Decacordon of Ten Quodlibeticall Questions* (1602). PRYNNE: *Fresh Discovery of Prodigious New Wandering-Blazing Stars* (second edition, London, 1646). WARD: *Simple Cobbler of Aggawam in America* (1647).

Fiat Justitia et ruat Mundus. — *Egerton Papers* (1552, p. 25). *Camden Society* (1840). AIKIN: *Court and Times of James I., vol. ii. p. 500* (1625).

January 31, 1642, the Duke of Richmond in a speech before the House of Lords used these words: *Regnet Justitia et ruat Cœlum*. (*Old Parliamentary History, vol. x. p. 28.*)

Free soil, free men, free speech, Frémont.

The Republican Party rallying cry in 1856.

Gentle craft.

According to Brady ("Clavis Calendaria"), this designation arose from the fact that in an old romance a prince of the name of Crispin is made to exercise, in honour of his namesake, Saint Crispin, the trade of shoemaking. There is a tradition that King Edward IV., in one of his disguises, once drank with a party of shoemakers, and pledged them. The story is alluded to in the old play of "George a-Greene" (1599): —

Marry, because you have drank with the King,
And the King hath so graciously pledged you,
You shall no more be called shoemakers ;
But you and yours, to the world's end,
Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.

Gentlemen of the French guard, fire first.

Lord C. Hay at the battle of Fontenoy, 1745. To which the Comte d'Auteroches replied, "Sir, we never fire first ; please to fire yourselves." — FOURNIER : *L'Esprit dans l'histoire*.

Good as a play.

An exclamation of Charles II. when in Parliament attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce Bill.

The king remained in the House of Peers while his speech was taken into consideration, — a common practice with him ; for the debates amused his sated mind, and were sometimes, he used to say, as good as a comedy. — MACAULAY : *Review of the Life and Writings of Sir William Temple*.

Nullos his mallem ludos spectasse. — HORACE : *Satires*, ii. 8, 79.

Greatest happiness of the greatest number.

That action is best which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers. — HUTCHESON : *Inquiry concerning Moral Good and Evil*, sect. 3. (1720.)

Priestley was the first (unless it was Beccaria) who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth, — that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation. — BEN-THAM : *Works*, vol. x. p. 142.

The expression is used by Beccaria in the introduction to his "Essay on Crimes and Punishments." (1764.)

Hanging of his cat on Monday For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys (edition of 1805, p. 5).

Nation of shopkeepers.

From an oration purporting to have been delivered by Samuel Adams at the State House in Philadelphia, Aug. 1, 1776. (Philadelphia, printed; London, reprinted for E. Johnson, No. 4 Ludgate Hill, 1776.) W. V. Wells, in his *Life of Adams*, says: "No such American edition has ever been seen, but at least four copies are known of the London issue. A German translation of this oration was printed in 1778, perhaps at Berne; the place of publication is not given."

To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers. — ADAM SMITH: *Wealth of Nations*, vol. ii. book iv. chap. vii. part 3. (1775.)

And what is true of a shopkeeper is true of a shopkeeping nation. — TUCKER (Dean of Gloucester): *Tract*. (1766.)

Let Pitt then boast of his victory to his nation of shopkeepers. — BERTRAND BARÈRE. (June 11, 1794.)

New departure.

This new page opened in the book of our public expenditures, and this new departure taken, which leads into the bottomless gulf of civil pensions and family gratuities. — T. H. BENTON: *Speech in the U. S. Senate against a grant to President Harrison's widow*, April, 1841.

Nothing succeeds like success.

(Rien ne réussit comme le succès. — DUMAS: *Ange Pitou*, vol. i. p. 72, 1854.) A French proverb.

Orthodoxy is my doxy; Heterodoxy is another man's doxy.

"I have heard frequent use," said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the Test Laws, "of the words 'orthodoxy' and 'heterodoxy'; but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean." "Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper, — "orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy." — PRIESTLEY: *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 572.

Paradise of fools; Fool's paradise.

The earliest instance of this expression is found in William Bullein's "Dialogue," p. 28 (1573). It is used by Shakespeare, Middleton, Milton, Pope, Fielding, Crabbe, and others.

Paying through the nose.

Grimm says that Odin had a poll-tax which was called in Sweden a nose-tax; it was a penny per nose, or poll. — *Deutsche Rechts Alterthümer*.

Sardonic smile.

The island of Sardinia, consisting chiefly of marshes and mountains, has from the earliest period to the present been cursed with a noxious air, an ill-cultivated soil, and a scanty population. The convulsions produced by its poisonous plants gave rise to the expression of sardonic smile, which is as old as Homer (*Odyssey*, xx. 302).— MAHON: *History of England*, vol. i. p. 287.

The explanation given by Mahon of the meaning of "sardonic smile" is to be sure the traditional one, and was believed in by the late classical writers. But in the Homeric passage referred to, the word is "sardanion" (*σαρδάνιον*), not "sardonion." There is no evidence that Sardinia was known to the composers of what we call Homer. It looks as though the word was to be connected with the verb *σαίρω*, "show the teeth;" "grin like a dog;" hence that the "sardonic smile" was a "grim laugh." — M. H. MORGAN.

Sister Anne, do you see any one coming ?

The anxious question of one of the wives of Bluebeard.

Stone-wall Jackson.

This saying took its rise from the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Said General Bernard E. Bee, "See, there is Jackson, standing like a stone-wall."

The King is dead ! Long live the King !

The death of Louis XIV. was announced by the captain of the body-guard from a window of the state apartment. Raising his truncheon above his head, he broke it in the centre, and throwing the pieces among the crowd, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Le Roi est mort !" Then seizing another staff, he flourished it in the air as he shouted, "Vive le Roi !" — PARDOE: *Life of Louis XIV.*, vol. iii. p. 457.

The woods are full of them !

Alexander Wilson, in the Preface to his "American Ornithology" (1808), quotes these words, and relates the story of a boy who had been gathering flowers. On bringing them to his mother, he said: "Look, my dear ma! What beautiful flowers I have found growing in our place! Why, all the woods are full of them!"

Thin red line.

The Russians dashed on towards that thin red-line streak tipped with a line of steel. — RUSSELL: *The British Expedition to the Crimea* (revised edition), p. 187.

Soon the men of the column began to see that though the scarlet line was slender, it was very rigid and exact. — KINGLAKE: *Invasion of the Crimea*, vol. iii. p. 455.

The spruce beauty of the slender red line. — *Ibid.* (sixth edition), vol. iii. p. 248.

What you are pleased to call your mind.

A solicitor, after hearing Lord Westbury's opinion, ventured to say that he had turned the matter over in his mind, and thought that something might be said on the other side; to which he replied, "Then, sir, you will turn it over once more in what you are *pleased to call your mind.*" — NASH: *Life of Lord Westbury*, vol. ii. 292.

When in doubt, win the trick.

HOYLE: *Twenty-four Rules for Learners*, Rule 12.

Wisdom of many and the wit of one.

A definition of a proverb which Lord John Russell gave one morning at breakfast at Mardock's, — "One man's wit, and all men's wisdom." — *Memoirs of Mackintosh*, vol. ii. p. 473.

Wooden walls of England.

The credite of the Realme, by defending the same with our Wodden Walles, as Themistocles called the Ship of Athens. — *Preface to the English translation of Linschoten* (London).

But me no buts.

FIELDING: *Rape upon Rape*, act ii. sc. 2. AARON HILL: *Snake in the Grass*, sc. 1.

Cause me no causes.

MASSINGER: *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, act i. sc. 3.

Clerk me no clerks.

SCOTT: *Ivanhoe*, chap. xx.

Diamond me no diamonds! prize me no prizes!

TENNYSON: *Idylls of the King*. *Elaine*.

End me no ends.

MASSINGER: *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, act v. sc. 1.

Fool me no fools.

BULWER: *Last Days of Pompeii*, book iii. chap. vi.

Front me no fronts.

FORD: *The Lady's Trial*, act ii. sc. 1.

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.

SHAKESPEARE : *Richard II.*, act ii. sc. 3.

Madam me no madam.

DRYDEN : *The Wild Gallant*, act ii. sc. 2.

Map me no maps.

FIELDING : *Rape upon Rape*, act i. sc. 5.

Midas me no Midas.

DRYDEN : *The Wild Gallant*, act ii. sc. 1.

O me no O's.

BEN JONSON : *The Case is Altered*, act v. sc. 1.

Parish me no parishes.

PREELE : *The Old Wives' Tale*.

Petition me no petitions.

FIELDING : *Tom Thumb*, act i. sc. 2.

Play me no plays.

FOOTE : *The Knight*, act ii.

Plot me no plots.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act ii. sc. 5.

Thank me no thanks, nor proud me no prouds.

SHAKESPEARE : *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 5.

Virgin me no virgins.

MASSINGER : *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, act iii. sc. 2.

Vow me no vows.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *Wit without Money*, act iii. sc. 4.

- Accompt, more for number than, 48.
 Accord, good people all with one, 400.
 According to knowledge, not, 844.
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 Accoutred as I was I plunged in, 110.
 Accurst, not what God blessed, 650.
 Accuse not nature, 238.
 Accusing spirit, the, 379.
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 Ache, charm, with air, 53.
 penury and imprisonment, 49.
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 Aches, fill all thy bones with, 42.
 Achilles absent was Achilles still, 341.
 assumed, what name, 219.
 whom we knew, 625.
 Achilles' tomb, stood upon, 558.
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 Aching void, left an, 422.
 A-cold, poor Tom's, 147.
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 Acorns, tall oaks from little, 459.
 Acquaint, when we were first, 449.
 Acquaintance, decrease it upon better, 45.
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 virtuous, are born and die, 670.
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 Adage, like the poor cat in the, 118.
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 Adhere, nor time nor place did, 118.
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Adieu my native shore, 540.
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 Amour, in a tale, point a moral, 365.
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